

WAVES OF MELODY

A Collection of Songs
Adapted to All Classes
of Devotional Meetings

BY

REV. J. W. HOLT and CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK

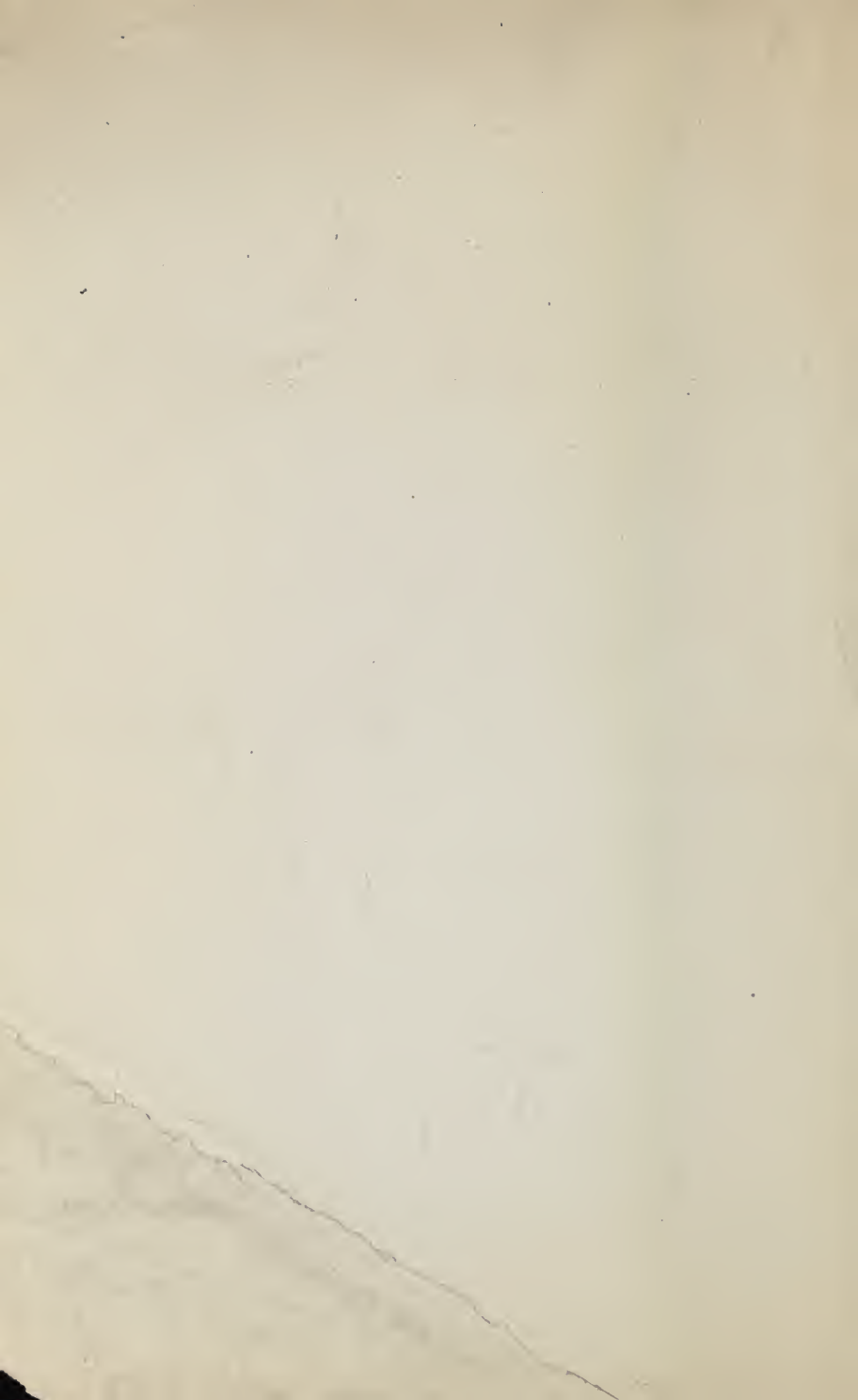


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WAVES OF MELODY.

No. 1.

Waves of Melody.

Written for this work and presented to J. W. H.

C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Waves of sweet mel-o - dy now do I hear, Soft - ly and gent - ly they
 2. Noth - ing can soft - en the sin - hardened heart, Causing the tears of re -
 3. Then if we're gift - ed with voic - es to sing, Let us go use them for

fall on my ear; Like waves of the ocean they o - ver me roll, Bringing sweet
 pent - ance to start, Like the sweet waves of melodious song, Com - ing from
 Christ, the great King; At the great judgment day 'twill be made known How many

CHORUS.

comfort and peace to my soul. } List to the waves, . . . the waves of sweet
 souls that to Je - sus be - long. }
 souls have been sav'd by sweet song. } List to the waves,

song, Softly they fall, on my ear; . . . Wafted from
 the waves of sweet song, Softly they fall, fall on my ear;

far, down to us here, Bringing us words of good cheer.
 Wafted from far, down to us here,

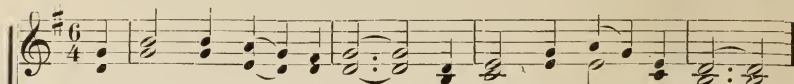
No. 2.

Revive Thy Work.

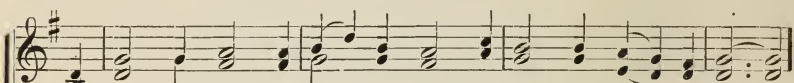
"O Lord revive thy work in the midst of the years." Hab. 3: 2.

Rev. FRANK POLLOCK.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

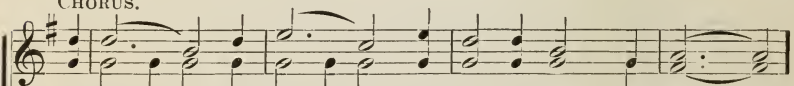


1. Re-vive Thy work, O God! A - mid the pass - ing years;
 2. Re-vive Thy work, O God! Cause me to deep - ly feel
 3. Re-vive Thy work, O God! Thy voice mine ears have heard;
 4. Re-vive Thy work, O God! Send down Thy pow'r on me;
 5. Re-vive Thy work, O God! While thus I ag - o - nize,
 6. Re-vive Thy work, O God! That Zi - on may re - joice

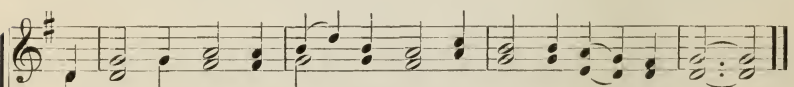


In mer - cy rouse the sleep - ing ones To prayer - ful - ness and tears.
 The sad es - tate of sin - ners lost, Now mov - ing down to hell.
 Pour out Thy spir - it on us now, Ac - cord - ing to Thy word.
 Then sin - ners shall be saved from death, And live to hon - or Thee.
 In fer - vent prayer for prom - ised grace, And hear my plaint - ive cries
 To see re - turn - ing sin - ners praise Thy name with grate - ful voice.

CHORUS.



Re-vive O God, Send a re-fresh - ing show'r; . . .
 Revive Thy work, Revive Thy work, Send a refreshing, refreshing show'r;



And un - to those who preach Thy word, Give pen - te - cos - tal pow'r.

No. 3.

The Good Samaritan.

Luke 10 : 33-37.

REV. W. S. COPE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. The good Sa-mar-i-tan, As he went on his way, Shewed
 2. The thieves had stripped him bare, And left him for half dead; This
 3. He sat him on his beast, And brought him to an Inn; And
 4. The mor-row when he left, He gave the host two pence; And

mer-cy to a man in need, Wounded and robbed that day.
 good man all his wants supplied, Bound up the wounds that bled.
 wait-ing, watched him thro' the night, As tho' they were a-kin.
 prom-ised if he need-ed more To meet the whole ex-pense.

CHORUS.

Go thou, and do like-wise, Be neigh-bor to man-kind; To

all of ev-'ry tongue and clime, The maimed, the halt, the blind.

No. 4.

The Morning Blessing.

"Follow me." John 21: 19.

REV. C. L. HAMLEN.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. In the morn-ing's ear-ly dawn-ing, Ere the glow-ing sun doth shine,
 2. When the days of toil grow wea-ry, And their burdens press thee sore,
 3. In the night of fruit-less toil-ing, When all ef-fort use-less seems,

When you feel the soul's first long-ing, Thou canst find the Lord di-vine;
 And your life seems vain and drear-y, His sweet words you hear no more;
 And the soul, weak and re-coil-ing, Finds all sub-stance emp-ty dreams,

For He stand-eth near to greet thee, And to bless thee with His love,
 Then look up and see the Mas-ter Stand-ing near. He call-eth thee,
 Then look up, the morn-ing com-eth, And He draw-eth near to thee;

On the sea-shore He will meet thee, Giv-ing peace that's from a-bove.
 For His heart of love beats fast-er As your bur-dens He doth see.
 Yes, a bless-ing for thee loom-eth, Tho'thy boat may emp-ty be.

CHORUS.

Follow Me, . . . come, follow Me, Hark!'tis Je - - - sus calling thee.
 Follow me, come, follow me, Hark!'tis Jesus calling, calling thee;

The Morning Blessing.

An-swer back . . . with love's sweet cry; Blessed Master, "Here am I."
 Answer back with love's sweet cry,

No. 5

I Am Thine Own.

"I am thine, and all that I have." I Kings 20: 4.

ANONYMOUS.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I am Thine own, O Christ, Henceforth en-tire-ly Thine; And
 2. No earth-ly joy shall lure My qui-et soul from Thee; This
 3. My lit-tle song of praise In sweet con-tent I sing; To
 4. I can-not tell the art By which such bliss is given; I

CHORUS.

life from this glad hour, New life is mine.
 deep de-light, so pure, Is heav'n to me. } O peace! O ho-ly
 Thee the note I raise, My King! my King! }
 know Thou hast my heart, And I have heav'n! } O

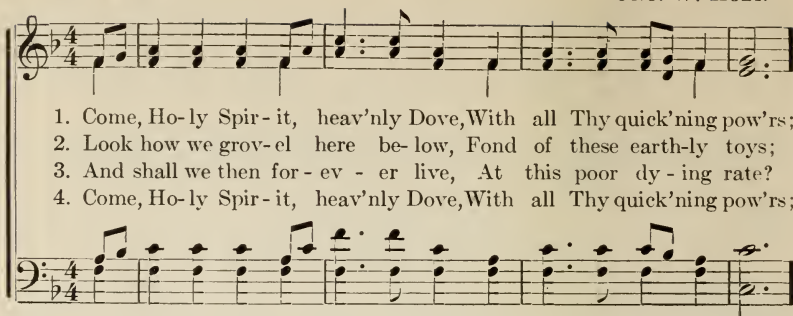
rest! O balm-y breath of love!
 peace! O ho-ly rest! O balm-y breath of love!

Repeat pp.

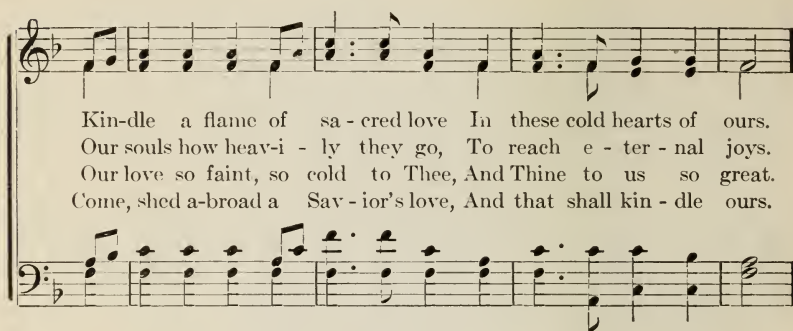
O heart di-vin-est, best, Thy depth I prove.

ISAAC WATTS.

JNO. W. HOLT.

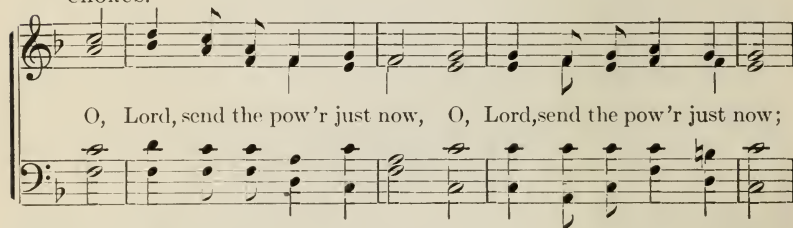


1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
 2. Look how we grov-el here be-low, Fond of these earth-ly toys;
 3. And shall we then for-ev-er live, At this poor dy-ing rate?
 4. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;

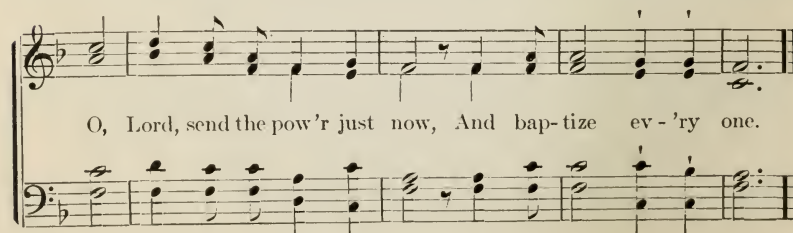


Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls how heav-i-ly they go, To reach e-ter-nal joys.
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great.
 Come, shed a-broad a Sav-ior's love, And that shall kin-dle ours.

CHORUS.



O, Lord, send the pow'r just now, O, Lord, send the pow'r just now;



O, Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap-tize ev-'ry one.

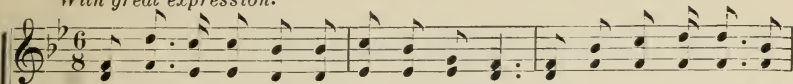
No. 7.

Send Out the Life-Boat.

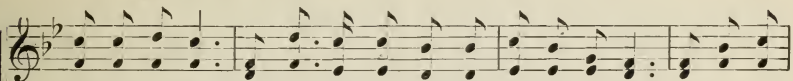
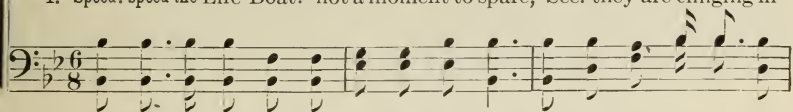
"Mighty to save." Isa. 63: 1.

C. E. P.

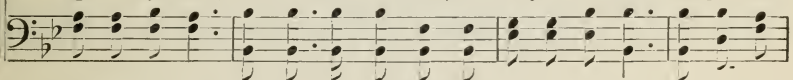
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With great expression.

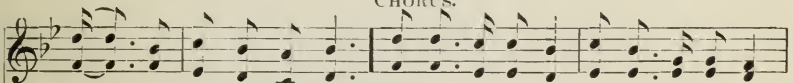
1. Send out the Life-Boat across sin's rough wave, Poor souls are dying, with
2. Send out the Life-Boat, pull strong on the oar! Friends are now watching you,
3. Send out the Life-Boat! search ev-'ry-where! Let not one brother go
4. "Speed! speed the Life-Boat!" not a moment to spare, -See! they are clinging in



no one to save; "Quick! man the Life-Boat!" you may be too late! Haste to the
praying from shore; See! they are struggling! the billows o'erwhelm! On to the
down in despair Clutching and clinging to spars of the world, In-to e-ag-
o - o - ny there; Christ is the Life-Boat, He on-ly can save Poor ship-wrecked

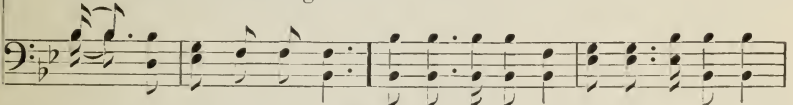


CHORUS.

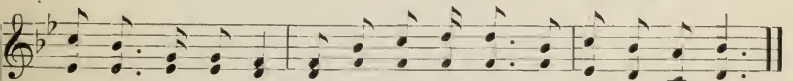
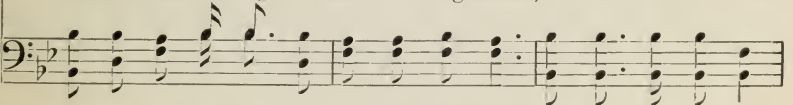


res-cue! Oh, ter - ri - ble fate!
res-cue! With Christ at the helm
ter - ni - ty soon to be hurled.
Sail - ors from the dark grave.

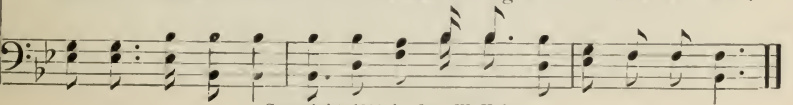
} Send out the Life-Boat! Send out the Life-Boat!



Poor souls are sink-ing beneath sin's rough wave; Send out the Life-Boat!



Send out the Life-Boat! Poor souls are sink-ing with no one to save!



No. 8.

Consecration.

MARY BROWN.
Andante.

Arr. from JNO. W. HOLT
by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. It may not be on the mountain heights, Or o-ver the stormy sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are loving words, Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest field so wide;

It may not be at the battle's front, My Lord will have need of me,
There may be now in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek,
Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day, For Je-sus the cru-ci-fied,

But if by a still small voice He calls, To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trusting my all to His tender care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

FINE.

I'll answer dear Lord with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech-o Thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D. S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

CHORUS.

D. S.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain or plain or sea.

No. 9.

The Land Far Away.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off." Isa. 33: 17.

JAS. R. MURRY.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. We will cheer-ful-ly bear ev-'ry tri-al of life, 'Till we
 2. We will work in God's vine-yard while here up-on earth, Then we'll
 3. And our life shall be joy-ous while jour-ney-ing here, In the

stand on the heav-en-ly shore, When our souls shall be blest,
 en-ter the por-tals of rest; Where we'll join in the prais-
 hope of that beau-ti-ful land; If our lives shall con-form

and we ev-er shall rest Where tri-als shall come nev-er-more.
 es of God and the Lamb, In the beau-ti-ful land of the blest.
 to the will of the Lord, We'll go to that bright, golden strand.

CHORUS.

Oh, help me to la-bor and wait, And strive to watch and pray, Then the

Sav-ior will take us to dwell with Him In that beautiful land far a-way.

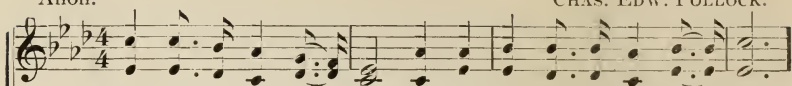
No. 10.

Sowing the Precious Seed.

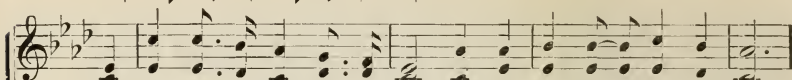
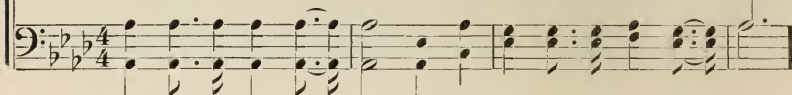
"The field is the world * * * and the reapers are the angels." Matt. 13: 38.

Anon.

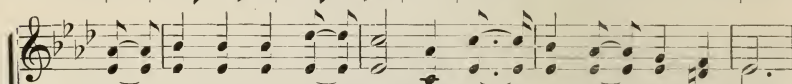
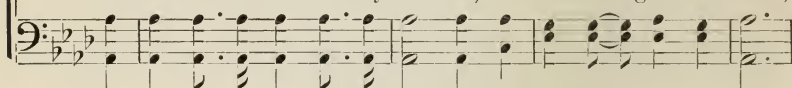
Chorus and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



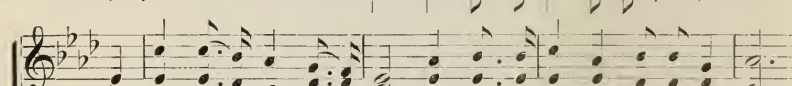
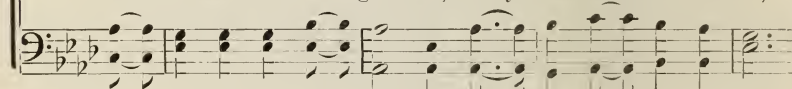
1. Sow thou thy seed in the morn-ing, And wa-ter it oft-en with tears,
2. Speak words of love to the err-ing, And plead with a gen-tle breath,
3. Trust then in His blest prom-ise, Grieve not when you see no sign,



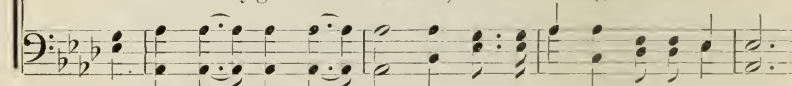
And pray that the time for the reap-ing Will come in the fu-ture years;
And trust God the while you are praying To save a soul from death.
Of fruit from the fields where you la-bor, Or life from gifts of Thine;



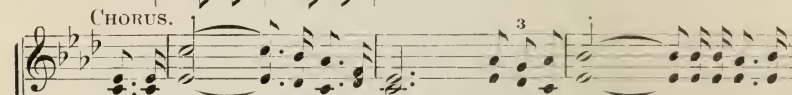
For the glean-ing wait with pa-tience, And from field of unfaithful sod,
The fruit may pass un-hed-ed, And care not for love nor rod,
No ef-fort will be for-got-ten, Tho' you rest be-neath the sod,



Will come the sweet as-sur-ance That the fruitage cometh from God.
Say when Thou send-est a mes-sage, That the fruitage cometh from God.
And oth-ers may gath-er the har-vest, Yet the fruitage cometh from God.



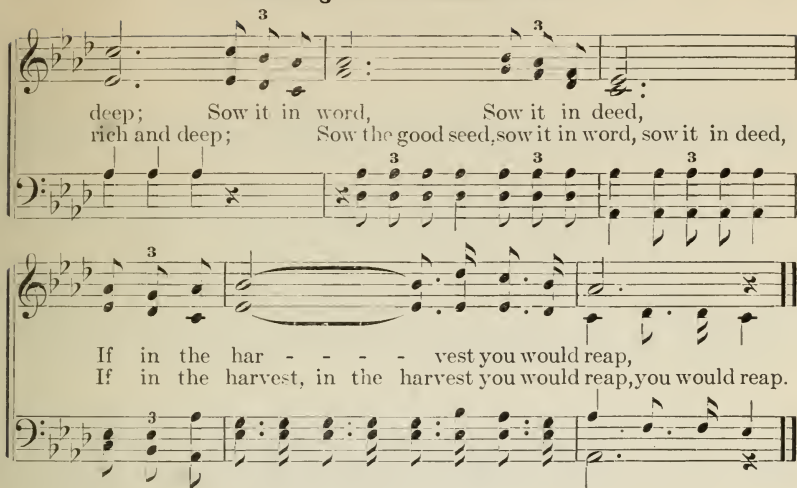
CHORUS.



Sow the seed, . . . the precious seed, Sow it in soil . . . that is rich and
Sow the seed, the precious seed, Sow it in soil that is rich, that is



Sowing the Precious Seed.



deep; Sow it in word, Sow it in deed,
rich and deep; Sow the good seed, sow it in word, sow it in deed,

If in the har - - - vest you would reap,
If in the harvest, in the harvest you would reap, you would reap.

No. 11.

Sowing and Reaping.

Arr by J. W. H.

Jno. W. Holt.



1. The sowers went forth in the spring of life, And sow'd full ma-ny a
2. The reapers went forth at the harvest time, And gather'd what golden
3. O sow-ers in life's broad and fer-tile field, Give heed to the har-vest

seed—Full ma - ny a seed of sin and shame, Of un-told mis-
grain? Nay; there is the sting of sin and shame, They gather'd but
time! What - ev - er you sow you'll reap a - gain, Good seed will bring

'ry and bit - ter pain, And the seed was watered with tears, not rain.
weeds of grief and pain, For the seed was watered with tears, not rain.
forth pure gold-en grain, But sow-ing in sin, you shall reap in pain.

No. 12. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

"Thy work shall be rewarded." Jer. 31: 16.

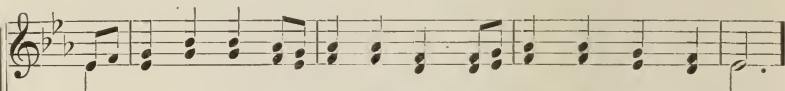
Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

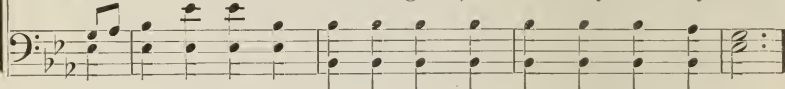
Moderato.



1. O land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the mo-ments come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, shelt'ring dome,
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam,



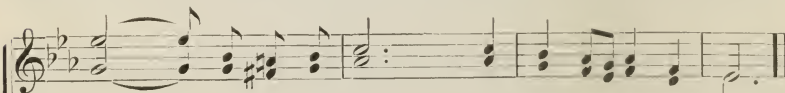
When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home.
This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc-cor on His breast, Till He con-duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.



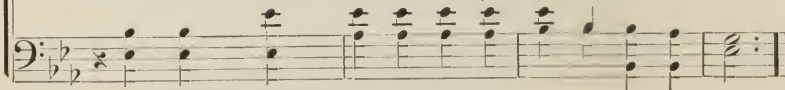
CHORUS.



We'll work . . 'till Je-sus comes, We'll work . . till Je-sus comes; We'll
We'll work 'till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes,



work 'till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.
We'll work 'till Je-sus comes,

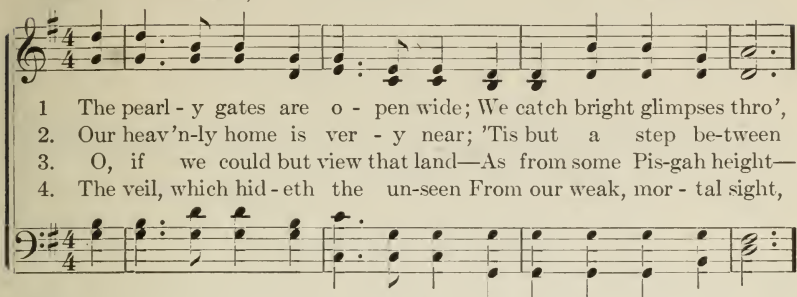


No. 13. The Pearly Gates Are Open Wide.

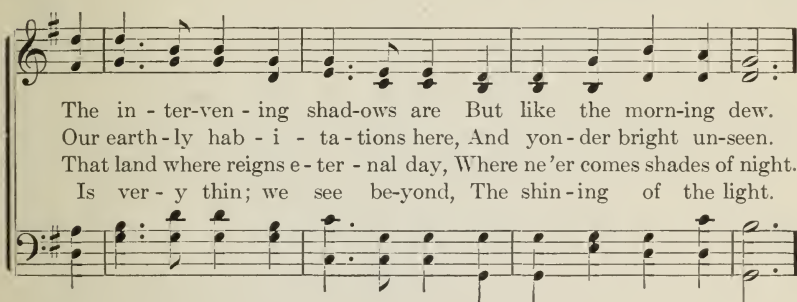
"And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day : for there shall be no night there." Rev. 21 : 27.

LOTTIE E. NEWMAN, in Christian Herald.

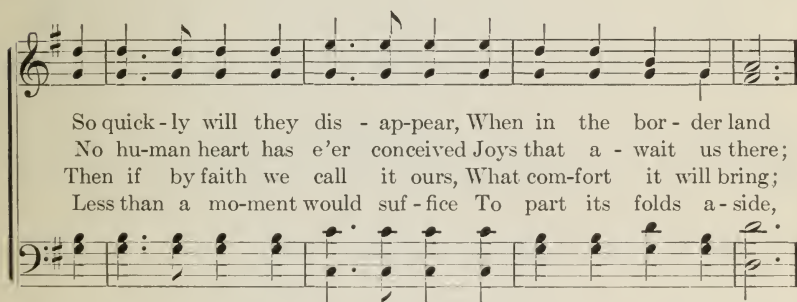
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



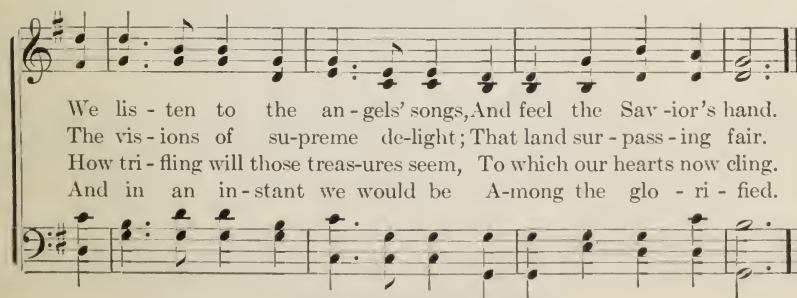
1 The pearl - y gates are o - pen wide; We catch bright glimpses thro',
 2. Our heav'n-ly home is ver - y near; 'Tis but a step be-tween
 3. O, if we could but view that land—As from some Pis-gah height—
 4. The veil, which hid - eth the un-seen From our weak, mor - tal sight,



The in - ter-ven - ing shad-ows are But like the morn-ing dew.
 Our earth-ly hab - i - ta - tions here, And yon-der bright un-seen.
 That land where reigns e - ter - nal day, Where ne'er comes shades of night.
 Is ver - y thin; we see be-yond, The shin - ing of the light.



So quick - ly will they dis - ap-pear, When in the bor - der land
 No hu-man heart has e'er conceived Joys that a - wait us there;
 Then if by faith we call it ours, What com-fort it will bring;
 Less than a mo-ment would suf - fice To part its folds a - side,



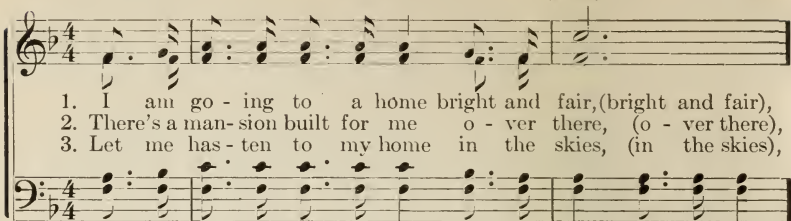
We lis - ten to the an - gels' songs, And feel the Sav - ior's hand.
 The vis - ions of su-preme de-light; That land sur - pass - ing fair.
 How tri - fling will those treas-ures seem, To which our hearts now cling.
 And in an in - stant we would be A-mong the glo - ri - fied.

No. 14. The Pearly Gates Ajar for Me.

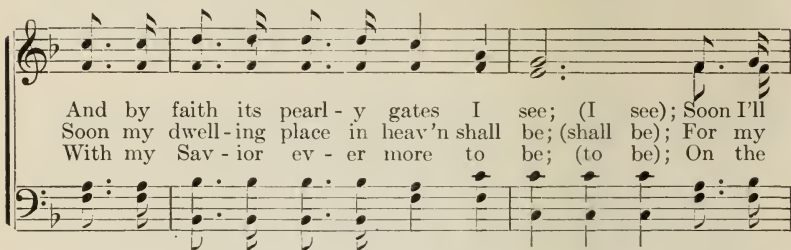
"And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there."
Rev. 21: 25.

H. R. JEFFREY.

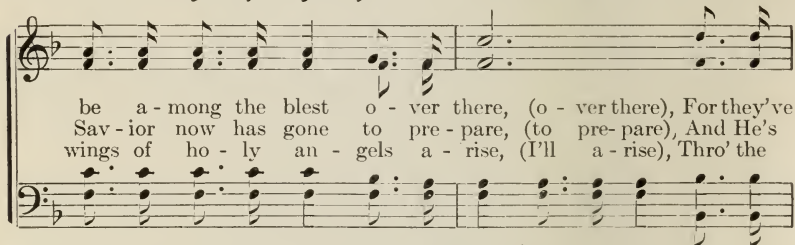
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. I am go - ing to a home bright and fair, (bright and fair),
2. There's a man - sion built for me o - ver there, (o - ver there),
3. Let me has - ten to my home in the skies, (in the skies),

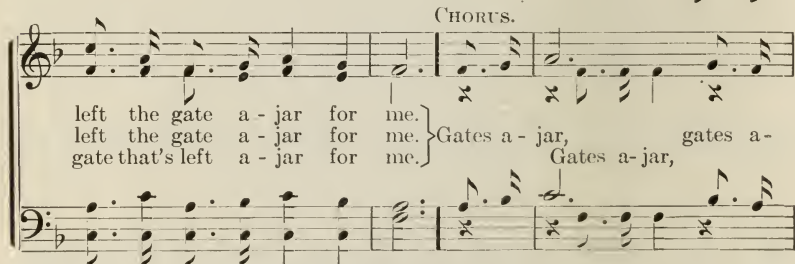


And by faith its pearl - y gates I see; (I see); Soon I'll
Soon my dwell - ing place in heav'n shall be; (shall be); For my
With my Sav - ior ev - er more to be; (to be); On the

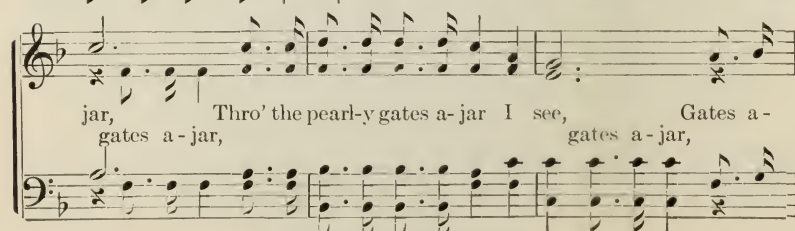


be a - mong the blest o - ver there, (o - ver there), For they've
Sav - ior now has gone to pre - pare, (to pre - pare), And He's
wings of ho - ly an - gels a - rise, (I'll a - rise), Thro' the

CHORUS.



left the gate a - jar for me. } Gates a - jar, gates a -
left the gate a - jar for me. } Gates a - jar,
gate that's left a - jar for me. }



jar, Thro' the pearl-y gates a - jar I see, Gates a -
gates a - jar, gates a - jar,

The Pearly Gates Ajar for Me.

jar, gates a-jar, Yes, they've left the gates a-jar for me.
Gates a-jar, gates a-jar,

No. 15.

Blessed Be the Name.

JOHN NEWTON.

Arr. by JNO. W. HOLT.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be - liev - er's ear;
2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast;
3. Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place;
4. Till then, I would Thy love pro - claim, With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath;

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fears.
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
My nev - er - fail - ing treas - ure, filled With boundless stores of grace.
And may the mu - sic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed be the name, bless - ed be the name,
bless - ed be the name of the Lord, name of the Lord.

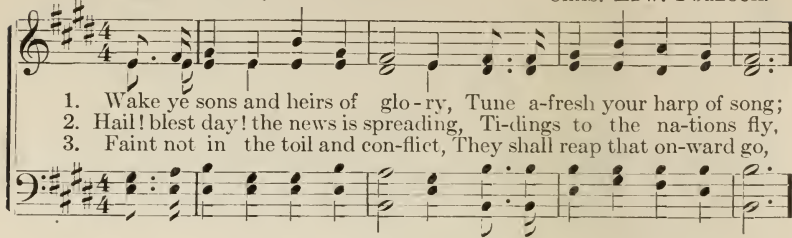
No. 16.

Christ Is Coming.

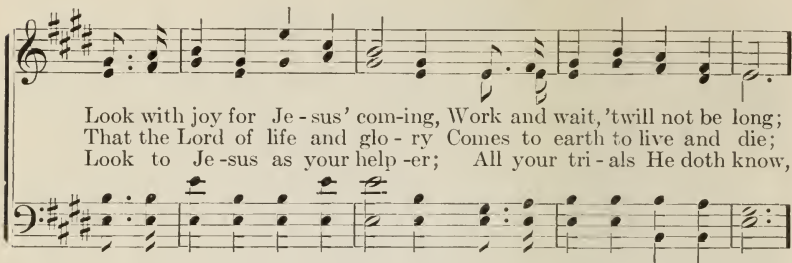
"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout." Thess. 4: 16.

Rev. FRANK POLLOCK.

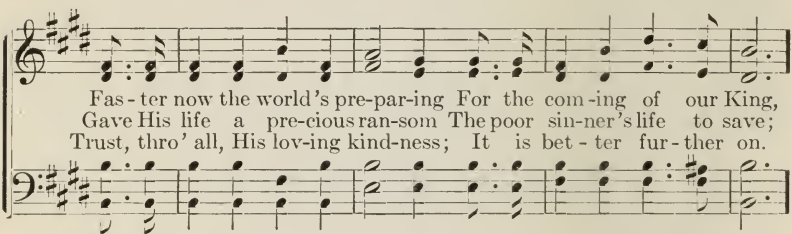
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



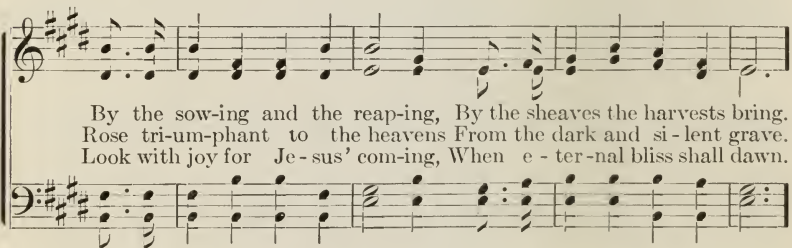
1. Wake ye sons and heirs of glo-ry, Tune a-fresh your harp of song;
 2. Hail! blest day! the news is spreading, Ti-dings to the na-tions fly,
 3. Faint not in the toil and con-flict, They shall reap that on-ward go,



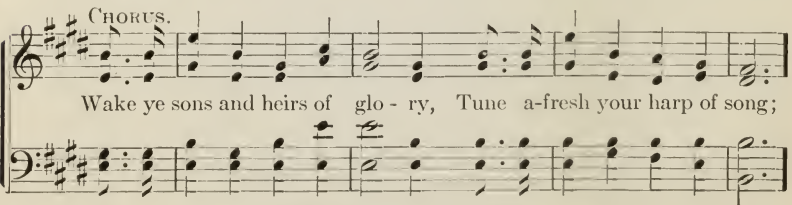
Look with joy for Je-sus' com-ing, Work and wait, 'twill not be long;
 That the Lord of life and glo-ry Comes to earth to live and die;
 Look to Je-sus as your help-er; All your tri-als He doth know,



Fas-ter now the world's pre-par-ing For the com-ing of our King,
 Gave His life a pre-cious ran-som The poor sin-ner's life to save;
 Trust, thro' all, His lov-ing kind-ness; It is bet-ter fur-ther on.

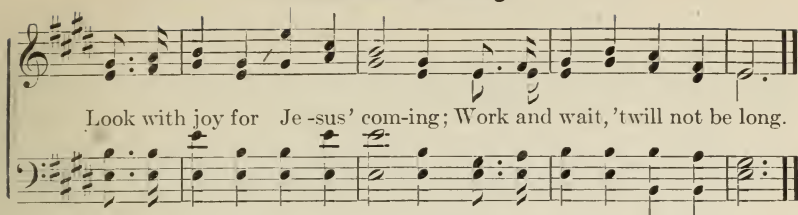


By the sow-ing and the reap-ing, By the sheaves the harvests bring.
 Rose tri-um-phant to the heavens From the dark and si-lent grave.
 Look with joy for Je-sus' com-ing, When e-ter-nal bliss shall dawn.



CHORUS.
 Wake ye sons and heirs of glo-ry, Tune a-fresh your harp of song;

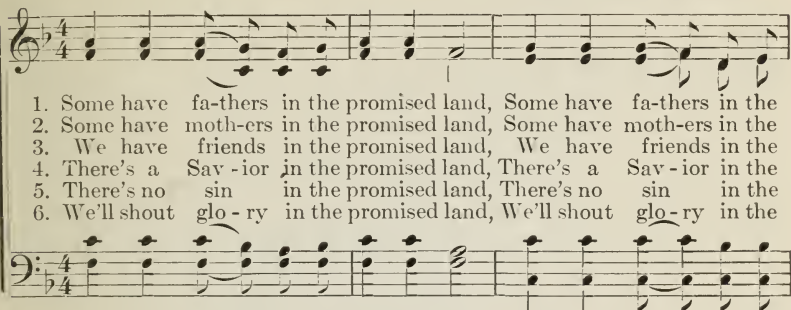
Christ Is Coming.



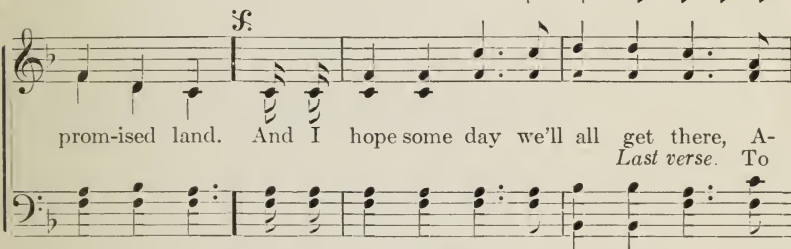
Look with joy for Je-sus' com-ing; Work and wait, 'twill not be long.

No. 17. The Promised Land.

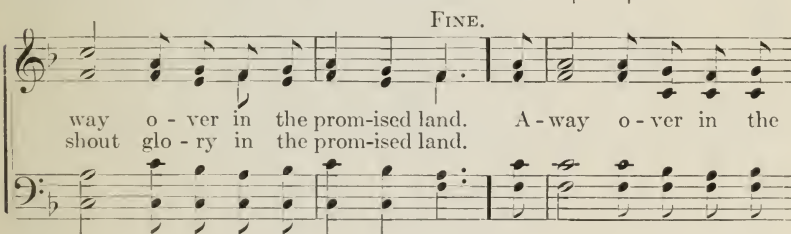
Arr. by Jno. W. Holt.



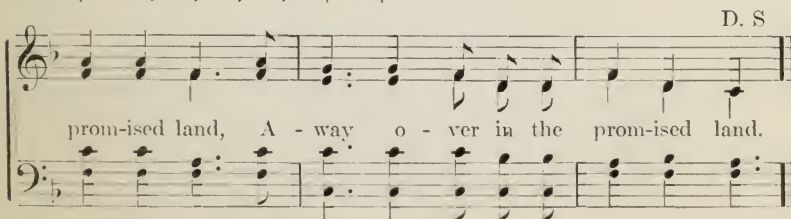
1. Some have fa-thers in the promised land, Some have fa-thers in the
2. Some have moth-ers in the promised land, Some have moth-ers in the
3. We have friends in the promised land, We have friends in the
4. There's a Sav-ior in the promised land, There's a Sav-ior in the
5. There's no sin in the promised land, There's no sin in the
6. We'll shout glo-ry in the promised land, We'll shout glo-ry in the



prom-ised land. And I hope some day we'll all get there, A- Last verse. To



way o - ver in the prom-ised land. A - way o - ver in the
shout glo - ry in the prom-ised land.



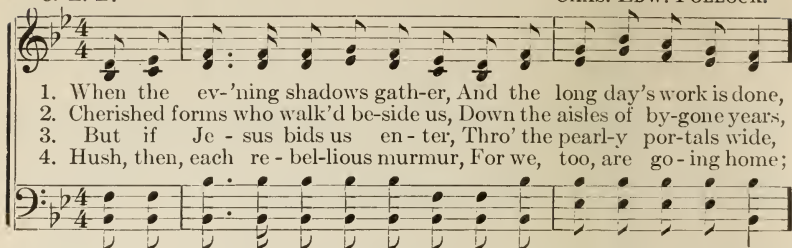
prom-ised land, A - way o - ver in the prom-ised land.

No. 18. We Shall Know Each Other There.

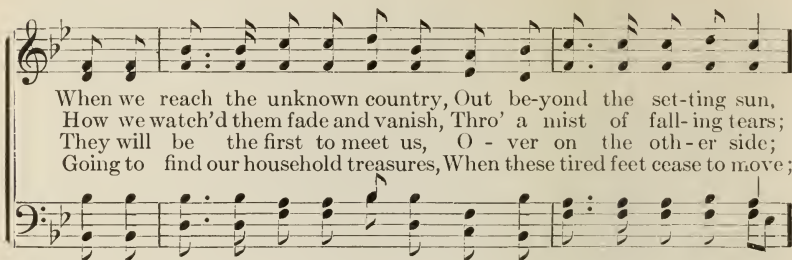
"Then shall I know even as also I am known." I Cor. 13: 12.

C. E. B.

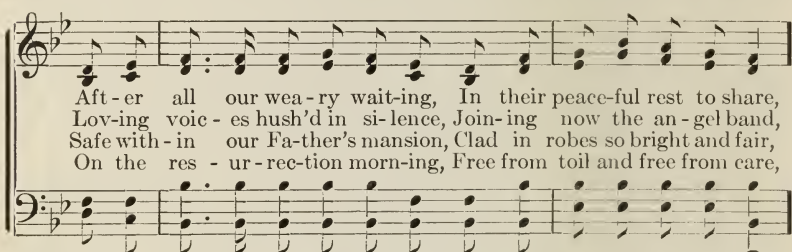
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



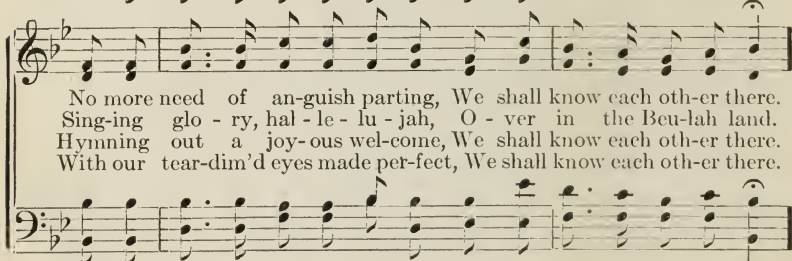
1. When the ev-'ning shadows gath-er, And the long day's work is done,
2. Cherished forms who walk'd be-side us, Down the aisles of by-gone years,
3. But if Je - sus bids us en - ter, Thro' the pearl-y por-tals wide,
4. Hush, then, each re - bel-lious murmur, For we, too, are go - ing home;



When we reach the unknown country, Out be-yond the set-ting sun,
How we watch'd them fade and vanish, Thro' a mist of fall-ing tears;
They will be the first to meet us, O - ver on the oth-er side;
Going to find our household treasures, When these tired feet cease to move;

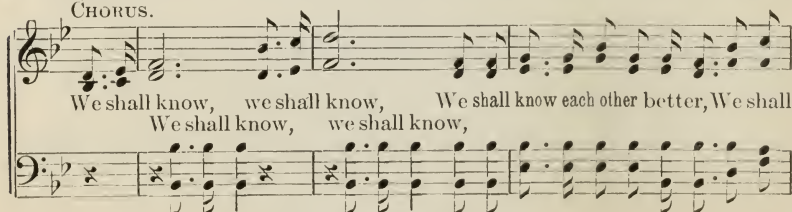


Aft-er all our wea-ry wait-ing, In their peace-ful rest to share,
Lov-ing voic - es hush'd in si-lence, Join-ing now the an-gel band,
Safe with-in our Fa-ther's mansion, Clad in robes so bright and fair,
On the res - ur-rec-tion morn-ing, Free from toil and free from care,



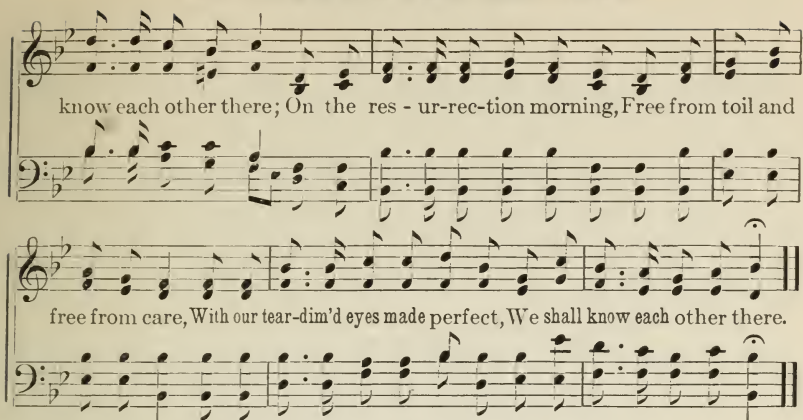
No more need of an-guish parting, We shall know each oth-er there.
Sing-ing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, O - ver in the Beau-ti-ful land.
Hymning out a joy-ous wel-come, We shall know each oth-er there.
With our tear-dim'd eyes made per-fect, We shall know each oth-er there.

CHORUS.



We shall know, we shall know, We shall know each other better, We shall
We shall know, we shall know,

We Shall Know Each Other There.

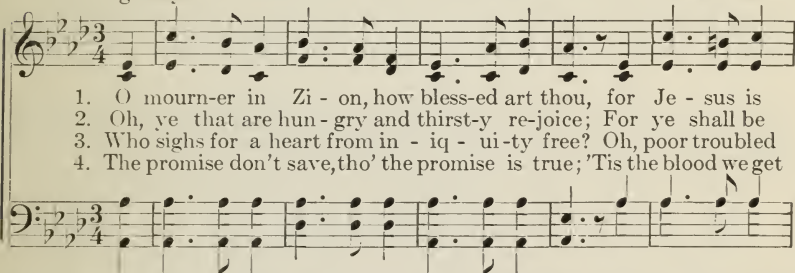


know each other there; On the res - ur-rec-tion morning, Free from toil and
free from care, With our tear-dim'd eyes made perfect, We shall know each other there.

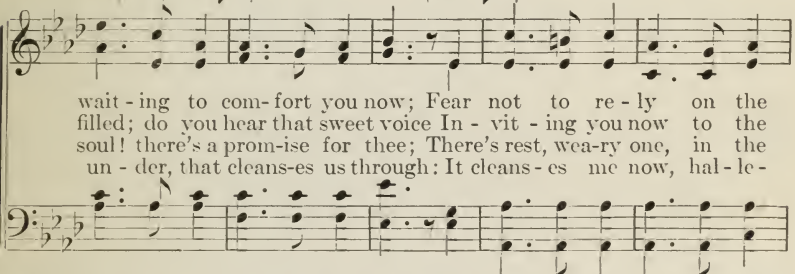
No. 19. Step Out on the Promise.

"The Highway"

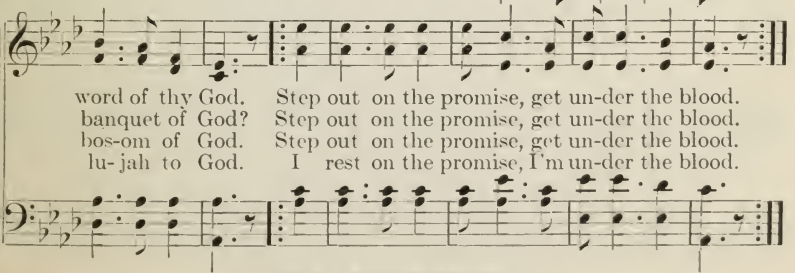
E. F. MILLER.



1. O mourn-er in Zi - on, how bless-ed art thou, for Je - sus is
2. Oh, ye that are hun - gry and thirst-y re-joyce; For ye shall be
3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ui-ty free? Oh, poor troubled
4. The promise don't save, tho' the promise is true; 'Tis the blood we get



wait - ing to com-fort you now; Fear not to re - ly on the
filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the
soul! there's a prom-ise for thee; There's rest, wea-ry one, in the
un - der, that cleans-es us through: It cleans-es me now, hal - le -



word of thy God.	Step out on the promise, get un-der the blood.
banquet of God?	Step out on the promise, get un-der the blood.
bos-om of God.	Step out on the promise, get un-der the blood.
lu-jah to God.	I rest on the promise, I'm un-der the blood.

No. 20.

Wake the Song

"Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Psalm. 118: 26.

J. E. L.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With vigor.

1. Wake the song, O Zi-on's daugh-ter, Bid the glad ho-san-nas ring,
 2. As the chil-dren of the Hebrews, With their palms before Thee went,
 3. Glo-ry, hon-or and sal-va-tion To the Lamb, our Rul-er, be;

Un-to Him who brings sal-va-tion, Our Re-deem-er and our King.
 So our praise and pray'rs and an-thems Un-to Thee we now pre-sent.
 Je-sus Christ is our Re-deem-er, So with songs we wel-come Thee.

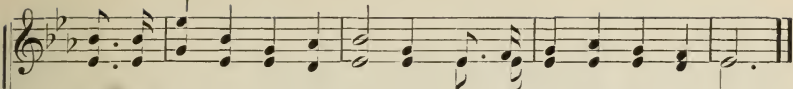
Glo-ry be to Him who com-eth In the name of Is-rael's Lord;
 Thou wast hast'ning to Thy pas-sion, When they woke the song of praise,
 Thee, the com-pa-ny of an-gels Praise and mag-ni-fy on high.

Zi-on's chil-dren bid Thee wel-come, King of kings, in-car-nate word.
 Thou art com-ing in Thy glo-ry, While our mel-o-dy we raise.
 While with long-ing ex-pec-ta-tion, All Thy saints ho-san-na cry.

CHORUS.

Wake the song, O Zi-on's daugh-ter, Bid the glad ho-san-nas ring,

Wake the Song.

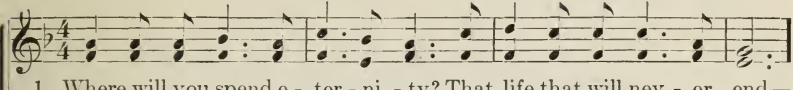


Un - to Him who brings sal - va - tion, Our Re - deem - er and our King.

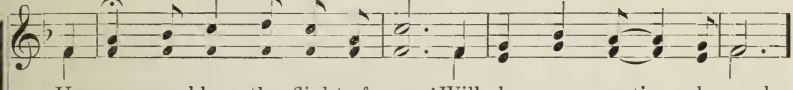
No. 21.

Eternity.

Words and music by
Jno. W. Holt.

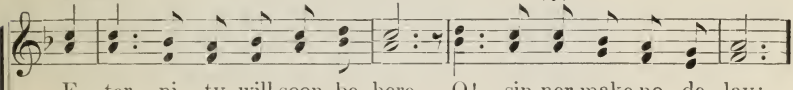


1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? That life that will nev - er end—
2. Those who in choosing Christ to - day, Are made hap - py in His love;
3. Ma - ny re - ject - ing Christ to - day, And walking the road that's broad;
4. Re - pent, be - lieve, this ver - y hour, While mer - cy is of - fered thee,

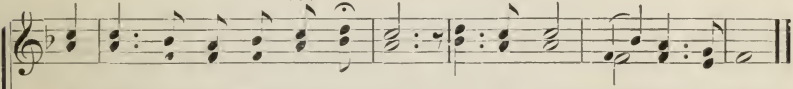


Un - meas - ured by the flight of years! Will by your ac - tions de - pend.
 Liv - ing in sweet com - mun - ion here, Reaching their home a - bove.
 Liv - ing in sin, re - bel - lion, here, And reap a sin - ner's re - ward.
 Then will your joy - ous an - swer be, I'm saved e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS.



E - ter - ni - ty will soon be here, O! sin - ner, make no de - lay;



E - ter - ni - ty will soon be here, O! sin - ner, choose Christ to - day.

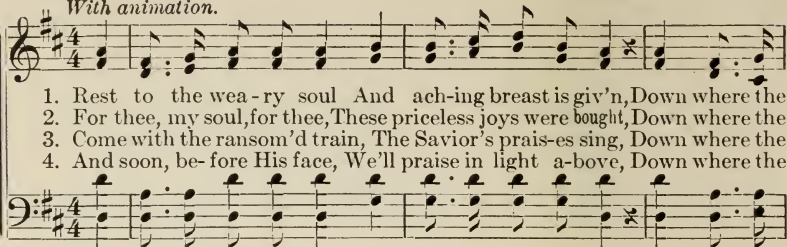
No. 22. Where the Living Waters Flow.

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." Jno. 4: 14.

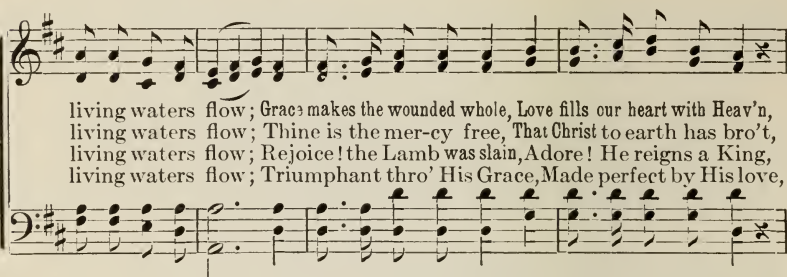
Anon.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With animation.

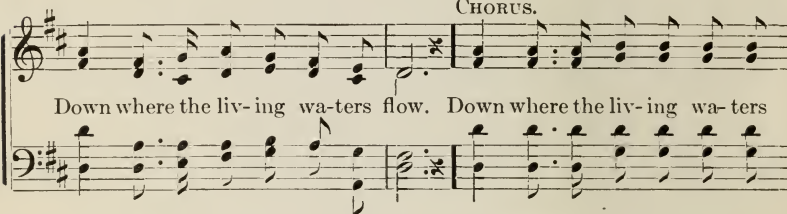


1. Rest to the wea-ry soul And ach-ing breast is giv'n, Down where the
2. For thee, my soul, for thee, These price-less joys were bought, Down where the
3. Come with the ransom'd train, The Savior's prais-es sing, Down where the
4. And soon, be-fore His face, We'll praise in light a-bove, Down where the

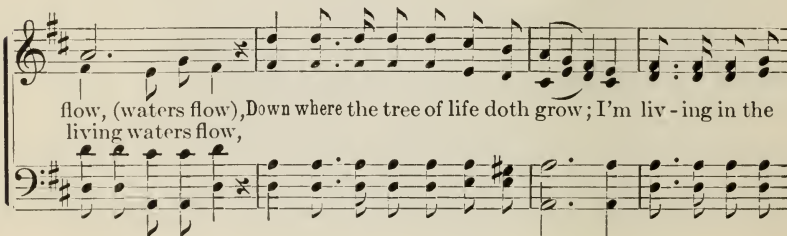


living waters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole, Love fills our heart with Heav'n,
 living waters flow; Thine is the mer-cy free, That Christ to earth has bro't,
 living waters flow; Rejoice! the Lamb was slain, Adore! He reigns a King,
 living waters flow; Triumphant thro' His Grace, Made perfect by His love,

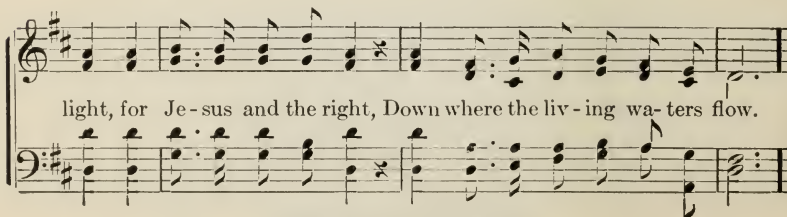
CHORUS.



Down where the liv-ing wa-ters flow. Down where the liv-ing wa-ters



flow, (waters flow), Down where the tree of life doth grow; I'm liv-ing in the
 living waters flow,



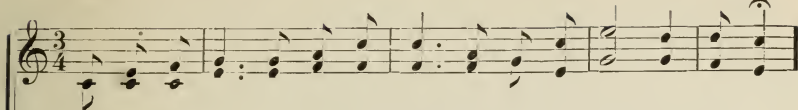
light, for Je-sus and the right, Down where the liv-ing wa-ters flow.

No. 23.

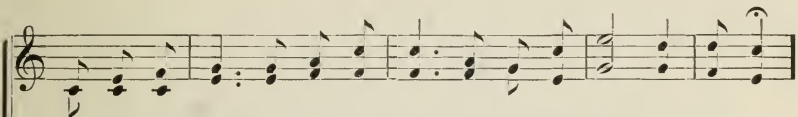
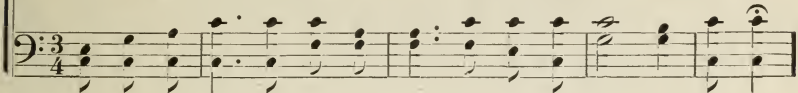
Thanksgiving.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

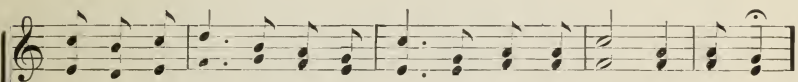
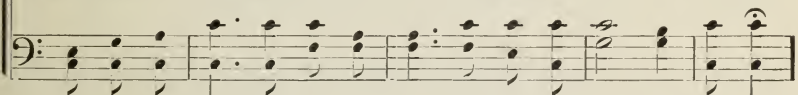
Jno. W. HOLT.



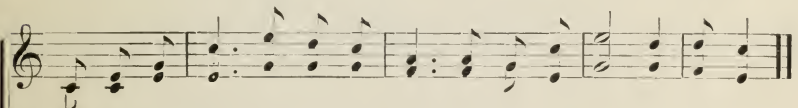
1. For us, O Lord, the year has brought Its bloom and har-vest glo-ry;
2. We oft have sung with joy-crown'd brow, Of Thy new love up-springing,
3. So may we join from year to year, Thy good-ness ev - er sing-ing,



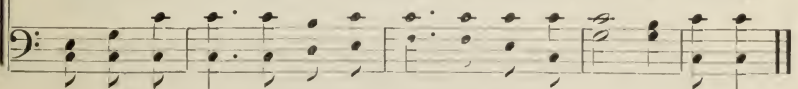
To us, thro' chang-ing seasons, taught Thy truth, in Gos - pel sto - ry,
And some who join'd our songs are now A - mid the an - gels sing-ing.
And each at last with rap-ture hear The bells of glo - ry ring-ing.



A - gain our voice - es join in song, And bring their glad thanksgiving,
But friends be-low and friends a - bove, U - nite in glad thanksgiving,
Then, safe with Thee, a - gain we'll raise Our voice - es in thanksgiving,



To Thee, to whom all years be - long, To Thee, the ev - er - liv-ing.
To Thee, whom all Thy chil-dren love, To Thee, the ev - er - liv-ing.
To Thee, in more ex - alt - ed praise, To Thee, the ev - er - liv-ing.



No. 24.

Mother's Bible.

"Thou hast kept my word." Rev. 3:6.

W. H. MORRIS. by per
With feeling.

(To my Mother.)

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I've a book worth more than gold, Tho' its leaves are worn and old, Which my mother
2. I remember that she read How the faithful Moses led Out of bondage
3. Yes, she talk'd of Jesus' love, How He left His home above; How He pray'd while
4. Yes, her mem'ry lingers still, And my eyes with tears will fill, As I look on

used to read so long a - go (long a - go); Which she read to me, her child,
all the faithful thro' the sea (thro' the sea); How the gi - ant, Da - vid slew, —
hanging on the rugged tree (rugged tree); How He to His Fa ther cried —
mother's Bible, stain'd with tears (stain'd with tears); And I treas - ure still, the truth

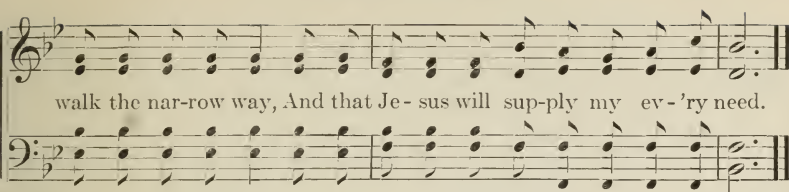
In her loving tones so mild, How that Jesus died because He lov'd me so.
What a mighty King He grew — How the Savior died to set poor sinners free.
Then my falling tears she dried, As she told me thro' her tears it was for me.
That she taught me in my youth, For I know 'twill guide me thro' the coming years.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed book, precious book, From thy dear old tear-stain'd
Blessed book, precious book,

leaves I love to read; For I learn from them each day, How to
love to read;

Mother's Bible.

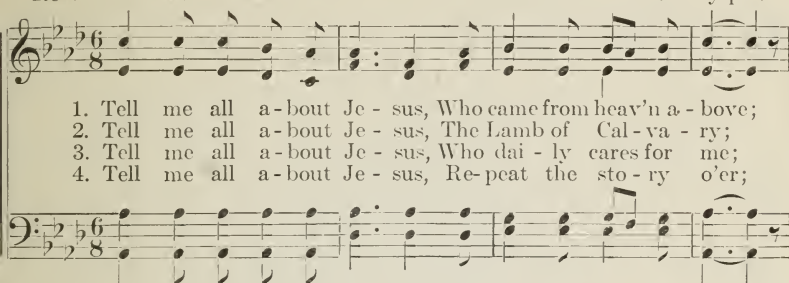


walk the nar-row way, And that Je - sus will sup-ply my ev - 'ry need.

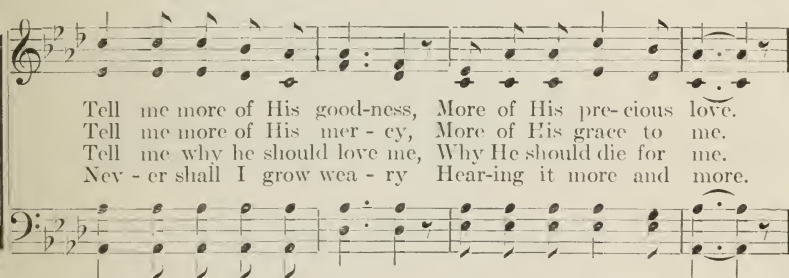
No. 25. Tell Me All About Jesus.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

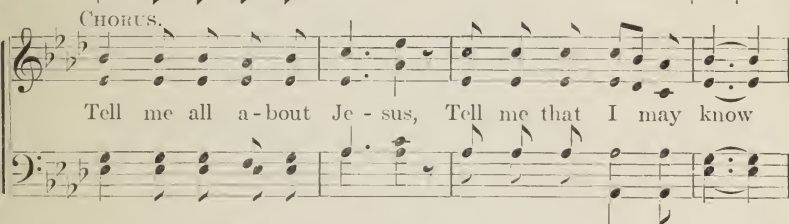
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. by per.



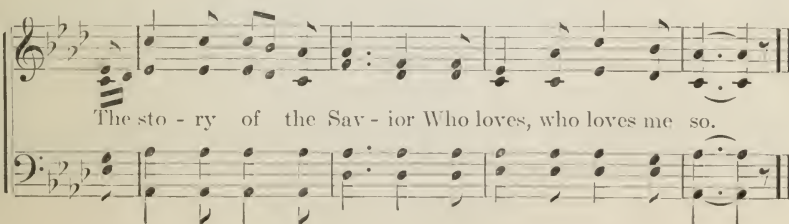
1. Tell me all a-bout Je - sus, Who came from heav'n a - bove;
2. Tell me all a-bout Je - sus, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
3. Tell me all a-bout Je - sus, Who dai - ly cares for me;
4. Tell me all a-bout Je - sus, Re - peat the sto - ry o'er;



Tell me more of His good-ness, More of His pre-cious love.
 Tell me more of His mer - cy, More of His grace to me.
 Tell me why he should love me, Why He should die for me.
 Nev - er shall I grow wea - ry Hear-ing it more and more.



CHORUS.
 Tell me all a-bout Je - sus, Tell me that I may know



The sto - ry of the Sav - ior Who loves, who loves me so.

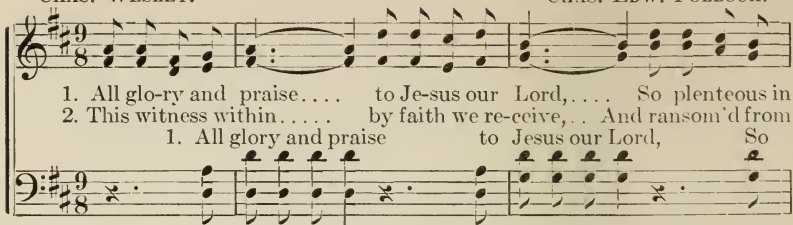
No. 26.

All Praise To Jesus.

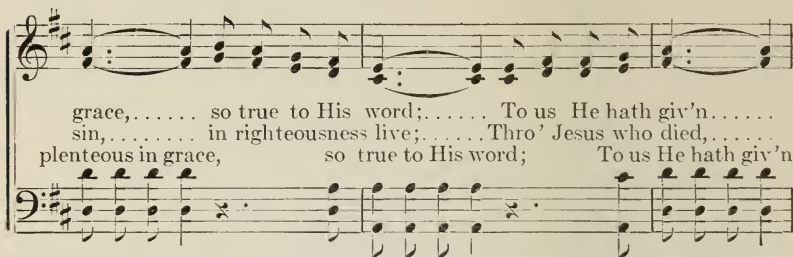
"To whom be praise and dominion forever and ever." 1 Pet. 4: 11.

CHAS. WESLEY.

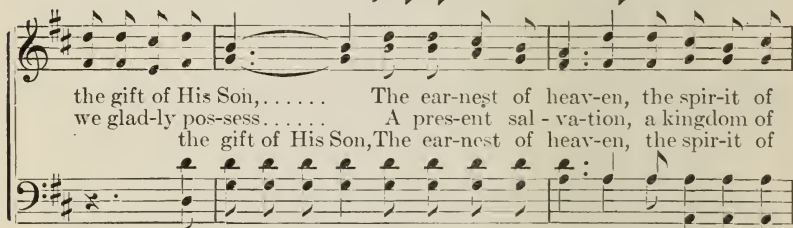
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



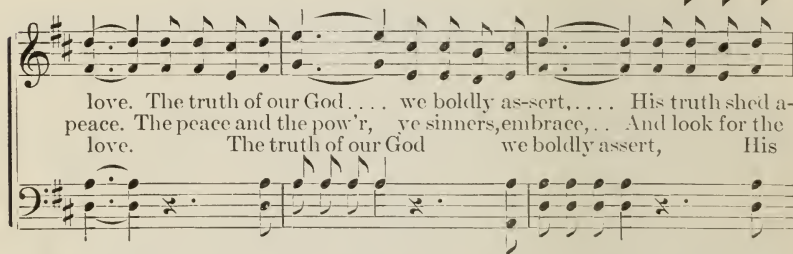
1. All glo-ry and praise.... to Je-sus our Lord,... So plenteous in
 2. This witness within.... by faith we re-ceive,... And ransom'd from
 1. All glory and praise to Jesus our Lord, So



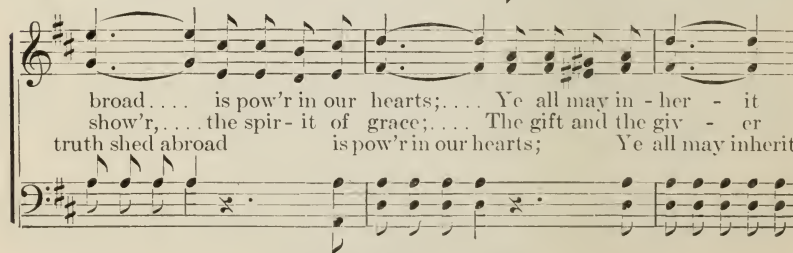
grace,..... so true to His word;..... To us He hath giv'n.....
 sin,..... in righteousness live;..... Thro' Jesus who died,.....
 plenteous in grace, so true to His word; To us He hath giv'n



the gift of His Son,..... The ear-nest of heav-en, the spir-it of
 we glad-ly pos-sess,..... A pres-ent sal - va-tion, a kingdom of
 the gift of His Son, The ear-nest of heav-en, the spir-it of



love. The truth of our God.... we boldly as-assert,... His truth shed a-
 peace. The peace and the pow'r, ye sinners,embrace,.. And look for the
 love. The truth of our God we boldly assert, His



broad.... is pow'r in our hearts;... Ye all may in - her - it
 show'r,... the spir - it of grace;... The gift and the giv - er
 truth shed abroad is pow'r in our hearts; Ye all may inherit

All Praise To Jesus.

Rit.

on Je - sus who call, The gift of His Son is prof-ered to all.
 we all may re - ceive, For-ev - er and ev - er in us to live.
 on Jesus who call, The gift of His Son is prof-ered to all.

No. 27.

Praying at the Door.

"Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." Matt. 7: 7.

Selected.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Keep pray-ing at the door, And knock-ing while you pray, Nor
 2. The Lord will sure - ly come; His prom - ise can - not fail; Oh,
 3. The door will o - pen wide, And thou shalt en - ter in, And

trem - ble tho' the tempt-er's voice Would fright your soul a - way.
 knock, and pray, and plead, and call, Thy pray'r will yet pre-vail.
 from the Ho - ly One re-ceive A par-don for my sin.

CHORUS.

Keep pray-ing at the door, Still pray-ing at the door, Though

Rit.
 long the an - swer is de-layed, Keep pray-ing at the door.

No. 28.

Thou Art Coming.

"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior, Jesus Christ." Titus, 2:13.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Thou art com-ing, O my Sav-ior, Thou art com-ing, O my King!
 2. Thou art com-ing, not a shad-ow, not a mist and not a tear,
 3. Thou art com-ing, we are wait-ing With a hope that can-not fail,

Ev-'ry tongue Thy name confessing, Well may we re-joice and sing;
 Not a sin and not a sor-row, On that sun-rise grand and clear;
 Ask-ing not the day or ho-ur, Anchored safe with-in the veil;

Thou art com-ing! rays of glo-ry Thro' the veil Thy death has rent,
 Thou art com-ing! Je-sus, Sav-ior, Nothing else seems worth a thought.
 Thou art com-ing! At Thy ta-ble We are wit-ness-es for this,

D. S.—Thou art com-ing! Thou art com-ing! Je-sus, our be-lov-ed Lord,

FINE.

Glad-den now our pil-grim pathway, Glo-ry from Thy pres-ence sent.
 Oh, how mar-vel-ous the glo-ry And the bliss Thy pain hath bought.
 As we meet Thee in com-mun-ion, Ear-nest of our com-ing bliss.

O, the joy to see Thee reigning, Worship'd, glo-ri-fied, a-dored.

CHORUS.

Thou art com-ing! Thou art com-ing! We shall meet Thee on Thy way.

Thou Art Coming.

D. S.

Thou art com-ing, we shall see Thee, And be like Thee on that day.

No. 29.

My Need.

"God shall supply all your need." Phil. 4: 19.

REV. FRANK POLLOCK.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Not too fast.

1. Dear Lord, I come to Thee in need; My soul doth hun - ger:
 2. I need hu - mil - i - ty to be, A will - ing serv - ant,
 3. I need Thy grace, O heav'n-ly Dove, I need Thy pur - i
 4. Take en - vy from my heart a - way, And self - ish - ness and

Wilt Thou feed its crav-ings with Thy grace indeed? "Lord, help me."
 Lord, to Thee, To wait on Thee sub-mis-sive-ly. "Lord, help me."
 ty and love, I need Thy wis-dom from a-bove. "Lord, help me."
 pride, I pray; Fit me for use-ful-ness to-day. "Lord, help me."

Lost souls a-round in dan-ger lie— Our loved ones, neighbors,
 I need sweet pen - i - tence to keep Me near the cross, in
 I know, my Lord, I'm ver - y weak; A pray-ing spir - it
 O Lord, my God, dwell Thou in me, And let my soul a -

doomed to die; Make me a help-er, Lord, I cry. "Lord, help me."
 love to weep O'er souls in sin - ful slumber deep. "Lord, help me."
 now I seek, And courage strong, lost souls to speak. "Lord, help me."
 bide in Thee, And Thine shall all the glo - ry be. "Lord, help me."

No. 30.

His Yoke Is Easy.

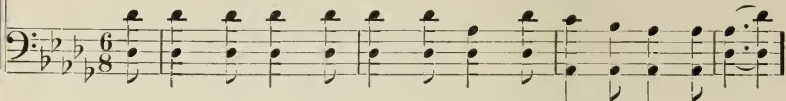
"My yoke is easy and my burden is light." Matt. 11: 30.

D. S. WARNER.

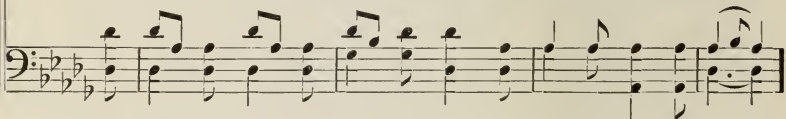
B. E. WARREN.



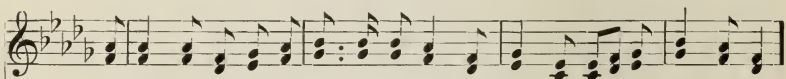
1. I've found my Lord and He is mine, He won me by His love;
2. No oth - er Lord but Christ I know, I walk with Him a-lone;
3. He's dear - er to my heart than life, He found me lost in sin;
4. My flesh re-coiled be-fore the cross, And Satan whispered there,
5. I've tried the road of sin and found Its pros-pects all de-ceive;



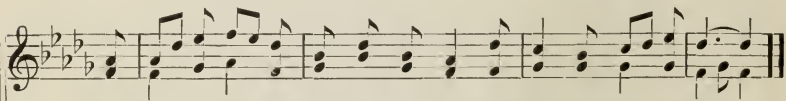
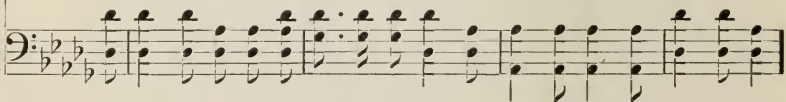
I'll serve Him all my years of time, And dwell with Him a-bove.
 His streams of love for - ev - er flow. With-in my heart, His throne.
 He calmed the sea of in-ward strife, And bid me come to Him.
 "Thy gain will not re - pay the loss, His yoke is hard to bear."
 I've proved the Lord and joys a-bound, More than I could be-lieve.



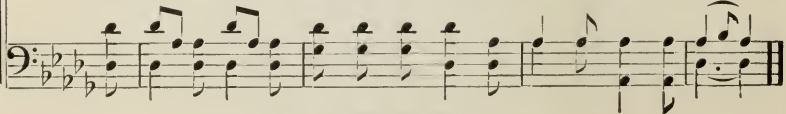
CHORUS.



His yoke is eas-y, His burden is light, I've found it so, I've found it so:

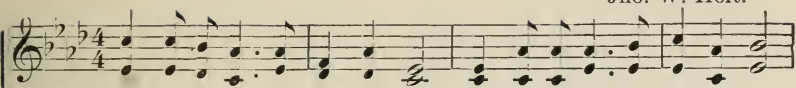


His serv-ice is my sweet-est de-light, His bless-ings ev - er flow.

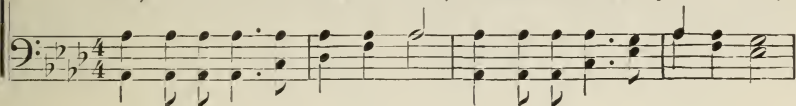
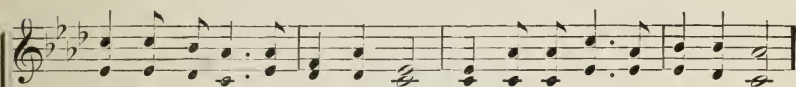


No. 31.


Each New Day.

Words and music by
Jno. W. Holt.



1. Lord, give us faith for each new day, "We know not how we may be tried;
2. Lord, give us peace for each new day, "Without, within, that we may dwell,
3. Lord, give us grace for each new day, To think and speak and act aright;
4. Lord, when our work on earth is done, And when our earthly race is o'er,

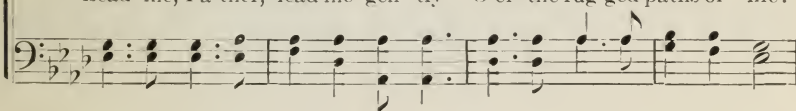
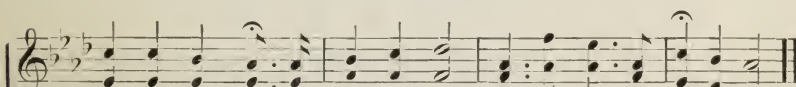
We would not stray, but, being blind, We crave a true and trust-y guide."
Content, with calm, untroubled hearts, Knowing that all things shall be well."
Help us in all things Thee to see, And spend each day as in Thy sight.
Re-ceive us to Thy-self a-bove, In bliss to dwell for ev-er-more.



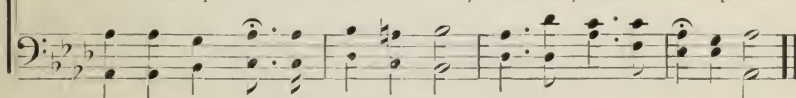
CHORUS.



Lead me, Fa-ther, lead me gen-tly O'er the rug-ged paths of life:

Sin oft tempts me from Thee to roam,—Fa-ther, lead me safe-ly home.

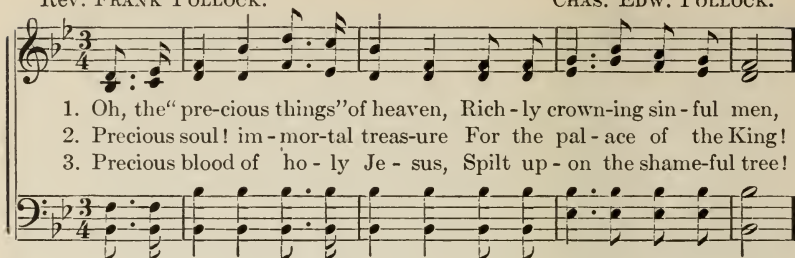


No. 32. The Precious Things of Heaven.

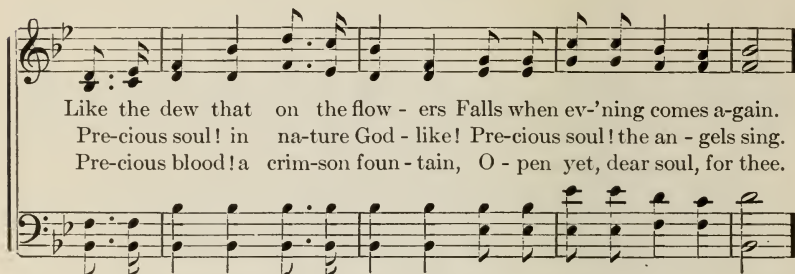
"Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven." Deut. 33: 13.

REV. FRANK POLLOCK.

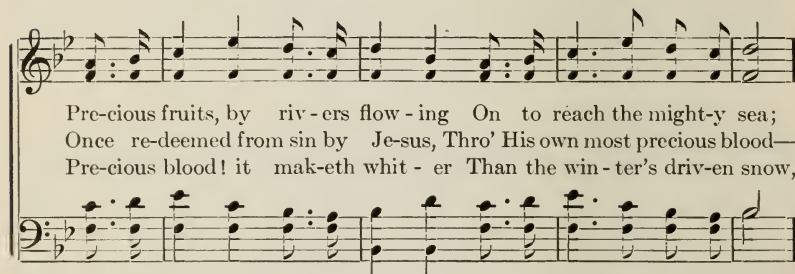
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



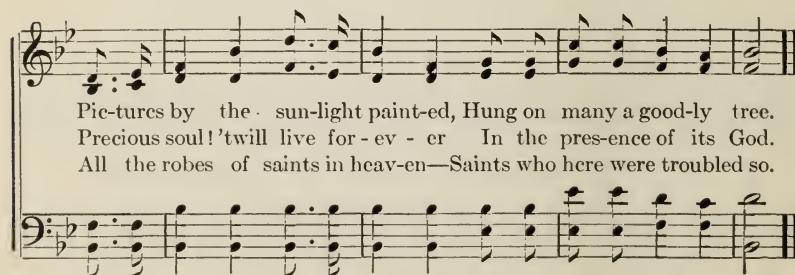
1. Oh, the "pre-cious things" of heaven, Rich - ly crown - ing sin - ful men,
 2. Precious soul! im - mor - tal treas - ure For the pal - ace of the King!
 3. Precious blood of ho - ly Je - sus, Spilt up - on the shame - ful tree!



Like the dew that on the flow - ers Falls when ev - 'ning comes a - gain.
 Pre - cious soul! in na - ture God - like! Pre - cious soul! the an - gels sing.
 Pre - cious blood! a crim - son foun - tain, O - pen yet, dear soul, for thee.



Pre - cious fruits, by riv - ers flow - ing On to reach the might - y sea;
 Once re - deem - ed from sin by Je - sus, Thro' His own most precious blood—
 Pre - cious blood! it mak - eth whit - er Than the win - ter's driv - en snow,



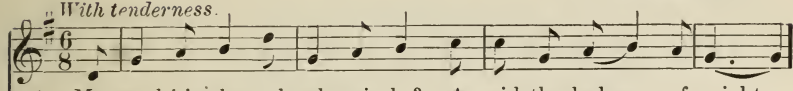
Pic - tures by the sun - light paint - ed, Hung on many a good - ly tree.
 Precious soul! 'twill live for - ev - er In the pres - ence of its God.
 All the robes of saints in heav - en—Saints who here were troubled so.

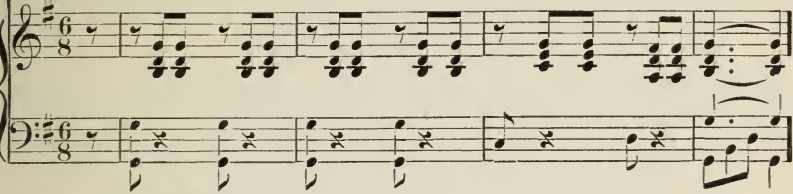
No. 33.

My Wandering Boy.

(An answer to "Where is my Boy to-night?")

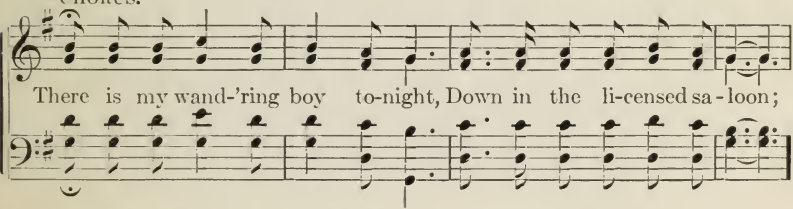
Words and music by
Jno. W. Holt.*With tenderness.*

- 
1. My wand-'ring boy, oh, where is he? A-mid the dark-ness of night;
 2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, Play-ing on his moth-er's knee;
 3. He was, when young—tender and true—The hope of pa-rent-al care;
 4. Young man, be-ware, the sparkling wine Invites by its pois-nous breath;

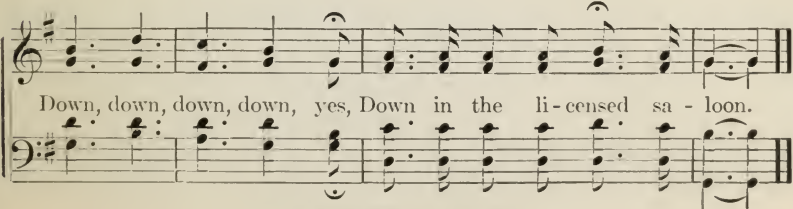


He's down in the li-censed sa-loon, Sur-rounded by mis-ry and blight.
But was se-duced by spark-ling wine, And is a wreck on life's sea.
But now, thro' the ac-curs-ed cup, He's al-most lost in de-spair.
Giv-ing naught, save ru-in and woe, And ends in e-ter-nal death.

CHORUS.



There is my wand-'ring boy to-night, Down in the li-censed sa-loon;



Down, down, down, down, yes, Down in the li-censed sa-loon.

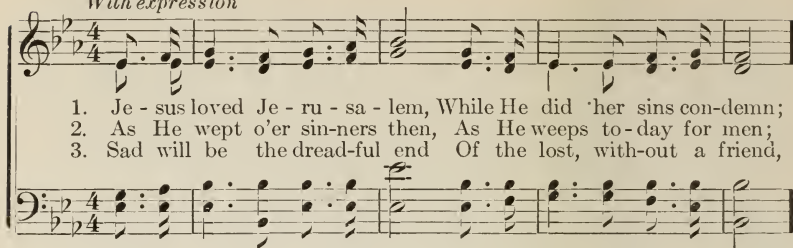
No. 34. Hear the Savior's Plaintive Tone.

"They will not come unto me that they might have life." Jesus.

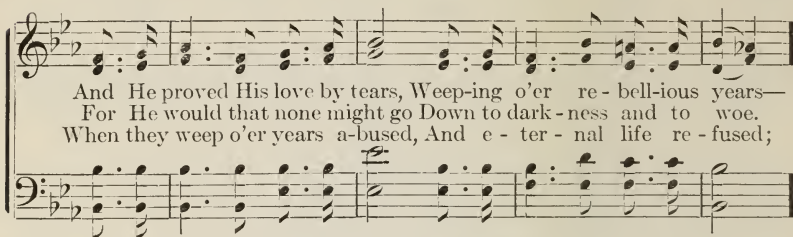
REV. FRANK POLLOCK.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

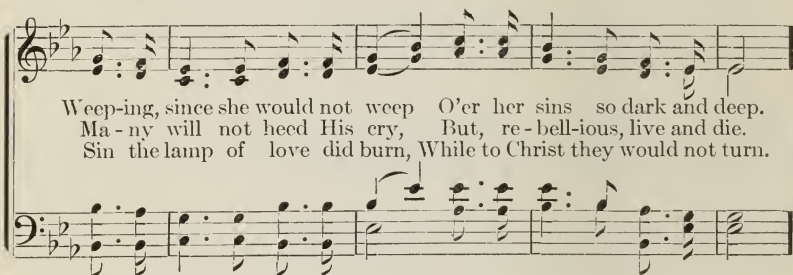
With expression



1. Je - sus loved Je - ru - sa - lem, While He did 'her sins con-demn;
 2. As He wept o'er sin-ners then, As He weeps to-day for men;
 3. Sad will be the dread-ful end Of the lost, with-out a friend,

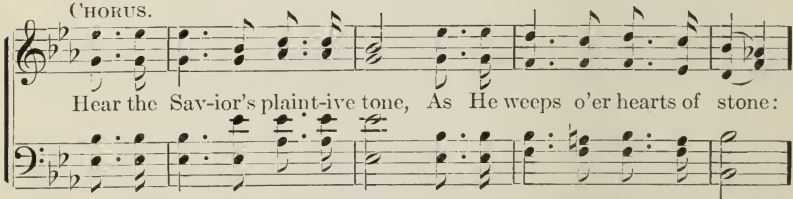


And He proved His love by tears, Weep-ing o'er re-bell-i-ous years—
 For He would that none might go Down to dark-ness and to woe.
 When they weep o'er years a-bused, And e - ter - nal life re - fused;



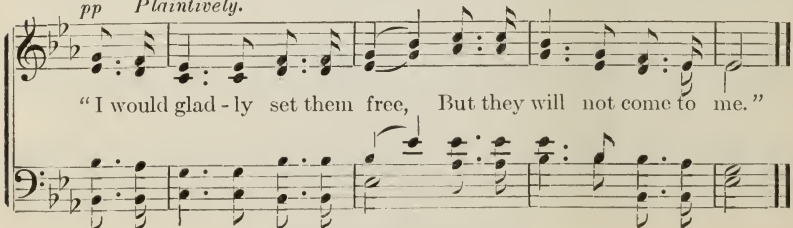
Weep-ing, since she would not weep O'er her sins so dark and deep.
 Ma - ny will not heed His cry, But, re-bell-i-ous, live and die.
 Sin the lamp of love did burn, While to Christ they would not turn.

CHORUS.



Hear the Sav-ior's plaint-ive tone, As He weeps o'er hearts of stone:

pp Plaintively.



"I would glad-ly set them free, But they will not come to me."

No. 35.

Lost.

"He that believeth not the Son shall not see life." Jno. 3: 36.

REV. FRANK POLLOCK.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Lost! lost! lost! the words of truth de- clare; Sin - ner, God thus speaks; be-
 2. Ah! "condemned al-read-y;" heed the word; May thine in-most soul to-
 3. "Wrath of God"—from it thou canst not hide: Yea, on thee the sen-tence

ware! beware! Je-sus came to seek and save the lost; Yea, He died for
 day be stirr'd. Go-ing down to death e - ter-nal-think! Pause and turn to
 doth a-bide. Dy-ing-sin-ning still!—Ah, dread to tell, Ere long—it may be

CHORUS.

thee at wondrous cost.
 God, e'en by the brink - } Stop, poor sinner, stop and think! You are standing on the
 soon-thou'lt wake in hell. }

brink leading down to death and dark de-spair; Soon your cry will be, "too

late! God has left me to my fate!" And His mercy ne'er can reach you there.

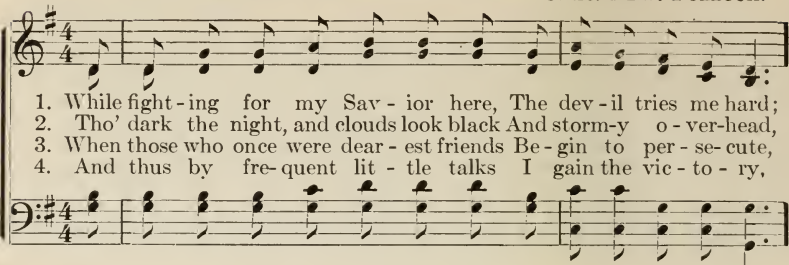
No. 36.

A Little Talk with Jesus.

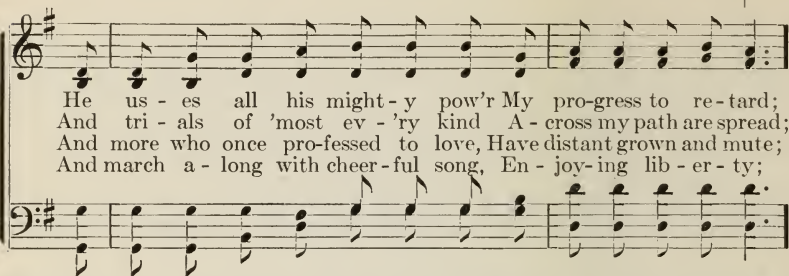
"Come and let us reason together, saith the Lord." Isa. 1: 18.

Anon.

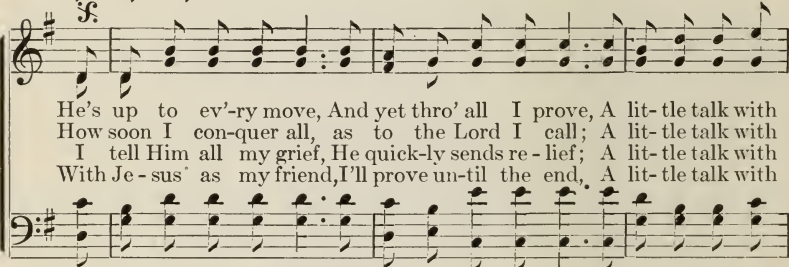
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. While fight - ing for my Sav - ior here, The dev - il tries me hard;
 2. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black And storm - y o - ver - head,
 3. When those who once were dear - est friends Be - gin to per - se - cute,
 4. And thus by fre - quent lit - tle talks I gain the vic - to - ry,

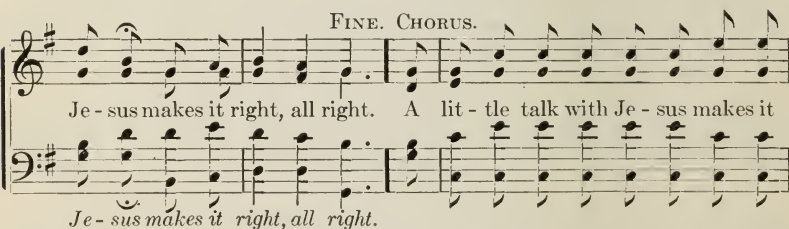


He us - es all his might - y pow'r My pro - gress to re - tard;
 And tri - als of 'most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread;
 And more who once pro - fessed to love, Have distant grown and mute;
 And march a - long with cheer - ful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty;

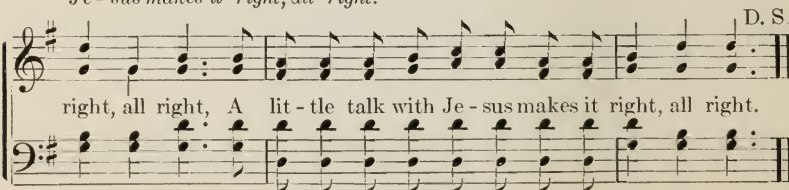


He's up to ev - 'ry move, And yet thro' all I prove, A lit - tle talk with
 How soon I con - quer all, as to the Lord I call; A lit - tle talk with
 I tell Him all my grief, He quick - ly sends re - lief; A lit - tle talk with
 With Je - sus' as my friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit - tle talk with

D. S. - In trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God, I al - ways find, A lit - tle talk with



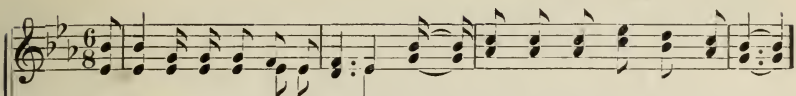
FINE. CHORUS.
 Je - sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it
 Je - sus makes it right, all right.



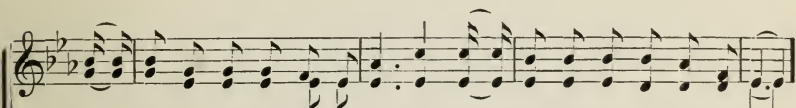
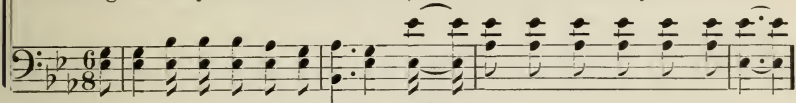
right, all right, A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right.

No. 37. Don't Go Where You Cannot Take Jesus.

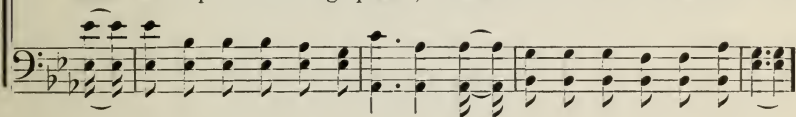
Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



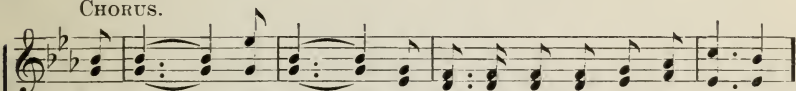
1. Don't go where you cannot take Jesus, Your mot-to ought ev - er to be;
2. Don't go where you cannot take Jesus, Have Him with you to comfort and cheer;
3. Don't go where you cannot take Jesus, E'en tho' wicked companions may jeer;
4. Don't go where you cannot take Jesus, Stand out from the world, tho a - lone;
5. Don't go where you cannot take Jesus, Where His name is not lov'd and rever'd;
6. Don't go where you cannot take Jesus, Stand firm to the vows you have made;



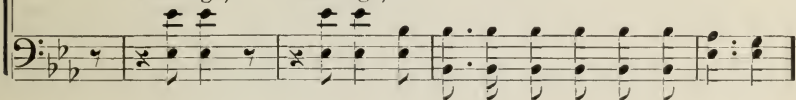
Nor en-gage in a business or pleasure Where the conscience from guilt is not free.
The tri - als of life will not vex you, If Je - sus' dear pres-ence is near.
He will rich-ly re-ward you in heav-en, If you faith-fully fol-low Him here.
Make no com-pro-mise ev-er with Sa-tan And wick-ed-ness nev-er con-done.
But spok-en of vain-ly and light-ly, By lips that with sin are all seared.
Make war up-on sin in high places, On which God's condemnation is laid.



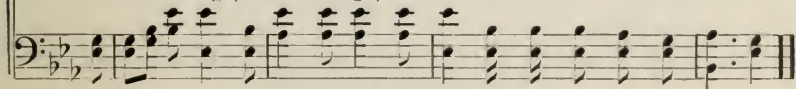
CHORUS.



Don't go, . . . don't go, . . . Don't go where you can - not take Je - sus;
Don't go, don't go,



Don't go, . . . don't go, . . . Don't go where you can-not take Je - sus
Don't go, don't go,

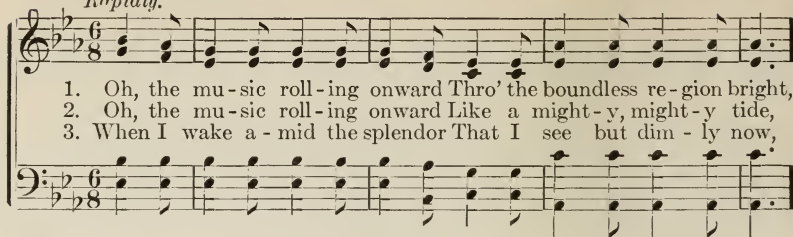


No. 38.

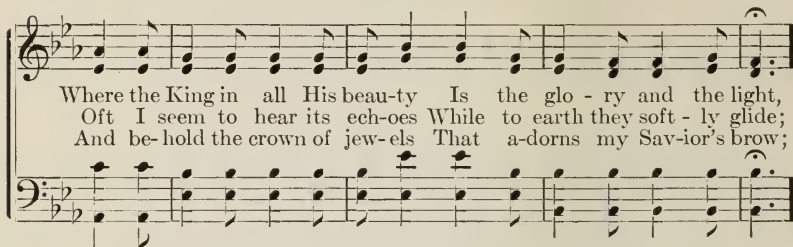
The Everlasting Hills.

FANNIE J. CROSBY.

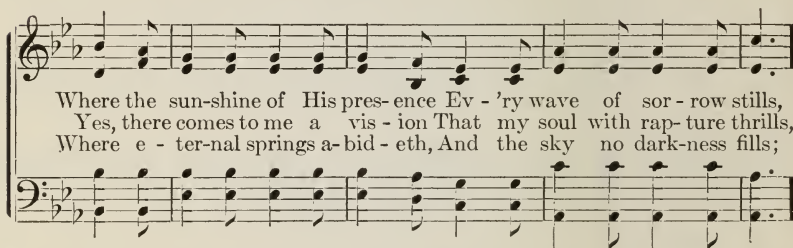
Jno. W. Holt.

Rapidly.


1. Oh, the mu-sic roll-ing onward Thro' the boundless re-gion bright,
 2. Oh, the mu-sic roll-ing onward Like a might-y, might-y tide,
 3. When I wake a-mid the splendor That I see but dim-ly now,



Where the King in all His beau-ty Is the glo-ry and the light,
 Oft I seem to hear its ech-oes While to earth they soft-ly glide;
 And be-hold the crown of jew-els That a-dorns my Sav-ior's brow;

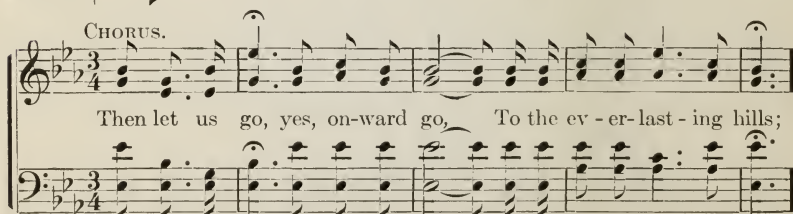


Where the sun-shine of His pres-ence Ev-'ry wave of sor-row stills,
 Yes, there comes to me a vis-ion That my soul with rap-ture thrills,
 Where e-ter-nal springs a-bid-eth, And the sky no dark-ness fills;



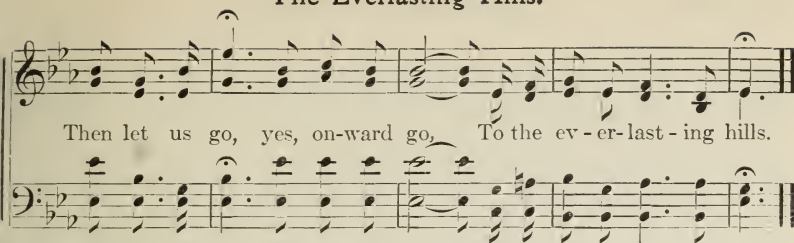
And the bells of joy are ring-ing On the ev-er-last-ing hills.
 For I stand, by faith up-lift-ed, On the ev-er-last-ing hills.
 How my grate-ful heart shall praise Him On the ev-er-last-ing hills.

CHORUS.



Then let us go, yes, on-ward go, To the ev-er-last-ing hills;

The Everlasting Hills.



Then let us go, yes, on-ward go, To the ev-er-last-ing hills.

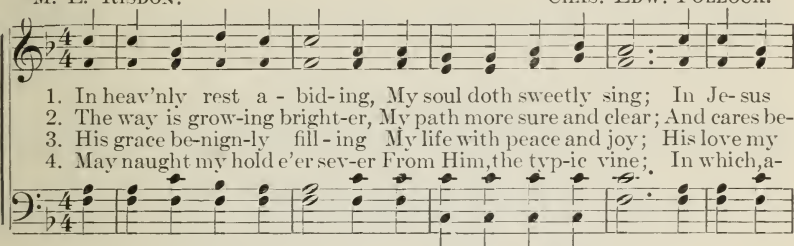
No. 39.

A Song of Jesus.

"Sing unto the Lord a new song." Isa. 42: 10,

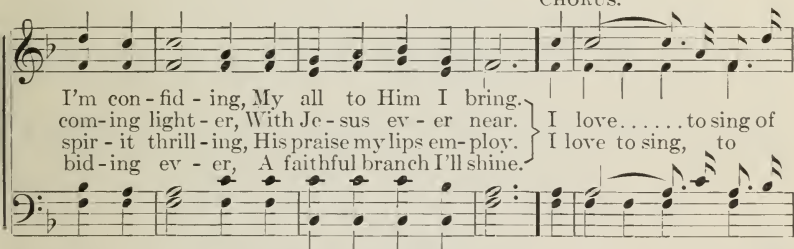
M. E. Risdon.

Chorus and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

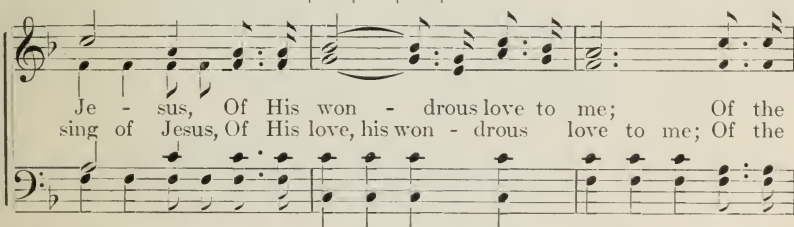


1. In heav'nly rest a - bid-ing, My soul doth sweetly sing; In Je-sus
2. The way is grow-ing bright-er, My path more sure and clear; And cares be-
3. His grace be-nign-ly fill-ing My life with peace and joy; His love my
4. May naught my hold e'er sev-er From Him, the typ-ic vine; In which, a-

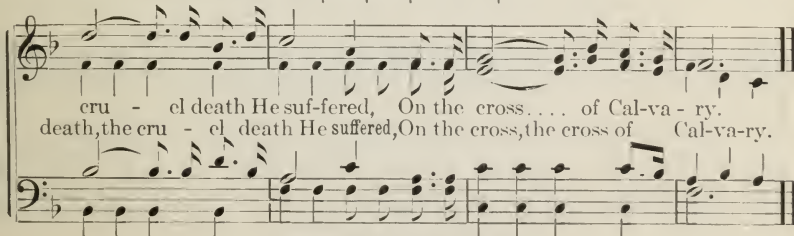
CHORUS.



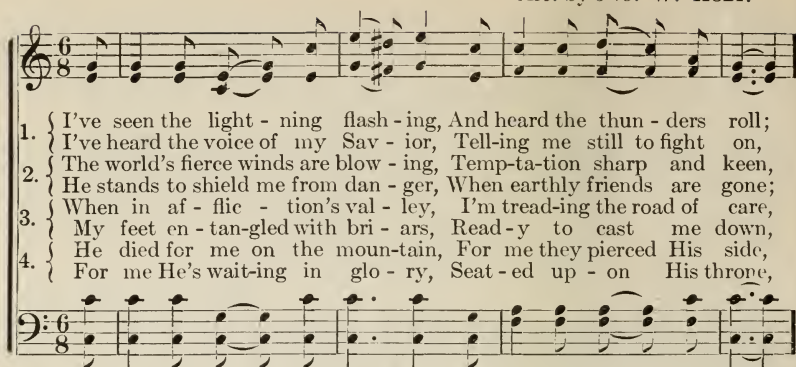
I'm con-fid-ing, My all to Him I bring.
com-ing light-er, With Je-sus ev-er near. } I love to sing of
spir-it thrill-ing, His praise my lips em-ploy. } I love to sing, to
bid-ing ev-er, A faithful branch I'll shine.



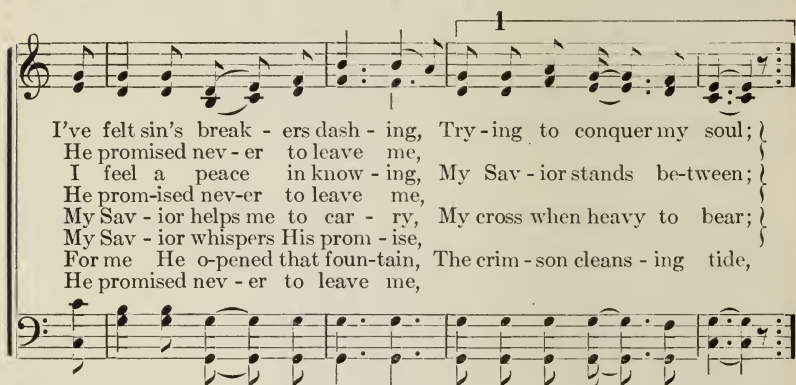
Je-sus, Of His won-drous love to me; Of the
sing of Jesus, Of His love, his won-drous love to me; Of the



eru-el death He suf-fered, On the cross . . . of Cal-va-ry.
death, the eru-el death He suffered, On the cross, the cross of Cal-va-ry.



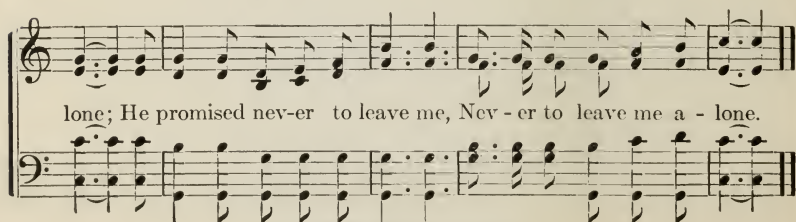
1. { I've seen the light - ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - ders roll;
 I've heard the voice of my Sav - ior, Tell - ing me still to fight on,
 2. { The world's fierce winds are blow - ing, Temp - ta - tion sharp and keen,
 He stands to shield me from dan - ger, When earthly friends are gone;
 3. { When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, I'm tread - ing the road of care,
 My feet en - tan - gled with bri - ars, Read - y to cast me down,
 4. { He died for me on the moun - tain, For me they pierced His side,
 For me He's wait - ing in glo - ry, Seat - ed up - on His throne,



I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing, Try - ing to conquer my soul; {
 He promised nev - er to leave me, {
 I feel a peace in know - ing, My Sav - ior stands be - tween; {
 He prom - ised nev - er to leave me, {
 My Sav - ior helps me to car - ry, My cross when heavy to bear; {
 My Sav - ior whispers His prom - ise, {
 For me He o - pened that foun - tain, The crim - son cleans - ing tide,
 He promised nev - er to leave me, {



2. CHORUS.
 Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
 Nev - er to leave me a - lone. } No, nev - er a - lone, No, nev - er a -
 I'll nev - er leave thee a - lone.
 Nev - er to leave me a - lone.



lone; He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

Why Not To-Night?

Jno. W. Holt.

1. Oh, do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes against the light;
 2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
 3. Our God in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love requite?
 4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;

Poor sin-ner, harden not your heart: Thou wouldst be sav'd, why not to-night?
 This is the time, O then be wise, Thou wouldst be sav'd, why not to-night?
 Renounce at once thy stubborn will; Thou wouldst be sav'd, why not to-night?
 Be-lieve in Him the work is done: Thou wouldst be sav'd, why not to-night?

CHORUS.

Why not to - night? Why not to - night? Thou wouldst be
 Why not to-night? Why not to-night?

saved, Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Why not to-
 Thou wouldst be saved, Why not to-night?

Rit

night? Thou wouldst be saved, Why not to - night?
 Why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved,

No. 42.

Our Songs of Praise.

"Sing praises unto the Lord."—Psa. 27: 6.

Anonymous.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. We gath - er, we gath - er, dear Je - sus, to bring Thee breathings of
 2. Those arms which embraced little chil - dren of old Still love to en -

love 'mid the blos - soms of spring; Our Mak - er, Re - deem - er, we
 cir - cle the lambs of the fold; That grace which in - vit - eth the

grate - ful - ly raise Our hearts and our voic - es in sing - ing Thy praise.
 wan - der - er home Hath nev - er for - bid - den the young - est to come.

CHORUS.

Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, Great Teacher, we raise Our hearts and our

voic - es in sing - ing Thy praise; For pre - cept and prom - ise so

Our Songs of Praise.

gra-cious-ly giv'n, For bless-ings of earth and the glo-ries of heav'n.

No. 43.

The Coming Year.

Isa. 41: 10.

JNO. W. HOLT.

1. Stand-ing at the por-tal of the com-ing year, Words of com-fort meet us,
 2. I, the Lord, am with thee, be thou not afraid, I will help and strengthen,
 3. For the year before us, oh, what rich supplies For the poor and need-y,
 4. He will nev-er fail us, He will not for-sake; And His pre-cious prom-ise

hush-ing ev-ry fear; Spoken thro' the si-lence by our Fath-er's voice,
 be thou not dismayed, Yea, I will uphold thee with Mine own right hand;
 living streams shall rise; For the sad and sin-ful, shall His grace a-bound;
 He will nev-er break. Rest-ing on this prom-ise, what have we to fear?

CHORUS.

Tender, strong, and faithful, making us re-joyce.
 Thou art called and chosen in My sight to stand. } Onward then, and fear not,
 For the faint and feeble, perfect strength be found.
 God is all-suf-fi-cient for the com-ing year.

children of the day, For His word shall never, never pass away, pass a-way.

No. 44.

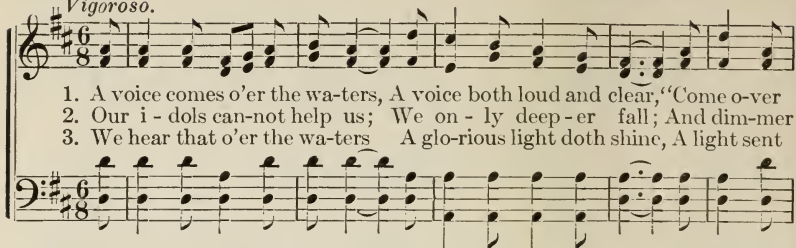
Come Over and Help Us.

(MISSION SONG.)

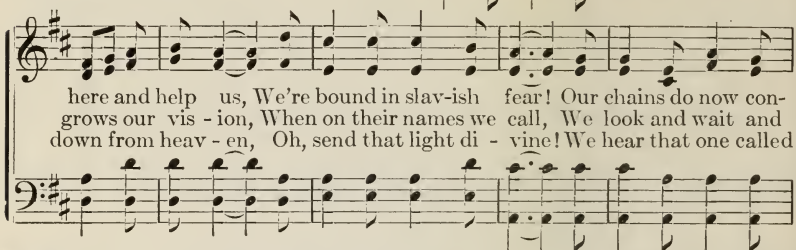
"Come over into Macedonia and help us."—Acts 16: 19.

Selected.

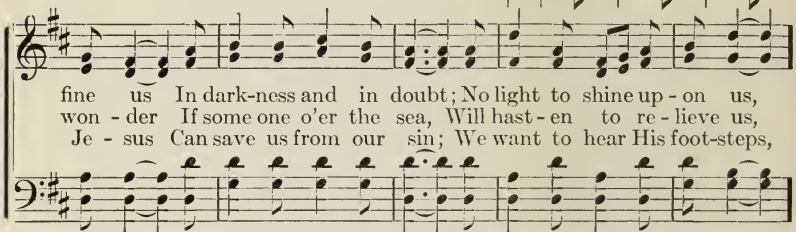
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Vigorous.


1. A voice comes o'er the wa-ters, A voice both loud and clear, "Come o-ver
2. Our i - dols can-not help us; We on - ly deep-er fall; And dim-mer
3. We hear that o'er the wa-ters A glo-rious light doth shine, A light sent

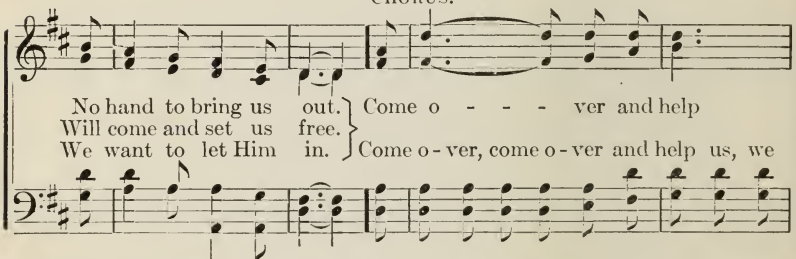


here and help us, We're bound in slav-ish fear! Our chains do now con-
grows our vis - ion, When on their names we call, We look and wait and
down from heav - en, Oh, send that light di - vine! We hear that one called

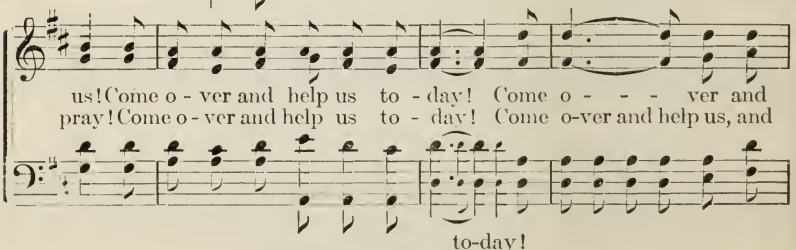


fine us In dark-ness and in doubt; No light to shine up - on us,
won - der If some one o'er the sea, Will hast-en to re - lieve us,
Je - sus Can save us from our sin; We want to hear His foot-steps,

CHORUS.



No hand to bring us out. } Come o - - - ver and help
Will come and set us free. }
We want to let Him in. } Come o-ver, come o-ver and help us, we



us! Come o - ver and help us to - day! Come o - - - ver and
pray! Come o-ver and help us to - day! Come o-ver and help us, and
to-day!

Come Over and Help Us.

help us! Come o - ver and help us, we pray.....
 help us to-day! and help us, we pray.

No. 45. Breaking Away.

"He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness."—Jno. 8: 12.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With vigor.

1. The fet-ters of Sa-tan are breaking, And hastens mil-len-ni-um's day;
2. The sunlight now peeps thro' the rift-ing, Which makes us no longer dismay;
3. A hav-en of peace we are nearing, From whence we will nevermore stray;

The in-fi-del's walls we are shaking, Sin's dark clouds are all breaking away.
 The shad-ows of night all are lift-ing, Woe's dense clouds are all breaking away.
 Then let us press on, nev-er fear-ing, For the clouds are all breaking away.

CHORUS.

Break-ing a-way, breaking away, Sin's dark clouds are breaking away;
 breaking, are breaking away;

Faint heart, ne'er dismay, be happy alway, The clouds are now breaking away.

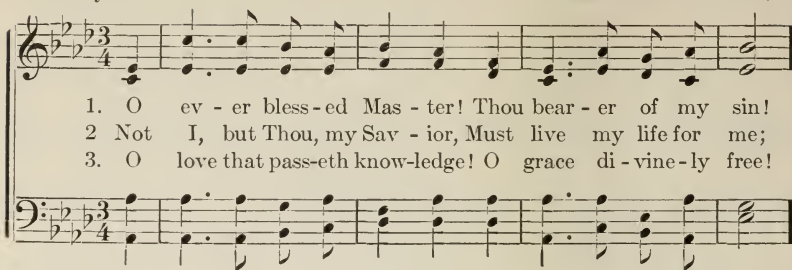
No. 46.

Thou Bearer of My Sin!

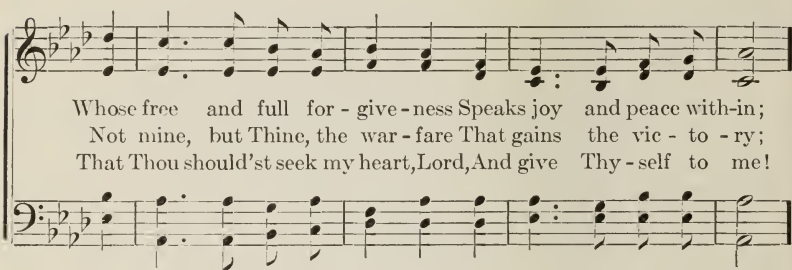
"Who his own self bears our sins." I Peter 2: 24.

Anonymous.

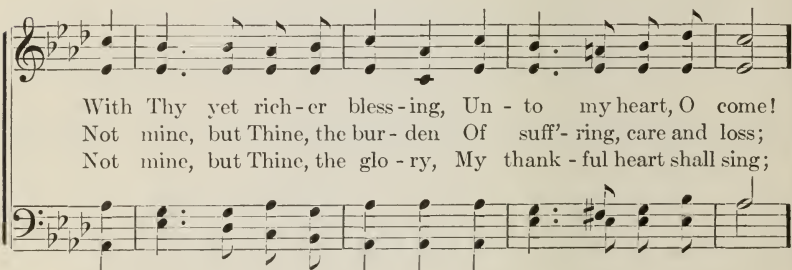
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



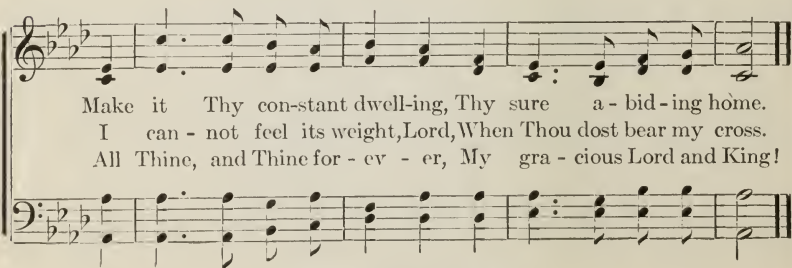
1. O ev - er bless - ed Mas - ter! Thou bear - er of my sin!
 2 Not I, but Thou, my Sav - ior, Must live my life for me;
 3. O love that pass-eth know-ledge! O grace di - vine - ly free!



Whose free and full for - give - ness Speaks joy and peace with-in;
 Not mine, but Thine, the war - fare That gains the vic - to - ry;
 That Thou should'st seek my heart, Lord, And give Thy - self to me!



With Thy yet rich - er bless - ing, Un - to my heart, O come!
 Not mine, but Thine, the bur - den Of suff' - ring, care and loss;
 Not mine, but Thine, the glo - ry, My thank - ful heart shall sing;



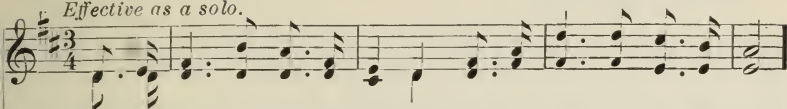
Make it Thy con - stant dwell - ing, Thy sure a - bid - ing home.
 I can - not feel its weight, Lord, When Thou dost bear my cross.
 All Thine, and Thine for - ev - er, My gra - cious Lord and King!

Shine On Me.

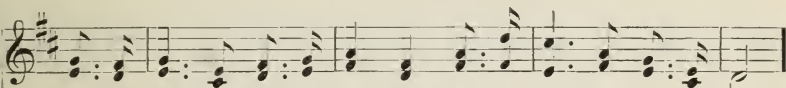
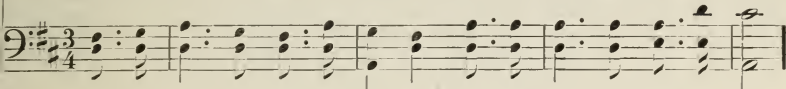
"Christ shall give thee light." Eph. 5: 14.

HORATIUS BONAR.

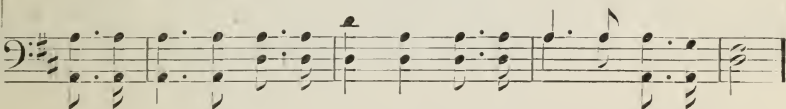
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Effective as a solo.

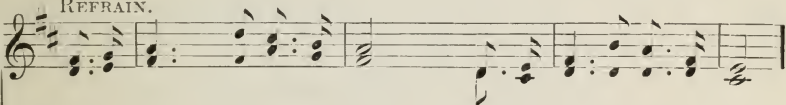
1. Light of Life, so soft-ly shin-ing, From the cross of Cal-va-ry,
2. Light of Life, that knows no fad-ing, From all chang-es Thou art free,
3. Light of Life, that knows no set-ting, Day and night Thy beams I see;
4. Light of Life, in days of glad-ness, To Thy ra-diance I would flee;



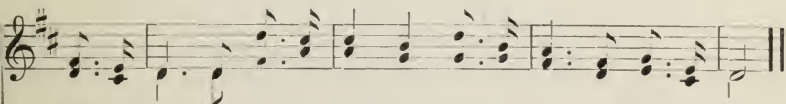
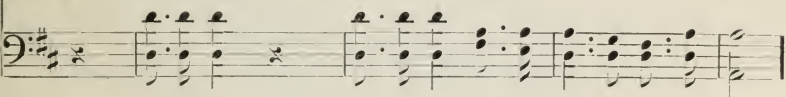
Nev-er wan-ing nor de-clin-ing, Shine on me, oh, shine on me.
 Ho-ly Light, that knows no fad-ing, Shine on me, oh, shine on me.
 Joy and peace in me be-get-ting, Shine on me, oh, shine on me.
 Be my strength in days of sad-ness, Shine on me, oh, shine on me.



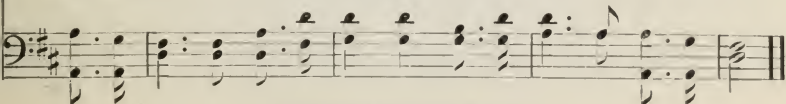
REFRAIN.



Shine on me, oh, shine on me, Light of Life, oh, shine on me,
 Shine on me, shine on me,



With the light of Je-sus beam-ing, Shine on me, oh, shine on me.



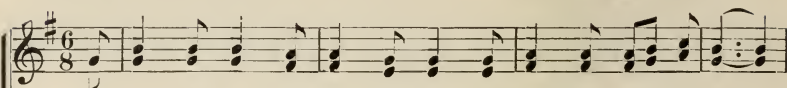
No. 48.

The Beauty of Praise.

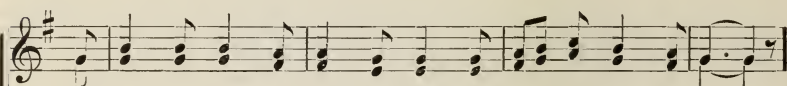
"Praise is comely for the upright."—Psa. 83 : 1.

REV. FRANK POLLOCK.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.




1. How good, how beau - ti - ful art Thou, Great God, in all Thy ways!
 2. Al-might - y Fa - ther, to Thy feet, A - dor-ing, do we bring
 3. 'Twas Je - sus, Thy dear Son, who shed His blood for us be - low;
 4. How sweet, great God, Thy grace to know; To Thee our songs we raise;




O let Thy beau - ty clothe us now—The beau - ty of Thy praise.
 Af - fec - tion's trib - ute, pure and sweet, And Thy sal - va - tion sing.
 And rose tri - um - phant from the dead, To save us from our woe.
 O may we ev - er love to show The beau - ty of Thy praise.

CHORUS.



Loud we'll raise The glad, glad notes of praise; . .
 the notes of praise;
 Loud we'll raise the notes of praise; The glad, glad notes of praise; . . The



Praise, praise, praise, The glad, glad notes of praise.
 glad, glad notes, the notes of praise, The glad, glad notes,

Who'll to the Rescue?

"I will both search my sheep, and seek them out." Ezek. 34: 11.

Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.*Feelingly.*

1. Thousands are lo t in the des - ert of sin; Sad the con - di - tion these
2. No friends to help them, and no suc - cor nigh; Help - less and hope - less they
3. Thus they are wand'ring, no hope in the world; Doomed in the depth of de -
4. Christian! a - wake thou! this work is thine own; God, in His Word, your plain

poor souls are in; Hith - er and thith - er they wan - der - ing roam Still
lay down to die; Starv - ing for want of the Life - giving Bread, Whom
spair to be hurled; No heart to pit - y, and no hand to save; Still
du - ty hath shown; Go forth to - day and the good work be - gin, To

CHORUS.

far - ther, and far - ther from home.
no one to Je - sus hath led.
near - er each day to the grave. } Who'll to the rescue? Who'll bring them in?
res - cue poor wand'ers from sin.

Wan - der - ers lost in the des - ert of sin; Who'll be a lead - er both

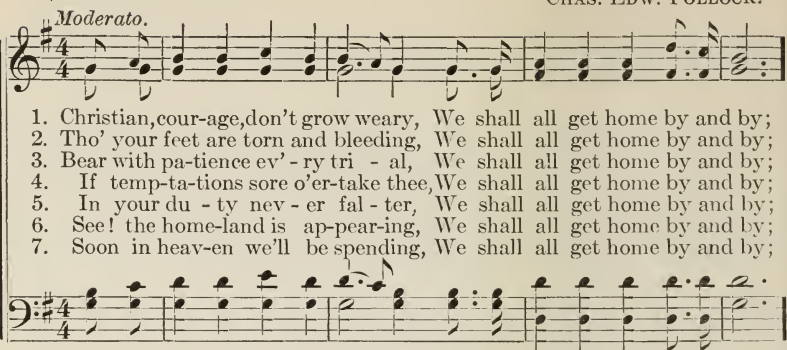
fear - less and bold? To guide these poor wan - der - ers back to the fold.

No. 50. We Shall All Get Home By and By.

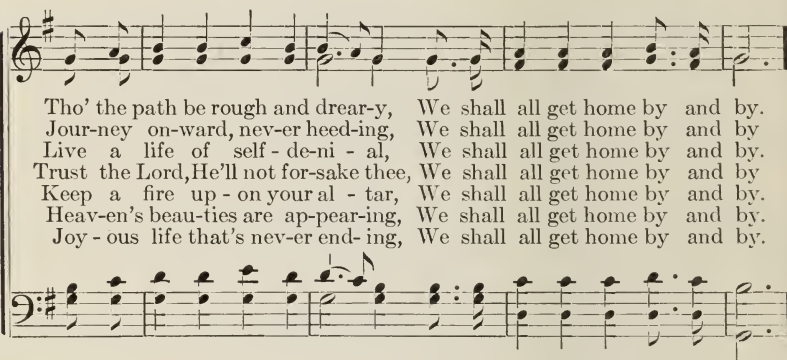
"There remaineth therefore a rest." Heb. 4: 9.

Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Moderato.

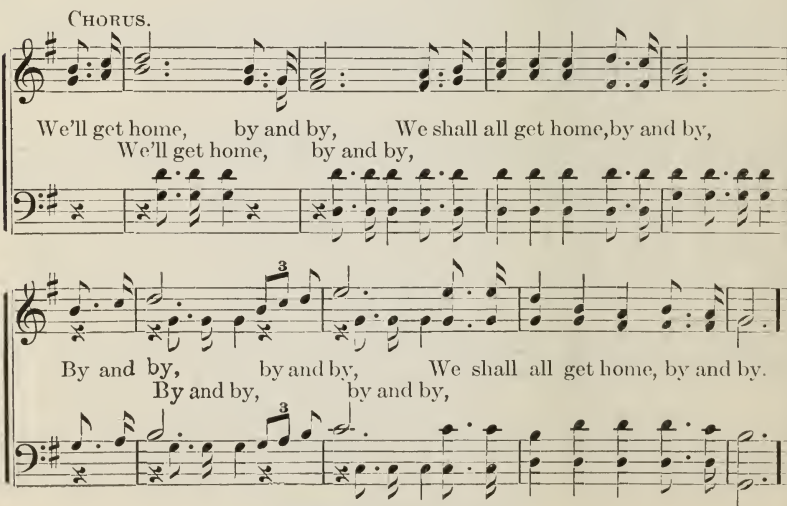


1. Christian, cour-age, don't grow weary, We shall all get home by and by;
2. Tho' your feet are torn and bleeding, We shall all get home by and by;
3. Bear with pa-tience ev'-ry tri-al, We shall all get home by and by;
4. If temp-ta-tions sore o'er-take thee, We shall all get home by and by;
5. In your du-ty nev-er fal-ter, We shall all get home by and by;
6. See! the home-land is ap-pear-ing, We shall all get home by and by;
7. Soon in heav-en we'll be spend-ing, We shall all get home by and by;



Tho' the path be rough and drear-y, We shall all get home by and by.
 Jour-ney on-ward, nev-er heed-ing, We shall all get home by and by.
 Live a life of self-de-ni-al, We shall all get home by and by.
 Trust the Lord, He'll not for-sake thee, We shall all get home by and by.
 Keep a fire up-on your al-tar, We shall all get home by and by.
 Heav-en's beau-ties are ap-pear-ing, We shall all get home by and by.
 Joy-ous life that's nev-er end-ing, We shall all get home by and by.

CHORUS.

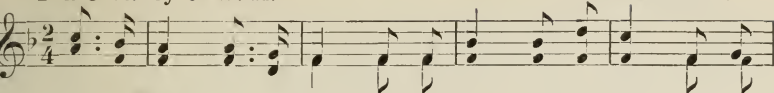


We'll get home, by and by, We shall all get home, by and by,
 We'll get home, by and by, We shall all get home, by and by.

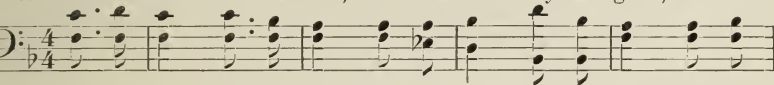
By and by, by and by, We shall all get home, by and by.
 By and by, by and by, We shall all get home, by and by.

2 & 3 vs. by J. W. H.

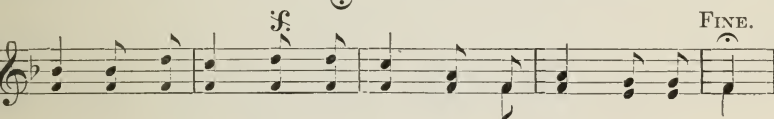
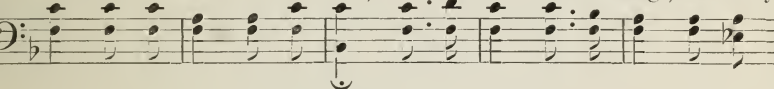
Jno. W. Holt.



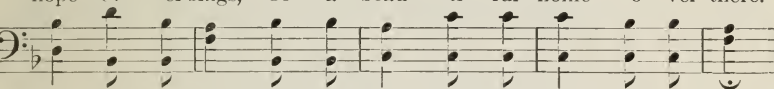
1. "I'm the child of a King, And with rap - ture I sing, Not a
 2. How de - light - ful to live Such a life as He gives, What if
 3. If with - in He a - bides, O how smooth - ly we glide, Tho' the



care can my com - fort de - stroy; O I'm glad all the day, And re -
 sin is in bat - tle ar - ray? Yes, with Je - sus our King, Complete
 o - cean of life be not fair; He ex - tracts all the stings, While my

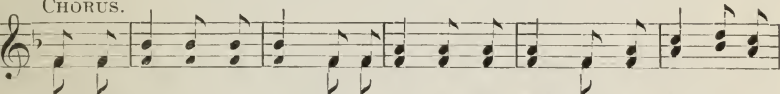


joyce on the way, While my heart o - ver - flows with its joy."
 vict - 'ry we'll win, For He chains all the lions on the way.
 hope ev - er sings, Of a beau - ti - ful home o - ver there.

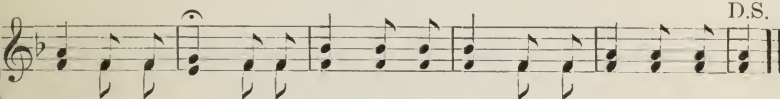
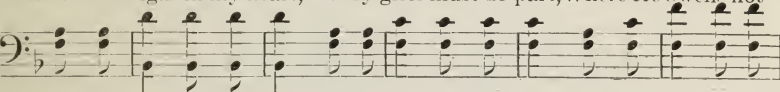


D.S.—*Spread - ing glad - ness and sun - shine a - round.*"

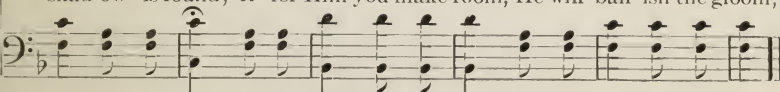
CHORUS.



"When He reigns in my heart, Ev'-ry grief must de-part, Where He dwells not a



shad - ow is found; If for Him you make room, He will ban - ish the gloom,



No. 52.

Wine is a Mocker.

Z T. NOOK.

J NO. W. HOLT

SOLO.

1. I once had a home and friends to cheer, And a
 2. I saw from her cheeks the bloom de - part, As she
 3. Four lit - tle brown hands in ma - ny ways, With the
 4. O - ver her lone grave the bri - ars grow, Not a

wife that was half di - vine, And two lit - tle chil - dren fond and
 sank in a slow de - cline, I saw the deep sor - row wring her
 sweet - est red lips com - bined, To lead me a - gain to those bright
 blos - som a - round it twine; Where are the chil - dren? I do not

QUARTET.

dear, To glad - den this sad heart of mine; But that was be - fore
 heart, As she drooped like a blight - ed vine; But my soul, a - las!
 days, When the sun in the sky did shine. But I gave them up
 know, They were left with the Christ di - vine; Let the cur - tain fall,

I o - pened the door of my heart to the spark - ling wine.
 Was sunk in a glass Of the rud - dy, de - cep - tive wine.
 for the curs - ed cup, Filled high with the rav - ish - ing wine.
 for I gave up all, Life and soul, for a glass of wine.

1. Saved by grace, I live to tell What the love of Christ hath done;
 2. In a kind, pro - pi-tious hour, To my heart the Sav - ior spoke;
 3. Come, my fel - low sin-ners, try: Je - sus' heart is full of love;

He re-deemed my soul from hell, Of a reb - el made a son.
 Touch'd me by His Spir - it's pow'r, And my dan-g'rous slum-ber broke.
 Oh, that you as well as I, May His won-d'rous mer-cy prove.

Oh, I trem - ble still to think How se - cure I lived in sin,
 Then I saw and owned my guilt; Soon my gra-cious Lord re - plied,
 He has sent me to de - clare, All is read - y, all is free;

Sport-ing on de - struc-tion's brink, Yet pre-served from fall-ing in.
 "Fear not; I my blood have spilt; 'Twas for such as thee I died."
 Why should a - ny soul de - spair, When He saved a wretch like me.

D. S. - Oh 'tis grace, 'tis won-der-ful grace, My ran-somed spir-it sings.

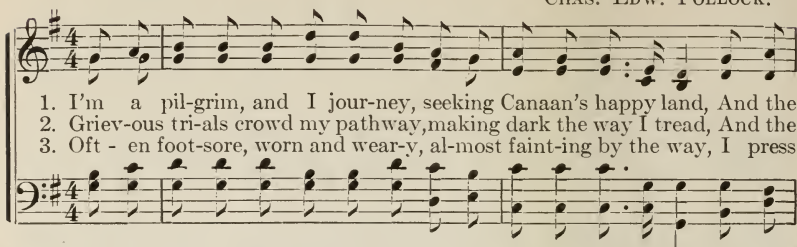
CHORUS.

D. S.

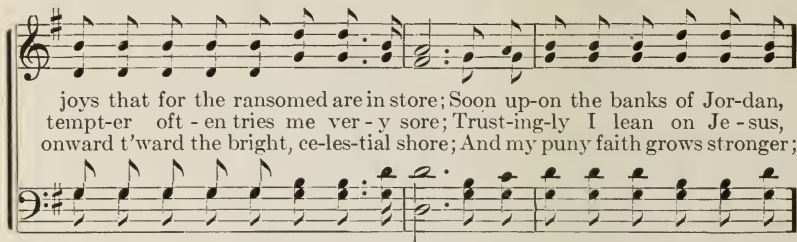
Oh, 'tis grace, 'tis won-der - ful grace, That full sal - va-tion brings.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you." Num. 10: 29.

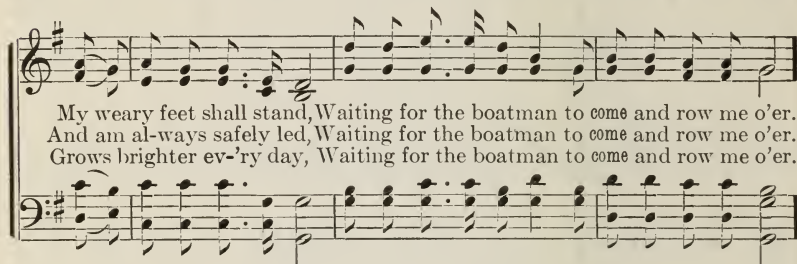
Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. I'm a pil-grim, and I jour-ney, seeking Canaan's happy land, And the
2. Griev-ous tri-als crowd my pathway, making dark the way I tread, And the
3. Oft - en foot-sore, worn and wear-y, al-most faint-ing by the way, I press

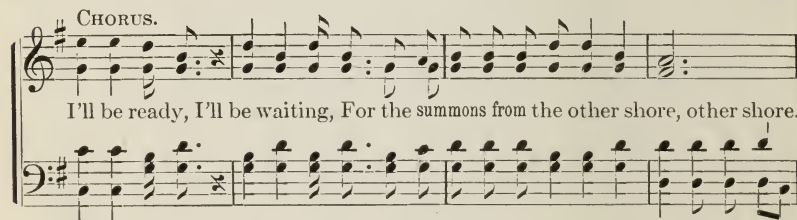


joys that for the ransomed are in store; Soon up-on the banks of Jor-dan,
tempt-er oft - en tries me ver-y sore; Trust-ing-ly I lean on Je-sus,
onward t'ward the bright, ce-les-tial shore; And my puny faith grows stronger;

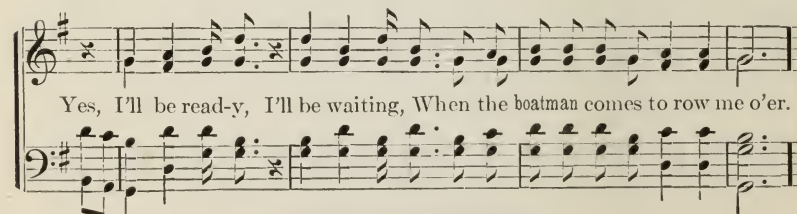


My weary feet shall stand, Waiting for the boatman to come and row me o'er.
And am al-ways safely led, Waiting for the boatman to come and row me o'er.
Grows brighter ev-'ry day, Waiting for the boatman to come and row me o'er.

CHORUS.



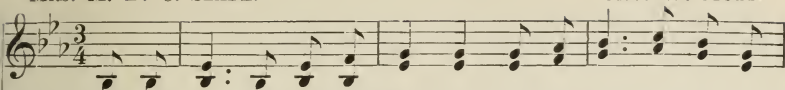
I'll be ready, I'll be waiting, For the summons from the other shore, other shore.



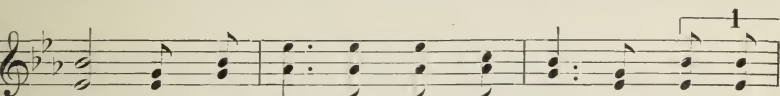
Yes, I'll be read-y, I'll be waiting, When the boatman comes to row me o'er.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

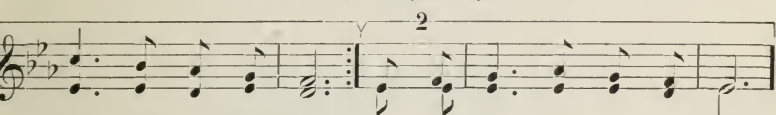
JNO. W. HOLT



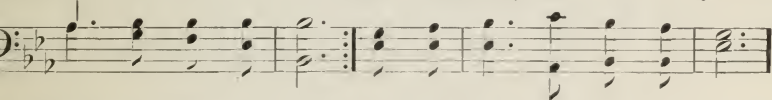
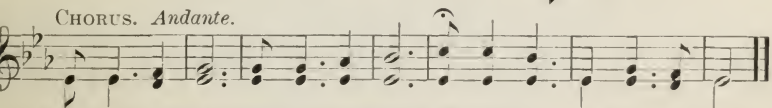
1. { In the vine-yard of the Mas - ter, there was grow-ing once a
Fruit, not blos-soms, went He seek - ing, On - ly leaves there-on He
2. { But the dress - er then made an - swer, Leave it, Lord, an - oth - er
Then if rip - ened fruit be show - ing, It is well my Lord will
3. { In the vine - yard of the Mas - ter, Oft' thy tree His pa-tience
Let Thy dews of grace fall on it, Till some fruit di - vine ap-



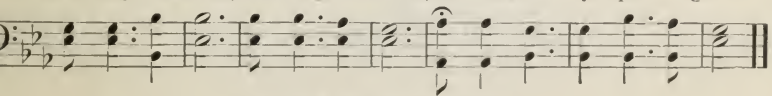
tree; Thith - er came He oft - en, Hop - ing That some
found; To His dress - er hear Him speak - ing, [Omit. .
year; I with care will tend and keep it, Till the
own; If but leaves are on it grow - ing, [Omit. .
tries; Seek - ing fruit He oft - en com - eth, Find - ing
pear; Let Thy pa - tience rest up - on it, [Omit. .



fruit there-on might be. }
Lo! it cum - ber - eth the ground. }
bud and bloom ap - pear. }
Af - ter that, Lord, cut it down. }
on - ly use - less leaves. }
Try it, Lord, an - oth - er year }

CHORUS. *Andante.*

Noth-ing but leaves, noth-ing but leaves, Will the Ho - ly Spir - it grieve.



ADAM CRAIG.

Jno. W. Holt.

1. "The king-dom of God is with - in you," O, turn with your
 2. "The king-dom of God is with - in you," O, o - pen your
 3. "The king-dom of God is with - in you," Let Him be thy
 4. "The king-dom of God is with - in you," Pre-pare for the

heart to the Lord, He's wait-ing and anx - ious to bless you O, be-
 heart to God's Son, 'Tis Je - sus; be-lieve and ac-cept Him, He'll for-
 friend and thy guest, He'll share all your cares and your troubles; When wea-
 Sav - ior a place; Your soul He will fill full of sun-shine, His im-

CHORUS.

lieve and trust in His word.
 give the sins you have done. } This lov - ing and mer - ci - ful
 ry, your soul shall find rest.
 age will show in your face.

Sav - ior, Who shed His life's blood on the tree; His heart o - ver-

flows with com - pas-sion, O, taste of His good-ness so free.

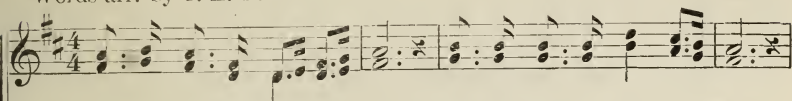
No. 57.

Open Wide the Door.

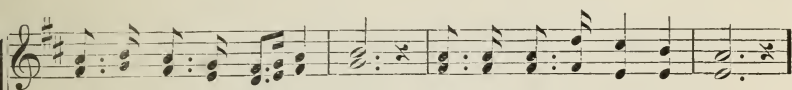
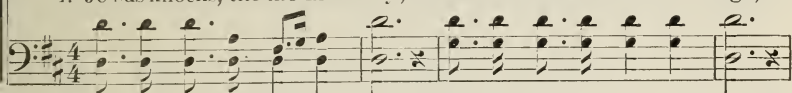
"Behold I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door,
I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Rev. 3: 20.

Words arr. by C. E. P.

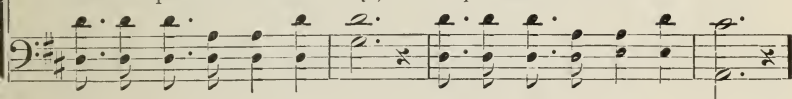
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



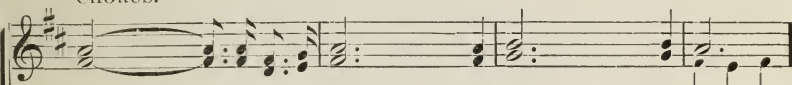
1. Je-sus knocks; He calls to thee: "Bur-den-ed one, come un-to Me."
2. Je-sus knocks, thy soul to save; 'Twas for thee His life He gave;
3. Je-sus knocks, is knock-ing still; He would have thee do His will;
4. Je-sus knocks, the mo-ments fly; Yield to Him while He is nigh,



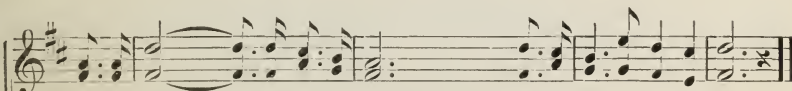
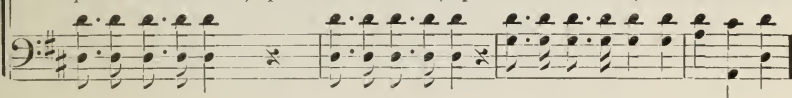
He can save, and on - ly He; O - pen wide the fast closed door.
And de-scend-ed to the grave; O - pen wide the fast closed door.
With sweet peace thy heart He'll fill; O - pen wide the fast closed door.
Ere He pass for - ev - er by; O - pen wide the fast closed door.



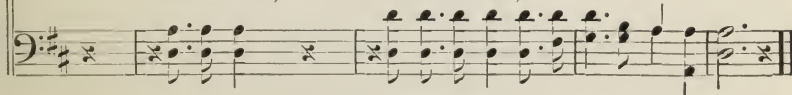
CHORUS.



O - - - pen wide the door, The fast closed door;
Open wide the door, open wide the door, open wide the door, the fast closed door;



Christ can save, . . . and He a-lone; Open wide the fast closed door.
Christ can save, and He a-lone;



"War Cry."

JNO. W. HOLT.

1. I dream'd that the great judgment morning Had dawn'd and the trumpet had blown,
 2. The rich man was there, but his mon-ey Had melt-ed and vanished a-way;
 3. The wid-ow was there, and the orphan, God heard and remembered their cries;
 4. The mor-al man came to the judgment, His self-righteous rags would not do;

Rit.
 I dream'd that the nations had gathered, To judgment before the Great Throne.
 A pau-per he stood at the judgment, His debts were too heavy to pay.
 No sor-row in heav-en for-ev-er, God wiped all their tears from their eyes.
 The men who had cru-ci-fied Je-sus, Had passed off for mor-al men too.

F.
 From heav'n came a shin-ing an-gel, And stood on land and sea, And
 Great men were there, but their greatness, At death was left be-hind, The
 The gambler was there and drunkard, With those who sold them drinks, With
 The souls who'd put off sal-va-tion—"Not now but by and by," No

CHO.—And oh, what weeping and wail-ing, When each was told his fate; They

D. S.
 swore with his hand raised to heav-en, That time was no long-er to be.
 an-gel that op-ened the rec-ords, No trace of their greatness could find.
 all those who gave them the license, To- geth-er in hell they did sink.
 time now to think of re-lig-ion, A-las, they all found time to die.

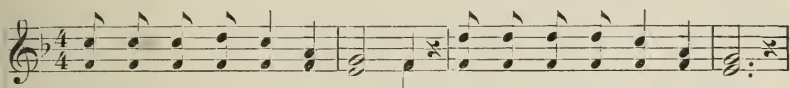
cried for the rocks to fall on them, They prayed, but their prayer was too late.

No. 59. Keep Thy Head Above the Waters.

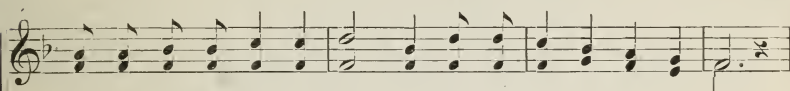
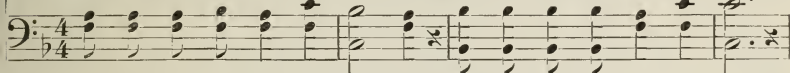
"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." Isa. 43:2.

C. E. EVANS, in Christian Herald.

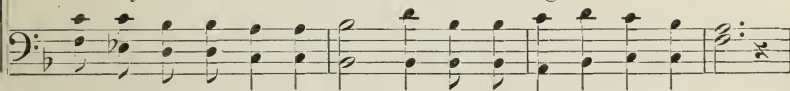
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



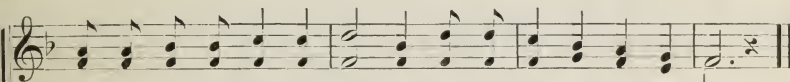
1. Keep thy head a-bove the wa - ters, Trou-ble has not long to stay,
2. Keep thy head a-bove the wa - ters, Tho' thy strength is failing fast,
3. Keep thy head a-bove the wa - ters, Time will curb the storm-y wave,
4. Keep thy head a-bove the wa - ters When life's storm and strife are o'er,



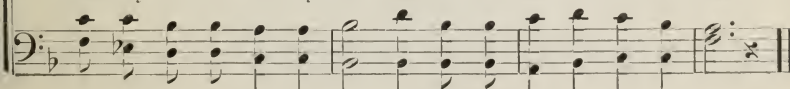
Tho' the bil-lows rage a - bout thee, Tho' they keep their an-gry way;
An-gels watch each fainting mo - tion In the tempest's vengeful blast;
And God's nev - er - fail - ing spir - it Will pro-tect the life He gave,
Then thy feet shall stand with firm-ness On the bright e - ter - nal shore.



Far a-cross the storm-beat o - cean Sunshine glads the troubled sea,
And the star of hope will guide thee In the day that yet will be,
And with Christ who died to save you In His pains on Cal - va - ry,
Then thro' all life's stern com-mo-tion Thy tri-umph-ant soul shall see,



And a watch-ful, heav'nly Fa - ther Will in love re-mem-ber thee.
For thy God in all His mer - cy Will in love re-mem-ber thee.
With His ten-der hu-man spir - it Will in love re-mem-ber thee.
How thy God in ev - 'ry tri - al Did in love re-mem-ber thee.

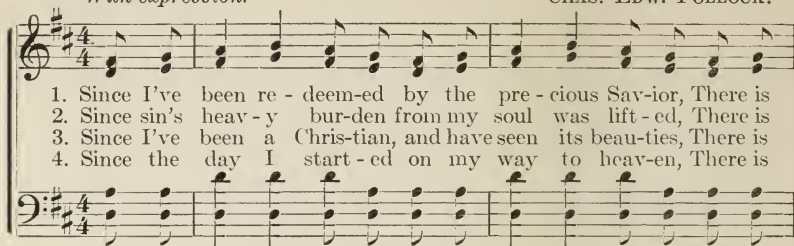


No. 60. There is Gladness in My Soul.

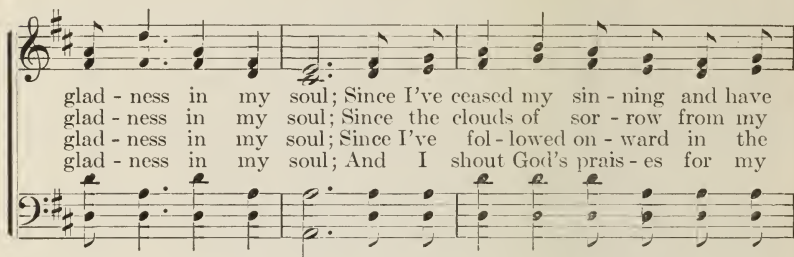
"Thou hast put gladness in my heart." Psa. 4: 7.

Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

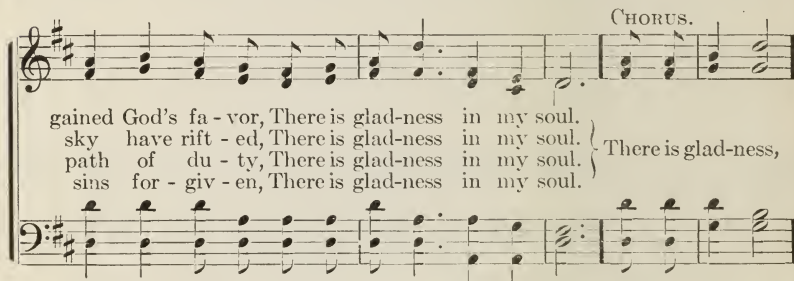
With expression.



1. Since I've been re - deem-ed by the pre - cious Sav-ior, There is
2. Since sin's heav - y bur-den from my soul was lift - ed, There is
3. Since I've been a Chris-tian, and have seen its beau-ties, There is
4. Since the day I start - ed on my way to heav-en, There is

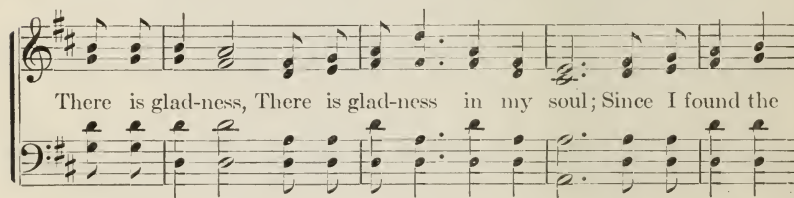


glad - ness in my soul; Since I've ceased my sin - ning and have
glad - ness in my soul; Since the clouds of sor - row from my
glad - ness in my soul; Since I've fol - lowed on - ward in the
glad - ness in my soul; And I shout God's prais - es for my

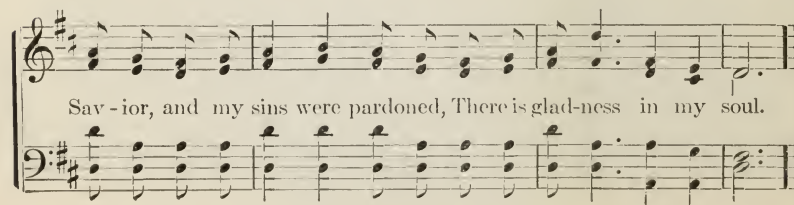


CHORUS.

gained God's fa - vor, There is glad-ness in my soul.
sky have rift - ed, There is glad-ness in my soul. } There is glad-ness,
path of du - ty, There is glad-ness in my soul.
sins for - giv - en, There is glad-ness in my soul.



There is glad-ness, There is glad-ness in my soul; Since I found the



Sav - ior, and my sins were pardoned, There is glad-ness in my soul.

No. 61.

The Far Away Land.

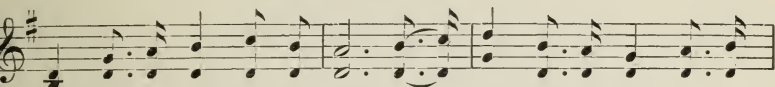
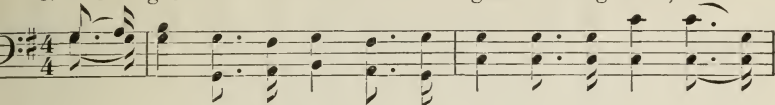
"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off." Isa. 33: 16.

Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

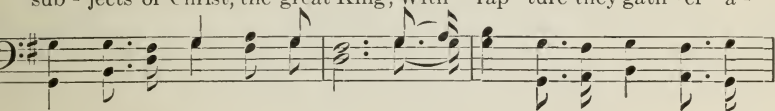
Moderato.



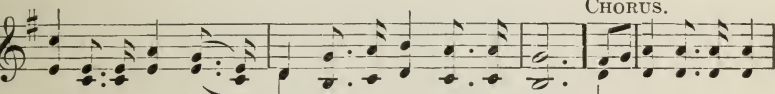
1. Be - yond the bright stars, in the beau - ti - ful blue, Hid - den
2. No sor - row or tears in that beau - ti - ful land, God
3. The good of all na - tions are gath - er - ing there, To be



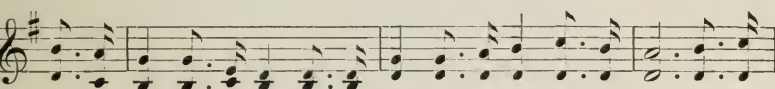
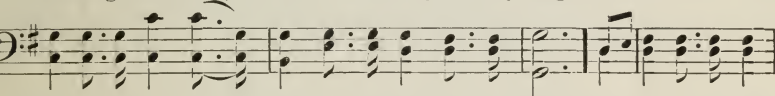
some-where from weak mortal sight, There is a bright land where sweet
wipes them a - way from the eyes; No sick - ness or death to bring
sub - jects of Christ, the great King; With rap - ture they gath - er a -



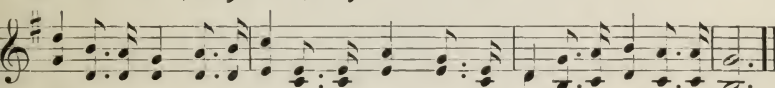
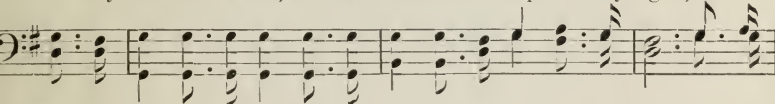
CHORUS.



low'rs ev - er bloom, And where comes not a shadow of night. }
sadness and gloom, Ev - er en - ters that home in the skies. } That beautiful land
round the great throne, As loud hal - le - lu - jahs they sing. }



in my vis - ions I see, And its beau - ties en - rap - ture my sight; Oft I



fancy I'm roaming its lovely green fields, Fill'd with ev - er increasing delight.



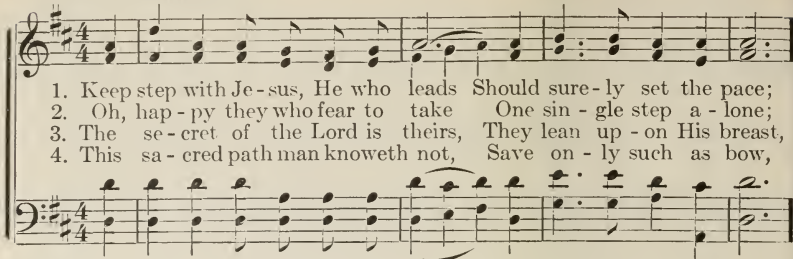
No. 62.

Keep Step With Jesus.

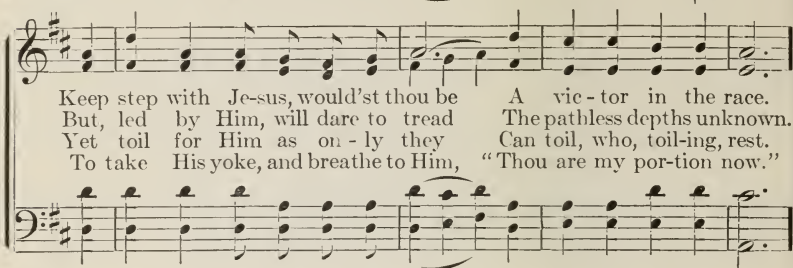
"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith." Heb. 1: 2.

LUCY A. BENNETT.

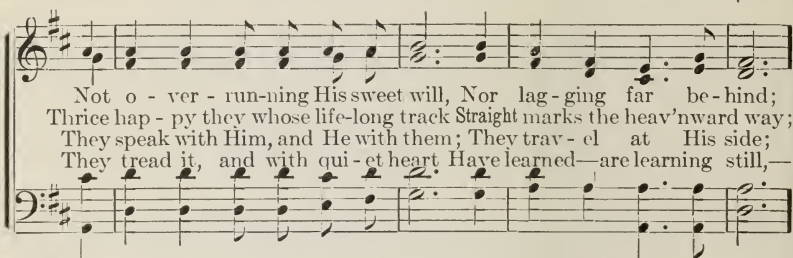
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



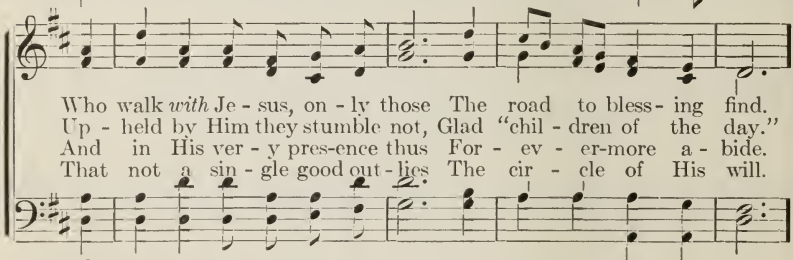
1. Keep step with Je-sus, He who leads Should sure-ly set the pace;
 2. Oh, hap-py they who fear to take One sin-gle step a-lone;
 3. The se-cret of the Lord is theirs, They lean up-on His breast,
 4. This sa-cred path man knoweth not, Save on-ly such as bow,



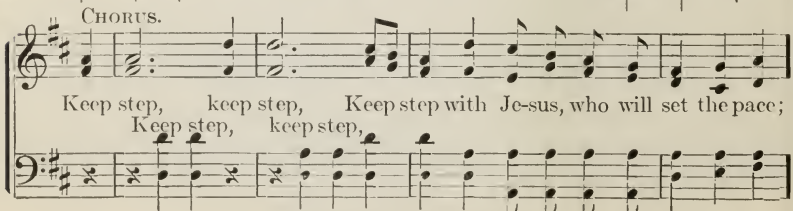
Keep step with Je-sus, would'st thou be A vic-tor in the race.
 But, led by Him, will dare to tread The pathless depths unknown.
 Yet toil for Him as on-ly they Can toil, who, toiling, rest.
 To take His yoke, and breathe to Him, "Thou are my por-tion now."



Not o-ver-run-ning His sweet will, Nor lag-ging far be-hind;
 Thrice hap-py they whose life-long track Straight marks the heav'nward way;
 They speak with Him, and He with them; They trav-el at His side;
 They tread it, and with qui-et heart Have learned—are learning still,—

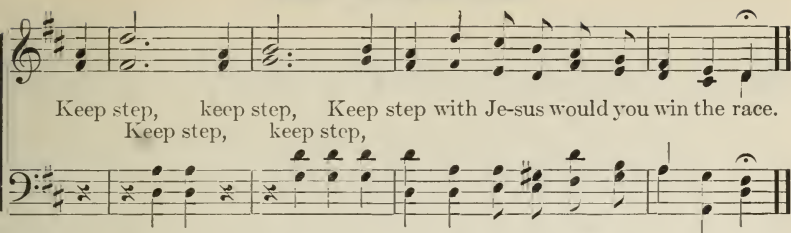


Who walk with Je-sus, on-ly those The road to bless-ing find.
 Up-held by Him they stumble not, Glad "chil-dren of the day."
 And in His ver-y pres-ence thus For-ev-er-more a-bide.
 That not a sin-gle good out-lies The cir-cle of His will.



CHORUS.
 Keep step, keep step, Keep step with Je-sus, who will set the pace;
 Keep step, keep step,

Keep Step With Jesus.

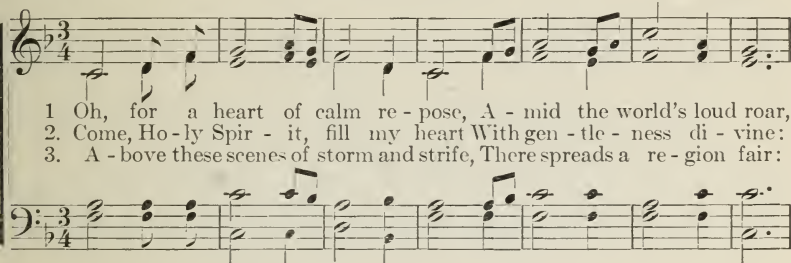


Keep step, keep step, Keep step with Je-sus would you win the race.
Keep step, keep step,

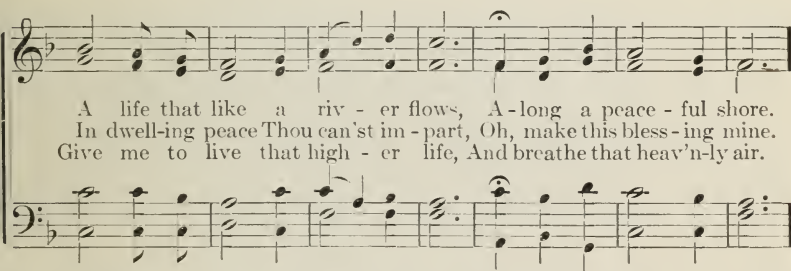
No. 63.

A Peaceful Life.

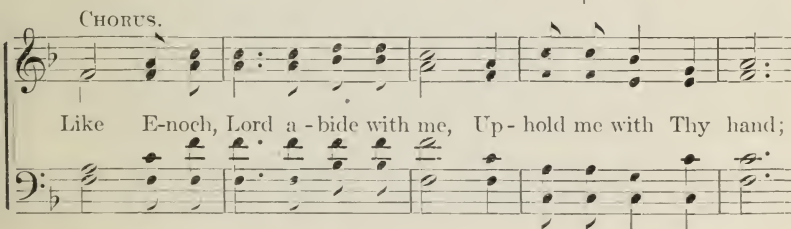
Jno. W. Holt.



1 Oh, for a heart of calm re - pose, A - mid the world's loud roar,
2. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, fill my heart With gen - tle - ness di - vine:
3. A - bove these scenes of storm and strife, There spreads a re - gion fair:

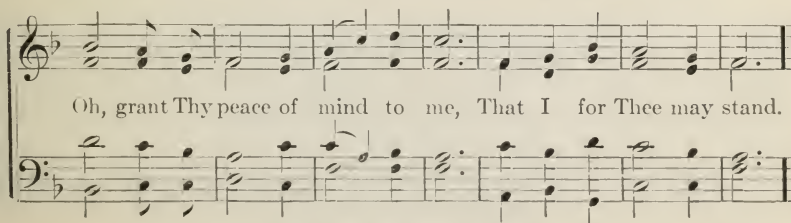


A life that like a riv - er flows, A - long a peace - ful shore.
In dwell - ing peace Thou can'st im - part, Oh, make this bless - ing mine.
Give me to live that high - er life, And breathe that heav'n - ly air.



CHORUS.

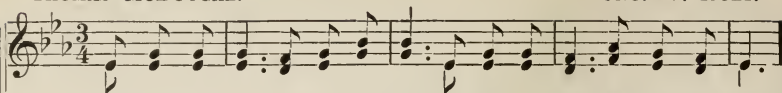
Like E - noch, Lord a - bide with me, Up - hold me with Thy hand;



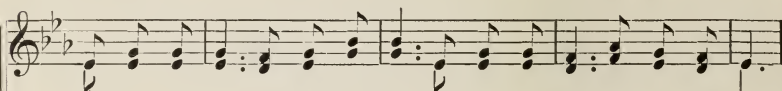
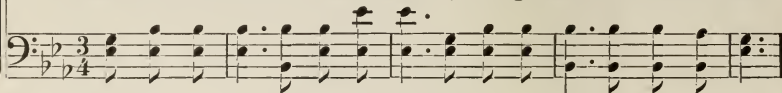
Oh, grant Thy peace of mind to me, That I for Thee may stand.

THOMAS McDUGAL.

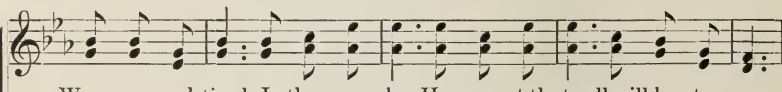
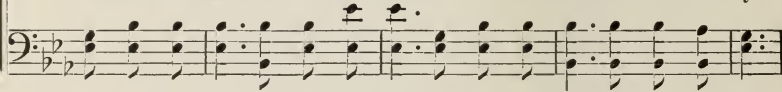
Jno. W. HOLT.



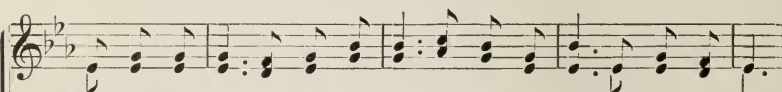
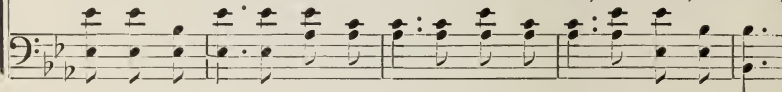
1. Not long un - til the call shall come, The Father calls, "My child, come home;
2. How it will come, or when or where, I cannot know, nor need I care;
3. Where is that home? I know not where; Enough to know that He is there.



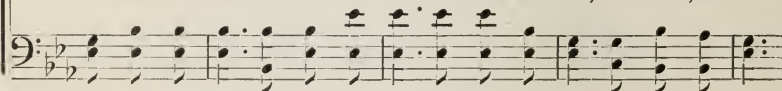
Thy day is done, thy toil is o'er; Come home and rest for ev - er - more."
 God on - ly calls when it is best, And I can trust Him for the rest;
 There with the saint-ed and the Christ In love we'll dwell e - ter - nal - ly.



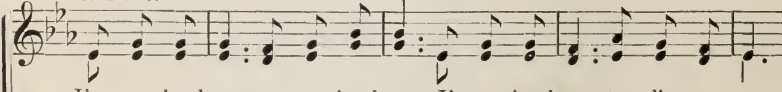
Wea - ry and tired I then may be, How sweet that call will be to me,
 In - fin - ite love and truth and skill Control it all and guides His will,
 That is the home and there the life That knows no sin, nor death, nor strife,



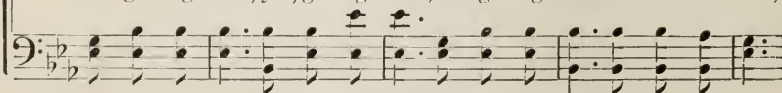
Wea - ry and tired I then may be, How sweet that call will be to me.
 In - fin - ite love and truth and skill Control it all and guides His will.
 There is the home and there the life That knows no sin, nor death, nor strife.



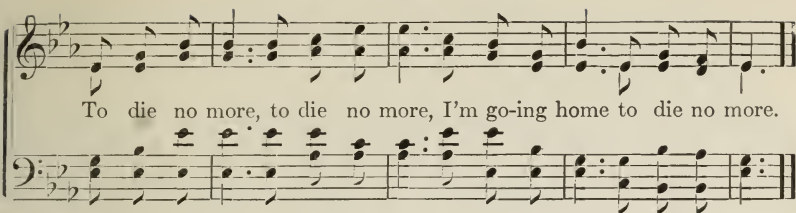
CHORUS.



I'm go - ing home, yes, go - ing home; I'm go - ing home to die no more;



The Father's Call.



To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.

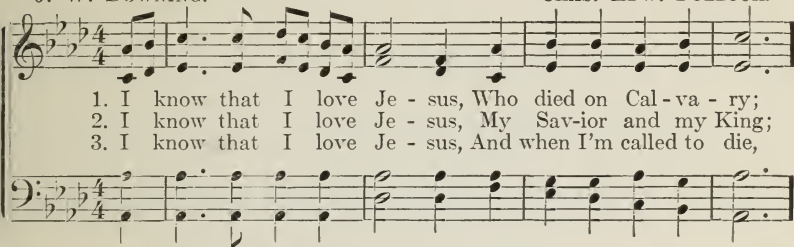
No. 65.

Loving Jesus.

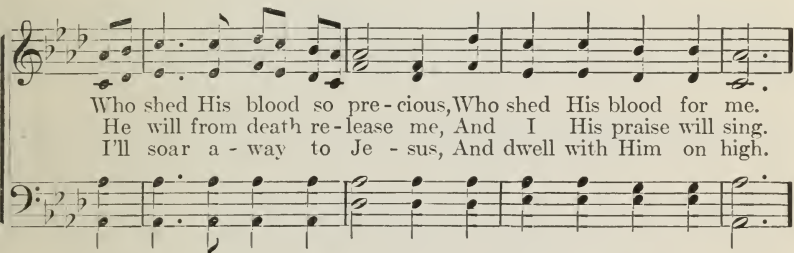
"I will love thee, O Lord, my strength."—Psa. 18:1.

J. W. DOWNING.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

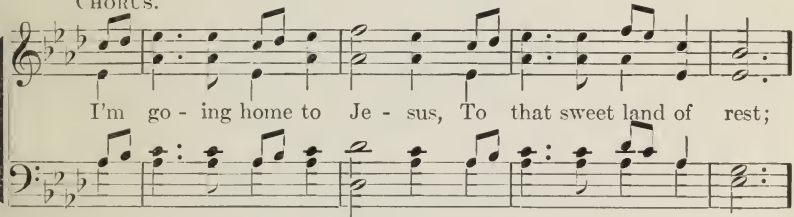


1. I know that I love Je - sus, Who died on Cal - va - ry;
 2. I know that I love Je - sus, My Sav-ior and my King;
 3. I know that I love Je - sus, And when I'm called to die,

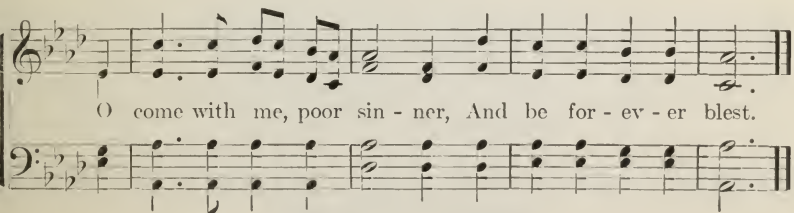


Who shed His blood so pre-cious, Who shed His blood for me.
 He will from death re-lease me, And I His praise will sing.
 I'll soar a - way to Je - sus, And dwell with Him on high.

CHORUS.



I'm go - ing home to Je - sus, To that sweet land of rest;



O come with me, poor sin - ner, And be for - ev - er blest.

No. 66.

Just Across the River.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." 1 Cor. 2: 9.

JOHN McPHERSON.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With vigor.

1. Just a-cross the riv - er, on a bet - ter shore, Sing-ing with the
 2. Loved ones there are standing, harps of gold in hand, Waiting now to
 3. Just a-cross the riv - er, Je - sus there a - waits, Bid-ding all His

an-gels bright and fair; We shall rest for - ev - er, and we'll sin no more,
 bid us welcome home; May we make sure landing, and with dear ones stand,
 wand'-ring ones come in; For He can de - liv - er, o - pen heav-en's gate,

CHORUS.

In that happy home up there. } Just across the riv - er
 Nevermore from them to roam. }
 Res-cue us from woe and sin. } Just across the riv-er precious glories wait,

pre - - - cious glo-ries wait, That my wea-ry eyes at
 Just a-cross the riv - er precious glories wait,

last shall see; Kin - - - dred ties ne'er sev - - er be-
 Kindred ties ne'er sev - er beyond the pearly gate,

Just Across the River.

yond..... the pearly gate, For there no death can ever be.
Kindred ties ne'er sev-er beyond the pearly gate,

No. 67. Holy Spirit, Dwell in Me.

"For he dwelleth in you, and shall be in you." Jno. 14: 17.

REV. FRANK POLLOCK.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, in Thy light Let me walk with pure delight, Learning
2. Lov-ing Spir - it, shed on me Love, pure love, a-bun-dant-ly, Love to
3. Joy-ous Spir - it, dwell in me, Giv - ing Joy a-bun-dant-ly, Joy in
4. Peaceful Spir - it, dwell in me, Shedding Peace a-bun-dant-ly, Peace that
5. Pa-tient Spir - it, dwell in me, Giv - ing pa-tience gra-ciously, Pa-tience

good and shunning ill, Sweet-ly yield-ing to Thy will, Beam-ing with Thy
Christ, whose love I know, Love to friend and love to foe, Love in which for-
dark-ness, ere the rain Yields to sunshine bright a-gain; Joy in life for
sees the smile of God, Tho' His love doth use the rod; Peace in which is
un - der ev - 'ry ill, Do - ing all Thy bless-ed will; Pa-tience in my

ho - ly rays On a wand'ring brother's ways. Give me light, Blessed light.
give-ness is, Love, which is the soul of bliss. Give me love, Bless-ed love.
sins for-giv'n, Joy thro' death on in-to heav'n. Give me joy, Bless-ed joy.
restfulness, Peace, the soul's bright heav'nly dress. Give me peace, Bleesed peace.
Lord's de - lay Of the good for which I pray. Patience give While I live.

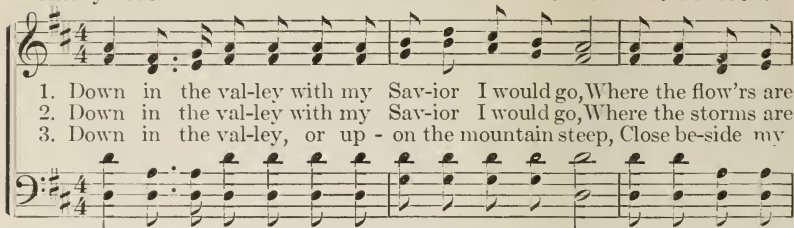
No. 68.

I Will Follow Jesus.

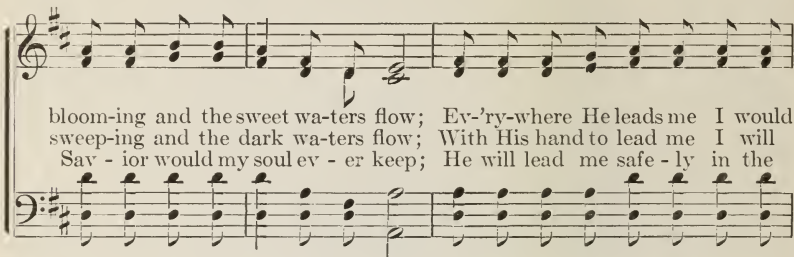
"I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest." Luke 9: 57.

Anonymous.

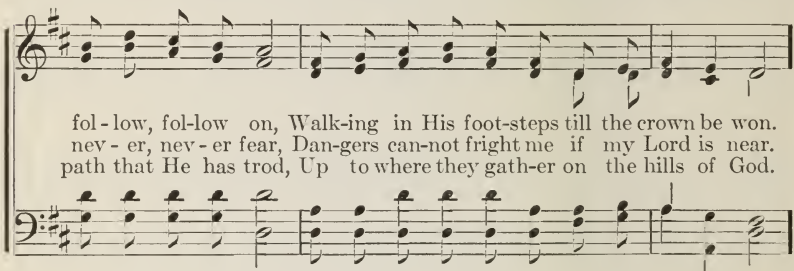
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the flow'rs are
 2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the storms are
 3. Down in the val-ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be-side my

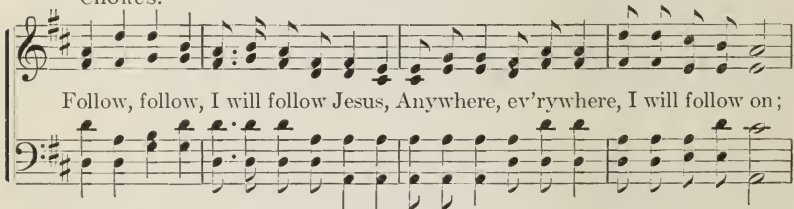


bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would
 sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will
 Sav - ior would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe - ly in the

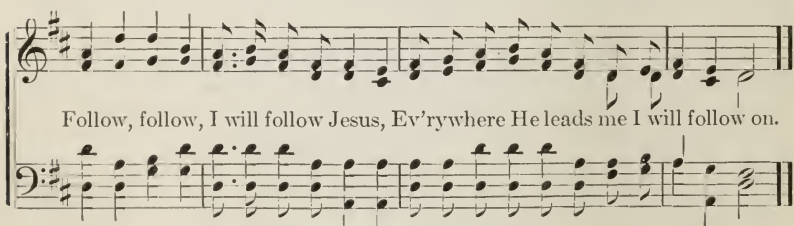


fol-low, fol-low on, Walk-ing in His foot-steps till the crown be won.
 nev - er, nev - er fear, Dan-gers can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
 path that He has trod, Up to where they gath-er on the hills of God.

CHORUS.



Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus, Anywhere, ev'rywhere, I will follow on;



Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus, Ev'rywhere He leads me I will follow on.

No. 69. Does Your Anchor Hold?

"Which hope we have as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast." Heb. 6: 19.

W. C. MARTIN, in Christian Herald.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. When the waves are beat-ing fierce-ly, And the tides are sweep-ing by;
2. When the waves of strong temp-ta-tion, And the tides of ha-bit sweep
3. When de-struc-tive gales of an-guish, And the floods of bit-ter tears;
4. When, in want, a sub-tle en-vy Seeks a place with-in your breast;

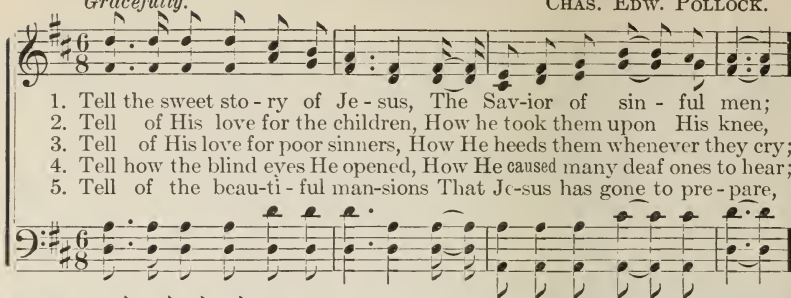
When the light-ning and the thun-der Shake and rend the blackened sky,
Fierce-ly when your soul is an-chored Out on life's un-sta-ble deep,
Break-ing heart or pain of bod-y Rais-es doubtings dark and fears,
When the strong ebb-tide of fail-ure Fills your soul with deep un-rest,

REFRAIN.

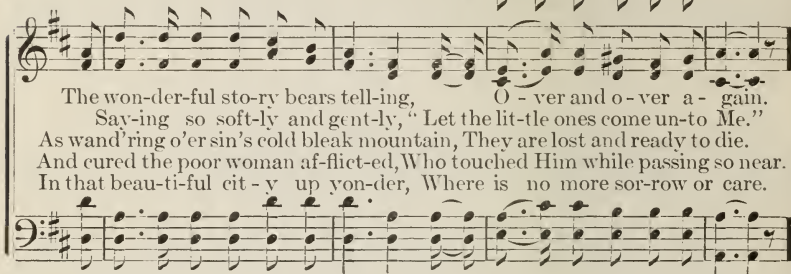
Does your an-chor hold, my brother; Is it fast up-on the rock?

If your faith lays hold on Je-sus, You can stand the tempest's shock.

"How sweet are thy words."

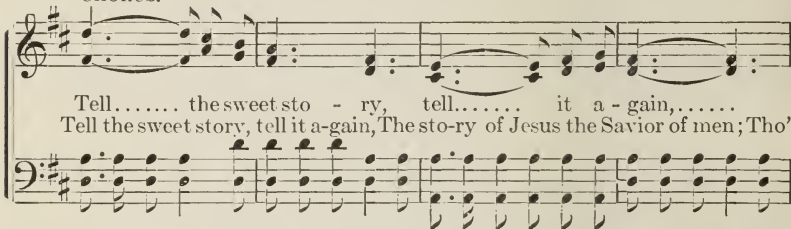
Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.*Gracefully.*


1. Tell the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus, The Sav - ior of sin - ful men;
2. Tell of His love for the children, How he took them upon His knee,
3. Tell of His love for poor sinners, How He heeds them whenever they cry;
4. Tell how the blind eyes He opened, How He caused many deaf ones to hear;
5. Tell of the beau - ti - ful man - sions That Je - sus has gone to pre - pare,

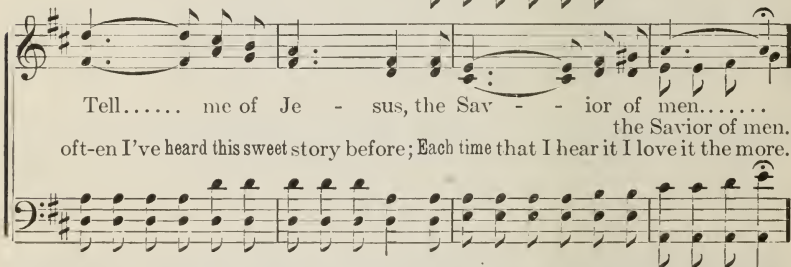


The won - der - ful sto - ry bears tell - ing, O - ver and o - ver a - gain.
 Say - ing so soft - ly and gent - ly, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
 As wand'ring o'er sin's cold bleak mountain, They are lost and ready to die.
 And cured the poor woman af - flict - ed, Who touched Him while passing so near.
 In that beau - ti - ful cit - y up yon - der, Where is no more sor - row or care.

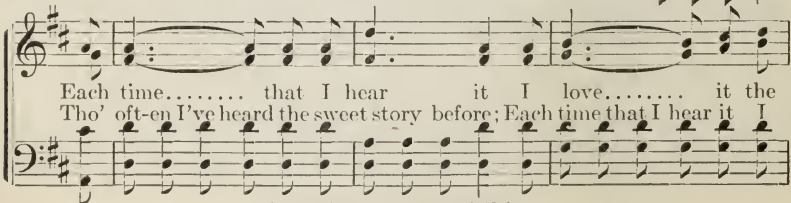
CHORUS.



Tell..... the sweet sto - ry, tell..... it a - gain,.....
 Tell the sweet story, tell it a - gain, The sto - ry of Jesus the Savior of men; Tho'



Tell..... me of Je - sus, the Sav - - ior of men.....
 the Savior of men.
 oft - en I've heard this sweet story before; Each time that I hear it I love it the more.



Each time..... that I hear it I love..... it the
 Tho' oft - en I've heard the sweet story before; Each time that I hear it I

Tell the Sweet Story.

more,.... Tell..... the sweet sto - ry o'er..... and o'er.
love it the more; Tell the sweet story o'er and o'er, Tell it o'er and o'er.

No. 71. Kneeling at the Feet of Jesus.

"They held him by the feet." Matt. 28: 9.

Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Con espressione.

1. I've found at last a - bid-ing peace, Kneeling at the feet of Je - sus;
2. 'Tis there I go for need-ed grace, Kneeling at the feet of Je - sus;
3. 'Tis there I go for coun-cil sweet, Kneeling at the feet of Je - sus;
4. 'Tis there I find the sweet-est rest, Kneeling at the feet of Je - sus;
5. 'Tis there I lay my burdens down, Kneeling at the feet of Je - sus;

From all my sins a sweet re-lease, Kneeling at the feet of Je - sus.
From sor-row 'tis my hid-ing-place, Kneeling at the feet of Je - sus.
From dan-ger 'tis my safe re-treat, Kneeling at the feet of Je - sus.
'Tis there I am su-preme-ly blest, Kneeling at the feet of Je - sus.
'Tis there I will re-cieve a crown, Kneeling at the feet of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

No place else so dear to me, Or where I would rath-er be,
Than up - on the bend-ed knee, Kneeling at the feet of Je - sus.

No. 72.

Go Work in My Vineyard.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard." Matt. 21:28.

Anon.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. "Go work in My vineyard," There's plenty to do, The harvest is great and the
 2. "Go work in My vineyard," I claim thee as Mine; With blood did I buy thee, and
 3. "Go work in My vineyard," Oh, "work while 'tis day;" The bright hours of sunshine are

lab' rers are few; There's weeding and fenc-ing, and clear-ing of roots, And
 D.S.—I've sheep to be tend-ed, and lambs to be fed, The
 all that is thine; Thy time and thy tal-ents, thy loft-i-est pow'rs, Thy
 D.S.—In pain and temp-ta-tion, in an-guish and shame, I
 hast'-ning a-way; The night's gloomy shad-ows are gathering fast; Then the
 D.S.—And bless-ed, thrice bless-ed the dil-i-gent few, Who

plowing, and sowing, and gath'ring the fruits. There are foxes to take, there are
 lost must be gathered, the wear-y ones led. [Go to chorus.]
 warm-est af-fec-tions, thy sun-ni-est hours, I will-ing-ly yielded My
 paid thy full ran-som; My pur-chase I claim. [Go to chorus.]
 time for our lab-or shall ev-er be past, Be-gin in the morning, and
 fin-ish the lab-or I've giv'n them to do. [Go to chorus.]

D. S.
 wolves to de-destroy, All a-ges and ranks I can ful-ly em-employ.
 king-dom for thee, The song of arch-an-gels to hang on the tree.
 toil all the day, Thy strength I'll sup-ply and thy wa-ges I'll pay.

CHORUS.
 Go work,..... go work,..... go work in My vineyard, there's
 Go work in My vineyard, go work in my vineyard,

Go Work in My Vineyard.

plenty to do, Go work, go work, The harvest is great, and the lab'ers are few.
Go work, work, work, work,

No. 73. The Lord May Come To-day.

"Surely I come quickly." Rev. 22:20.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

"London Christian."
With vigor.

1. Bus - y serv - ant in the vine - yard, Earn - est sol - dier in the fray,
2. Are you bus - y, all too bus - y, With the things that fade a - way—
3. Is there blood up - on your gar - ments; Have you on His pure ar - ray?

Cheer your heart, and, upward glanc - ing, Think, the Lord may come to - day.
Wealth, or fame, or gain, or pleas - ure? Drop them, He may come to - day.
Naught can hide a guilt - y sin - ner, If in light He come to - day.

Weak and wea - ry troub - led mourn - er, Fear - ing dan - gers in the way,
Or an id - ler in the vine - yard—Oth - ers pass you on the way:
Are you wait - ing for the Mas - ter? He is sure - ly on His way;

Be no long - er sin - ful, car - ing, For the Lord may come to - day.
Wake, and live as an im - mor - tal, Lest the Lord should come to - day.
We can al - most hear His foot - fall—Bless - ed Je - sus! come to - day.

No. 74.

We are Marching.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you." Num. 10: 29.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. We are marching on the way That will lead to endless day, Where we'll
 2. Tho' sometimes the way seems dark, And too frail our little bark, But we'll
 3. Soon the end-ing we shall see, When for aye we'll hap-py be, And where

sing and praise for - ev-er-more (evermore); All our hearts are light and free,
 push right on o'er life's great sea (life's great sea); We've a Lead-er for our guide,
 storms of sor - row never come (never come); But where all is joy and peace,

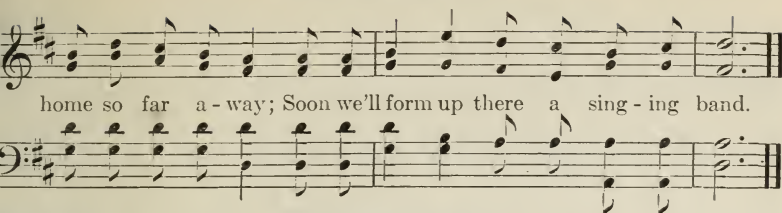
And we're sing-ing songs of glee As we're pressing for-ward to that shore.
 O'er its roll-ing billows tide, And we're safe, tho' mighty storms we see.
 And where songs of praise ne'er cease, In that clear-er, bet-ter, glorious home.

CHORUS.

We are march - ing for a bet-ter land, We are march - ing,
 Marching, marching, Marching, marching,

March-ing hand in hand; And we're near-er ev-'ry day To that

We are Marching.



home so far a - way; Soon we'll form up there a sing - ing band.

No. 75.

Trusting Jesus.

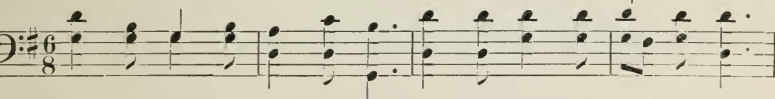
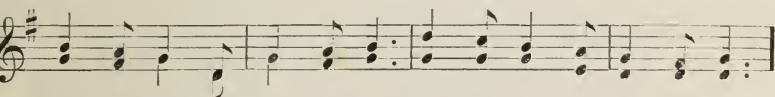
"O my God, I trust in thee." Psalms 25: 2.

R. G. STAPLES.

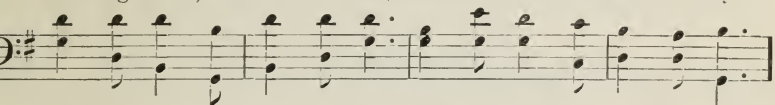
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



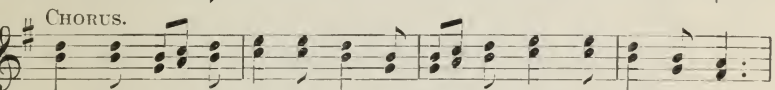
1. Sim - ply trust-ing Christ to-day, As my guide a - long the way;
2. Sim - ply trust-ing as the years Bring me joys or cause me tears;
3. Sim - ply trust-ing till the end, Trust-ing in the sin-ner's Friend,
4. Trust-ing Je - sus, I shall stand With that host, the ransomed band;

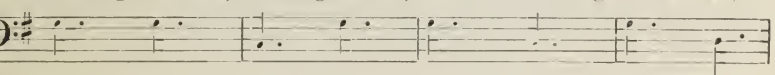
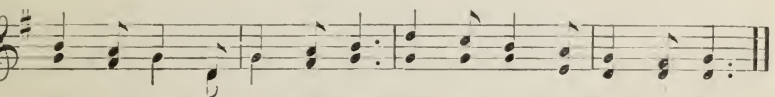
Thro' the shad-ows, dark and dim, Trust-ing-ly I'll lean on Him.
 Trust-ing, tho' quite oft bereaved, Trust-ing since I first be-lieved
 And when I shall come to die, I shall feel His pre-ence nigh
 Trust-ing Christ, who died for me, Saves me thro' e - ter - ni - ty.



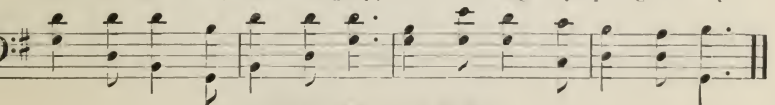
CHORUS.



Trust-ing Je - sus, trust-ing Je - sus, Nev - er doubt-ing Him at all;

Thro' the shad-ows, dim and gray, All a - long my pil - grim way.



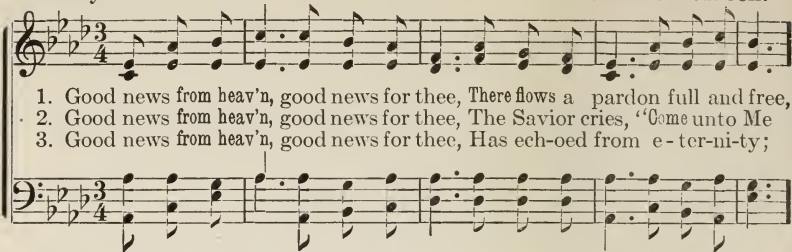
No. 76.

Good News.

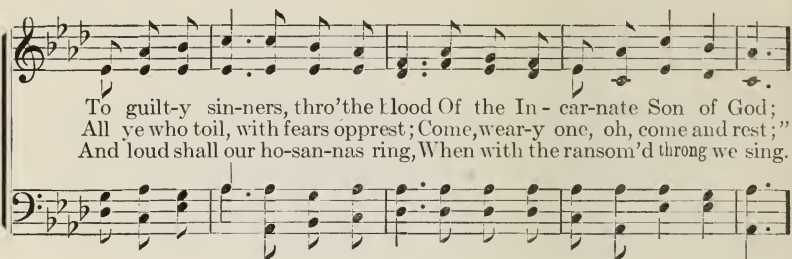
"The glorious gospel of the blessed God." I Tim. 1: 11.

Anonymous.

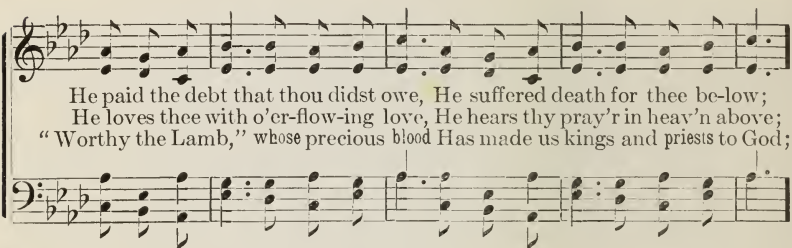
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



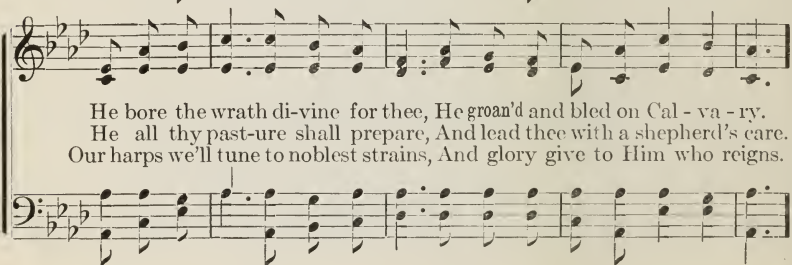
1. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, There flows a pardon full and free,
 2. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, The Savior cries, "Come unto Me
 3. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, Has ech-oed from e-ter-ni-ty;



To guilt-y sin-ners, thro'the flood Of the In-car-nate Son of God;
 All ye who toil, with fears opprest; Come, wear-y one, oh, come and rest;"
 And loud shall our ho-san-nas ring, When with the ransom'd throng we sing.

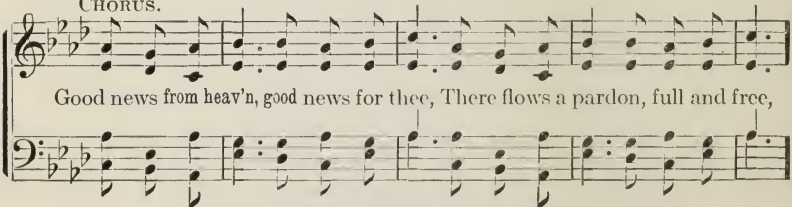


He paid the debt that thou didst owe, He suffered death for thee be-low;
 He loves thee with o'er-flow-ing love, He hears thy pray'r in heav'n above;
 "Worthy the Lamb," whose precious blood Has made us kings and priests to God;



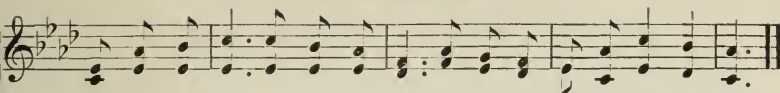
He bore the wrath di-vine for thee, He groan'd and bled on Cal-va-ry.
 He all thy past-ure shall prepare, And lead thee with a shepherd's care.
 Our harps we'll tune to noblest strains, And glory give to Him who reigns.

CHORUS.

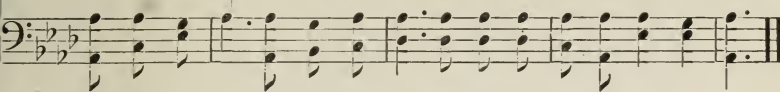


Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, There flows a pardon, full and free,

Good News.



To guilt-y sin-ners thro' the blood Of the In-car-nate Son of God.



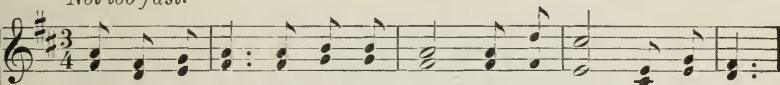
No. 77. On the Cross.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Jno. 1: 29.

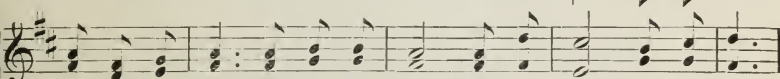
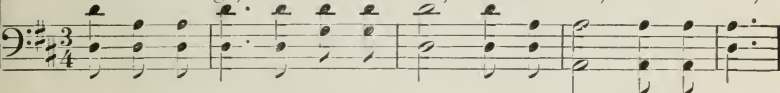
Selected.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

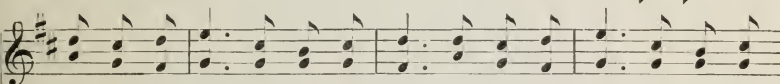
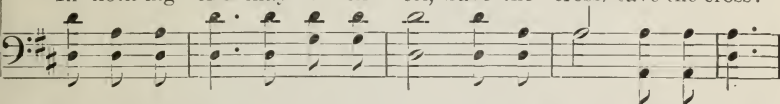
Not too fast.



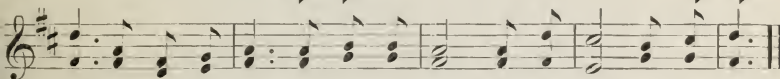
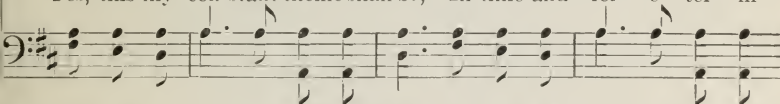
1. Be-hold! be-hold! the Lamb of God! On the cross, on the cross;
2. Come, sin-ner, see Him lift-ed up, On the cross, on the cross;
3. Where'er I go, there shall I tell, Of the cross, of the cross;



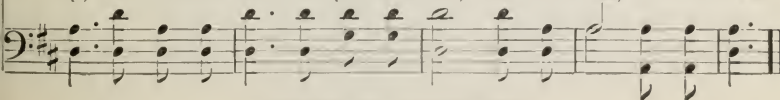
For you He shed His pre-cious blood, On the cross, on the cross:
For you He drinks the bit-ter cup, On the cross, on the cross:
In nothing else may I ex-cel, Save the cross, save the cross:



The sun with-holds its rays of light, The heav'n's are wrapped in gloom of
The rocks are rent, the mountain shakes, The tem-ple veil a-sun-der
Yes, this my con-stant theme shall be, In time and for e-ter-ni-



ty; Whilst He doth pow'rs of darkness fight, On the cross, on the cross.
breaks; While Je-sus full a-tone-ment makes, On the cross, on the cross.
ty, That Je-sus died for you and me, On the cross, on the cross.



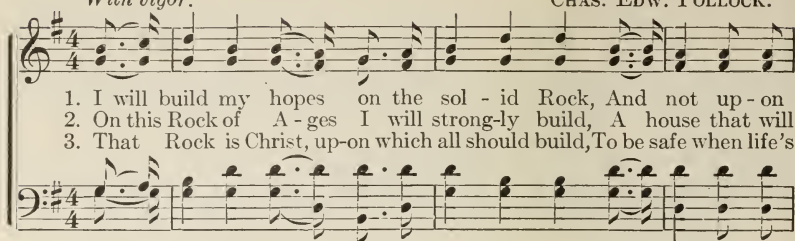
No. 78.

I Will Build on the Rock.

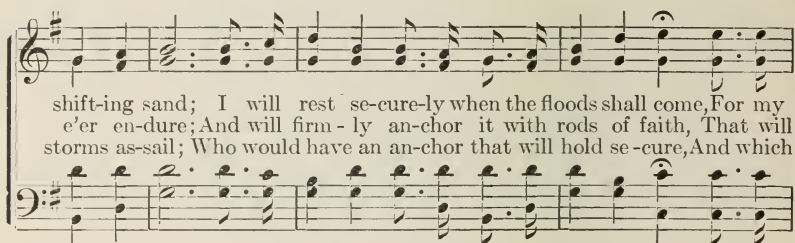
"I will liken him unto a wise man, which build his house upon a rock." Matt. 7: 25.

Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With vigor.

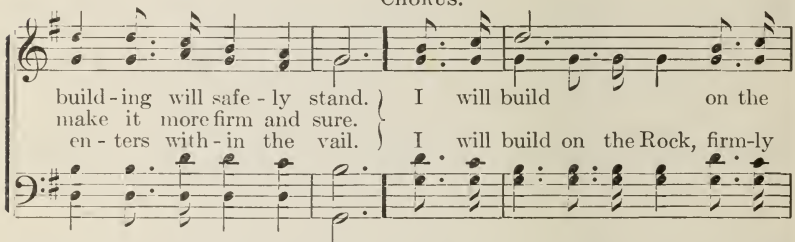


1. I will build my hopes on the sol-id Rock, And not up-on
2. On this Rock of A-ges I will strong-ly build, A house that will
3. That Rock is Christ, up-on which all should build, To be safe when life's

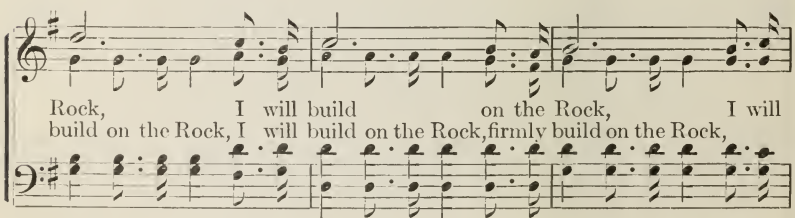


shift-ing sand; I will rest se-cure-ly when the floods shall come, For my
e'er en-dure; And will firm-ly an-chor it with rods of faith, That will
storms as-sail; Who would have an an-chor that will hold se-cure, And which

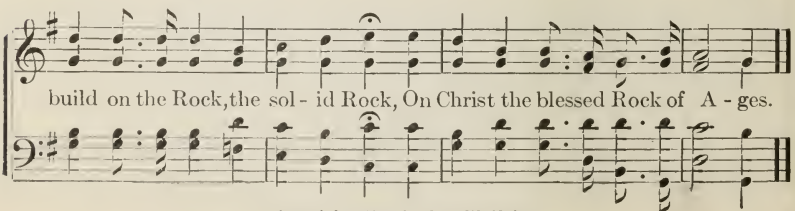
CHORUS.



build-ing will safe-ly stand. } I will build on the
make it more firm and sure. }
en-ters with-in the vail. } I will build on the Rock, firm-ly



Rock, I will build on the Rock, I will
build on the Rock, I will build on the Rock, firmly build on the Rock,



build on the Rock, the sol-id Rock, On Christ the blessed Rock of A-ges.

"Go thou and preach the kingdom of God." Luke 9: 60.

"Church Missionary Gleaner"

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I will go in the strength of the Lord, In the path He hath
 2. I will go in the strength of the Lord, To the work He ap-
 3. I will go in the strength of the Lord, To each con-flict which

marked for my feet; I will fol-low the light of His Word, Nor shrink from the
 points me to do; Thro' the joy which His smile shall afford, My soul shall its
 faith may require; And His grace as my shield and re-ward, My courage and

dan - gers I meet. His pres - ence my steps shall at-
 vig - or re - new. His wis - dom will guard me from
 zeal shall in - spire. If He give the word of com-

tend, His full - ness my wants shall sup - ply, On Him, till my
 harm, His pow'r my suf - fi - cien - cy prove; I trust His om-
 mand, To meet and en - count - er the foe, With sling and with

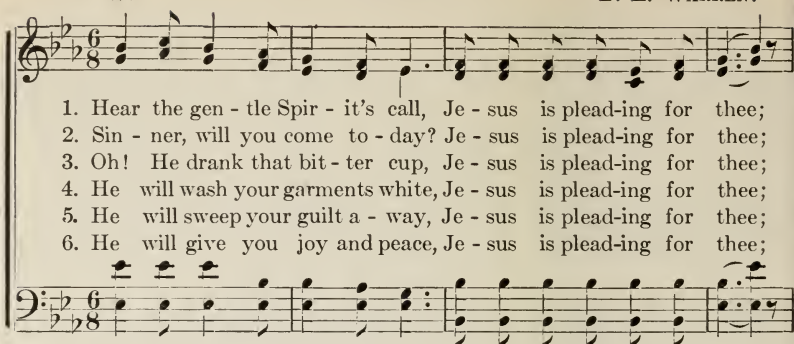
jour - ney shall end, My hope will se - cure - ly re - ly.
 up - o - tent arm, I rest in His cov - e - nant love.
 stone in my hand, In the strength of the Lord will I go.

No. 80.

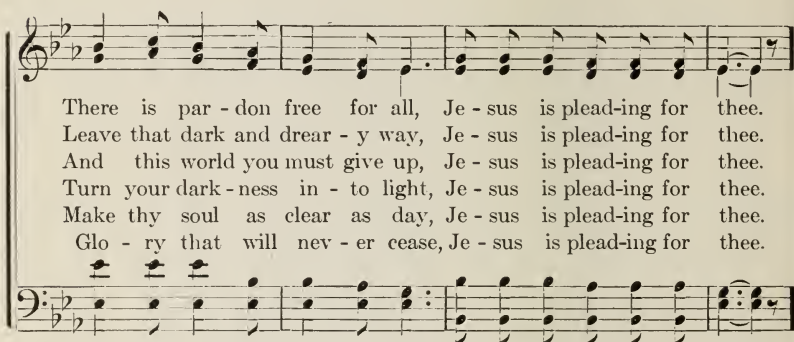
Jesus is Pleading for Thee.

B. E. W.

B. E. WARREN.

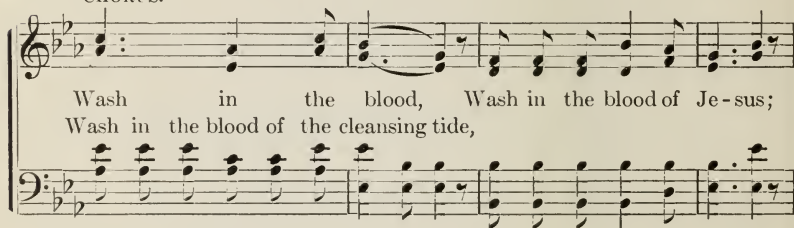


1. Hear the gen - tle Spir - it's call, Je - sus is plead-ing for thee;
 2. Sin - ner, will you come to - day? Je - sus is plead-ing for thee;
 3. Oh! He drank that bit - ter cup, Je - sus is plead-ing for thee;
 4. He will wash your garments white, Je - sus is plead-ing for thee;
 5. He will sweep your guilt a - way, Je - sus is plead-ing for thee;
 6. He will give you joy and peace, Je - sus is plead-ing for thee;

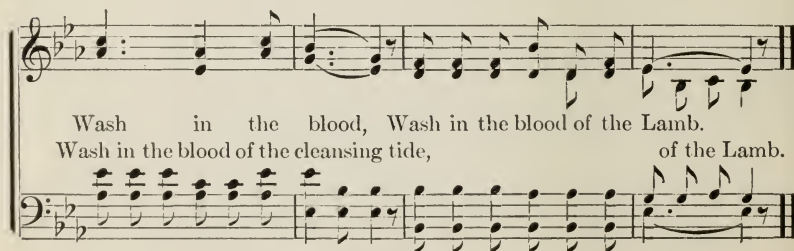


There is par - don free for all, Je - sus is plead-ing for thee.
 Leave that dark and drear - y way, Je - sus is plead-ing for thee.
 And this world you must give up, Je - sus is plead-ing for thee.
 Turn your dark - ness in - to light, Je - sus is plead-ing for thee.
 Make thy soul as clear as day, Je - sus is plead-ing for thee.
 Glo - ry that will nev - er cease, Je - sus is plead-ing for thee.

CHORUS.



Wash in the blood, Wash in the blood of Je - sus;
 Wash in the blood of the cleansing tide,



Wash in the blood, Wash in the blood of the Lamb.
 Wash in the blood of the cleansing tide, of the Lamb.

No. 81. Jesus is Calling, Come Home!

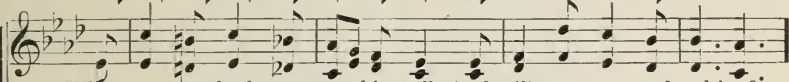
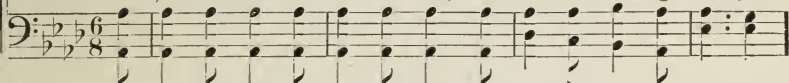
"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart." Psa. 94:7-8.

Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Tenderly.



1. Oh, sin-ner, hear the Sav-ior's voice, In ten-der tones He's plead-ing;
2. He loves you with a Fath-er's love, And for your love He's yearn-ing;
3. Oh, sin-ner, make Him now your choice, List to His ten-der call - ing;
4. He's called you, lo, these many years, And still you are re - fus - ing;
5. Come, ere His love be turned to hate, Or ere death's an-gel call you;



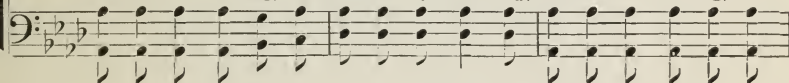
Why turn a deaf ear to his call, And still go on un-heed-ing?
He longs to clasp in His em-brace, The prod-i - gal re - turn-ing.
He'll make your stubborn heart re-joice, And keep your feet from falling.
You say, "of death, I have no fears," His love keep on a - bus-ing.
For closed will then be mer-cy's gate, And end-less death ap-pall-ing.



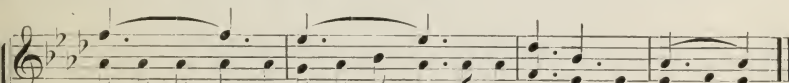
CHORUS.



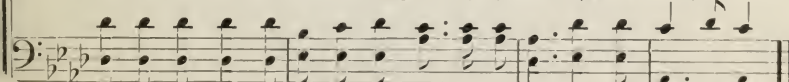
Je - - - sus is call - - ing, Ten - - - der-ly
Je - sus is call-ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing, Je - sus is call-ing, is



call - - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come,.....
ten-der - ly call-ing; Come, in your vile-ness,



Come,..... come,..... oh, come home!..
Come, all sin la-den, Wandering prod-i-gal, Come, oh, come home! (come home!)



No. 82.

When I See the Blood.

JOHN.

J. G. F.

1. Christ our Re-deem - er died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner,
 2. Chief - est of sin - ners, Je - sus can save, As He has promised,
 3. Judg - ment is com - ing, all will be there, Who have re - ject - ed,
 4. Oh, what com - pas - sion, oh, bound - less love! Je - sus hath pow - er,

paid all his due; All who re - ceive Him need nev - er fear,
 so will He do; Oh, sin - ner, hear Him, trust in His word,
 who have re - fused? Oh, sin - ner, hast - en, let Je - sus in,
 Je - sus is true; All who be - lieve are safe from the storm,

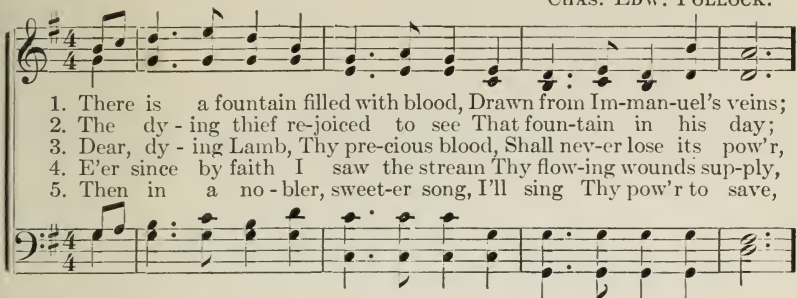
CHORUS.
 Yes, He will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I see the
 Then He will pass, will pass o - ver you.
 Then God will pass, will pass o - ver you.
 Oh, He will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I

blood, When I see the blood, When I see the
 see the blood, When I see the blood, When I

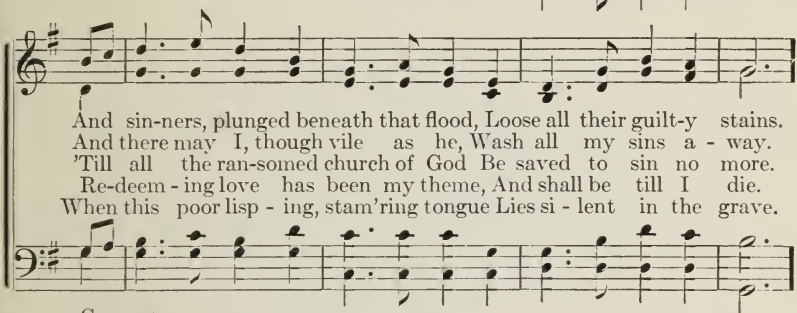
Rit.
 blood, I will pass, I will pass o - ver you.
 see the blood, o - ver you.

The Cleansing Fountain.

"A fountain opened for sin" Zeck. 13: 1.

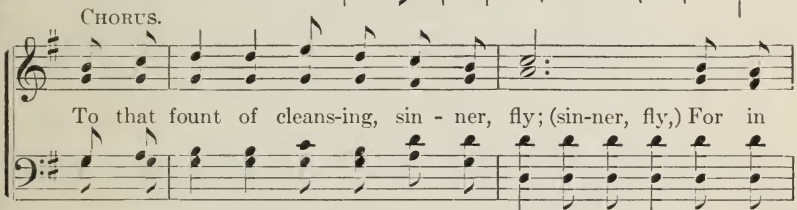
Music and Chorus by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
 3. Dear, dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood, Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
 4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
 5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

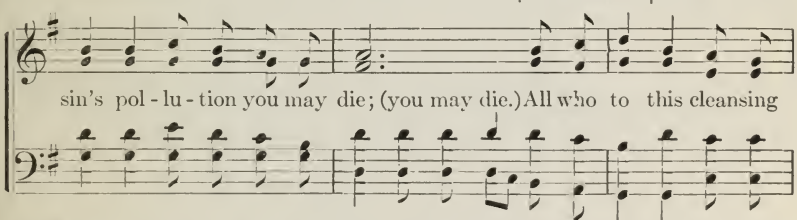


And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Loose all their guilt-y stains.
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 'Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved to sin no more.
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 When this poor lisp-ing, stam'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.

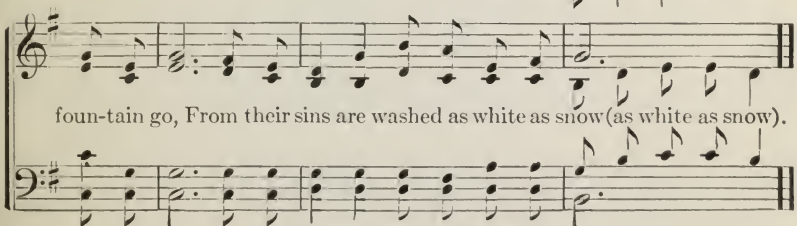
CHORUS.



To that fount of cleans-ing, sin-ner, fly; (sin-ner, fly,) For in



sin's pol-lu-tion you may die; (you may die.) All who to this cleansing



foun-tain go, From their sins are washed as white as snow (as white as snow).

Rev. I. N. McHose.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O-ver in heav-en are loved ones to-night, Waiting to welcome us home;
 2. Moth-er is ten-der - ly calling her child, Calling as in days gone by;
 3. List! there's a little voice, wondrously clear, Joining the heavenly song;
 4. Husbands and wives call their lone ones to come To them, Where partings are o'er;
 5. Sweet-est of voices that calls from above, Comes from the Savior so dear;

See! as they stand by the portals of light—List-en! they call us to come.
 Father, who's standing so close by her side, Calls us to join them on high.
 Hear! it is singing, "Dear mother, come home, Come to this happy, bright home.
 Broth-ers and sis-ters u-nite in the song, Wel-com-ing home to yon shore.
 Call-ing in ac-cents of ten-der-est love, Bid-ding the sin-ner draw near.

ff CHORUS. *p* *m*

Hear them! they are calling us, Now they are calling us; Sweetly they are
 Listen!

ff

call-ing us in heav-en-ly song, Hear them! they are calling us,
 Listen!

Calling Us.

pp *f*

Now they are calling us; Hark! how they are tenderly call-ing us home.

No. 85.

To the Rescue.

"The Son of man is come to save." Matt. 18: 11.

Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With vigor.

1. Out up - on life's wild, rough sea, Souls are tem - pest tossed;
2. Tho' the thun - ders fear - ful crash, Doth the soul af - fright,
3. Trust in Je - sus' pow'r to save, As you ply the oar;

Hark! a cry comes o'er the waves, Save, or we are lost!
And the light-ning's blind-ing flash Dark - er makes the night,
He can still the an - gry wave, Bring you safe to shore.

CHORUS. *Very vigorous.*

To the res-cue! heed the cry! Save the souls a-bout to die;

Man the life-boat! Pull the oar! Bring them safe-ly to the shore.

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and loose his own soul." Matt. 16: 26.

ADAM CRAIG.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With expression.

1. I asked a young man, "Tell me, pray, What is your great-est aim?"
 2. I asked him in the prime of life, What goal he had in view?
 3. I stood be-side his dy - ing bed, God's mes-sen-ger was there,

He said: "To do some no - ble deed, And win an hon - ored name!"
 "To be a statesman," he re-plied, "And help the good and true!"
 As in his ag - o - ny he cried From depths of sin's de - spair:

The years soon passed, and manhood came; I asked: "What is it now?"
 Old age had come; I asked him then, "What had the strug-gle brought?"
 "My wealth and lands! the pride of life! O'er me they've had con - trol—

"For wealth I strive—for wealth is pow'r—The world to me shall bow!"
 "I've wealth and pow'r; one thing I lack—God's peace—it can't be bought!"
 Too late! too late! I hear God say: "No wealth can save your soul!"

CHORUS.

What shall it prof - it earth's glo-ries to gain, If you lose your own soul,

What Shall It Profit?

For its rich - es and fame? What shall it prof - it earth's
glo - ries to gain, If you lose your own soul For its rich - es and fame?

No. 87.

Work To-day

"Go work to-day in my vineyard." Matt. 21: 28.

HORATIUS BONAR.

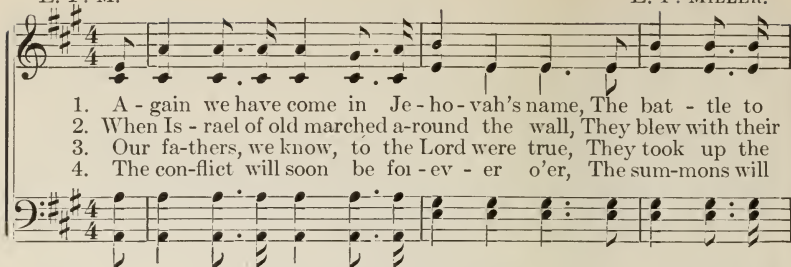
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Moderato.

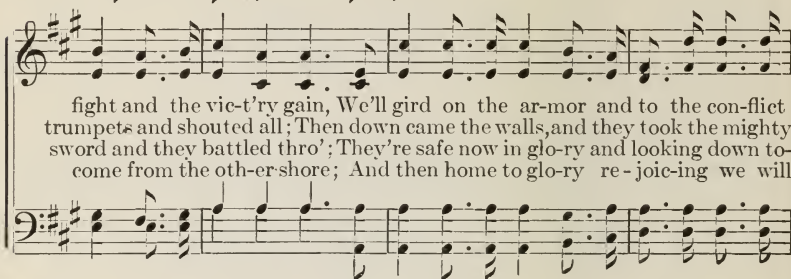
1. Work, for time is fly-ing; Work, with hearts sincere; Work, for souls are
2. In this glo-rious call-ing Work till day is o'er; Work, till ev-'ning
3. There, where saints adore Him, Where the ransom'd meet, Lay thy sheave be-
dy - ing; Work, for night is near. In the Mas-ter's vine-yard, Go and
fall - ing, You can work no more. Then, your la - bor bring-ing, To the
fore Him, Lay them at His feet. Hear thy Mas-ter say - ing, From His
work to-day; Be no use-less slug-gard, Stand-ing in the way.
King of kings, Borne with joy and sing-ing Home on an-gels' wings.
heavenly throne, When thy wag-es pay - ing, "La - bor - er, well done."

E. F. M.

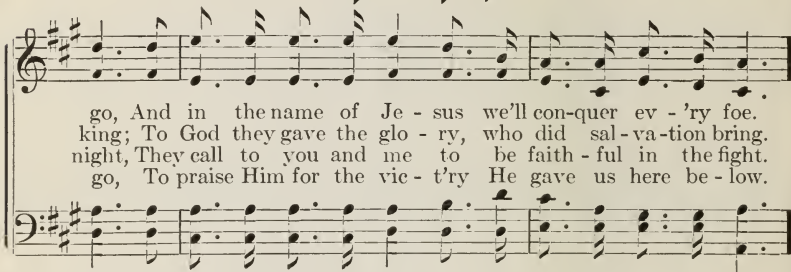
E. F. MILLER.



1. A - gain we have come in Je - ho - vah's name, The bat - tle to
 2. When Is - rael of old marched a-round the wall, They blew with their
 3. Our fa - thers, we know, to the Lord were true, They took up the
 4. The con - flict will soon be foi - ev - er o'er, The sum - mons will

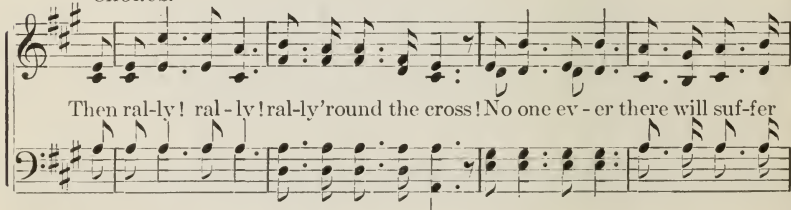


fight and the vic - t'ry gain, We'll gird on the ar - mor and to the con - flict
 trumpets and shouted all; Then down came the walls, and they took the mighty
 sword and they battled thro'; They're safe now in glo - ry and looking down to
 come from the oth - er shore; And then home to glo - ry re - joic - ing we will

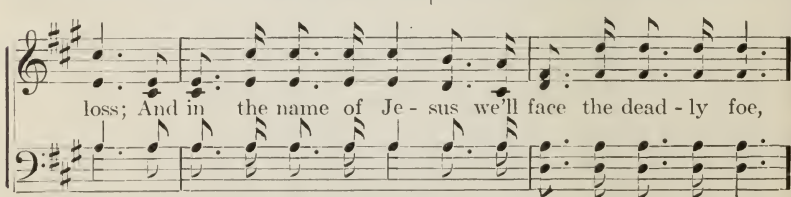


go, And in the name of Je - sus we'll con - quer ev - 'ry foe.
 king; To God they gave the glo - ry, who did sal - va - tion bring.
 night, They call to you and me to be faith - ful in the fight.
 go, To praise Him for the vic - t'ry He gave us here be - low.

CHORUS.

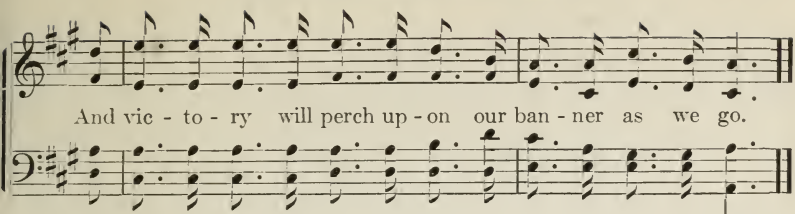


Then ral - ly! ral - ly! ral - ly 'round the cross! No one ev - er there will suf - fer



loss; And in the name of Je - sus we'll face the dead - ly foe,

Rally 'Round the Cross.

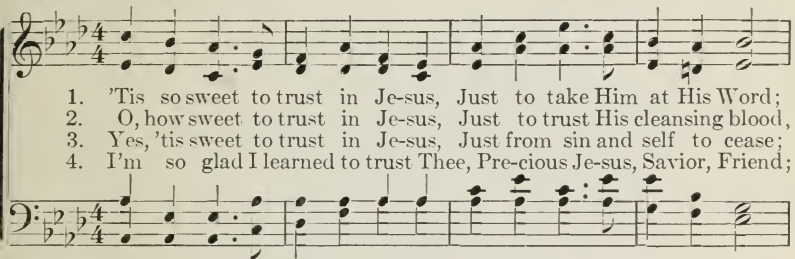


And vic - to - ry will perch up - on our ban - ner as we go.

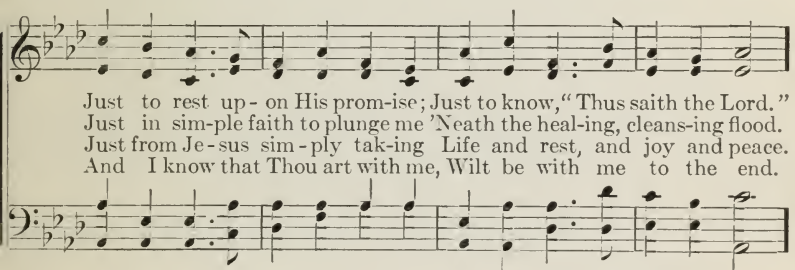
No. 91. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Mrs. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

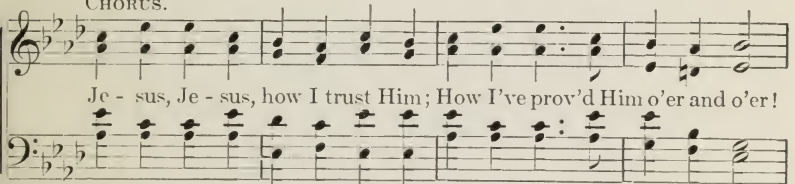


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to take Him at His Word;
2. O, how sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood,
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je-sus, Savior, Friend;

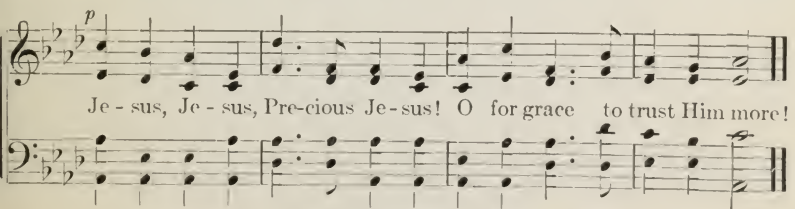


Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord,"
 Just in sim-ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleans-ing flood.
 Just from Je-sus sim-ply tak-ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
 And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him; How I've prov'd Him o'er and o'er!

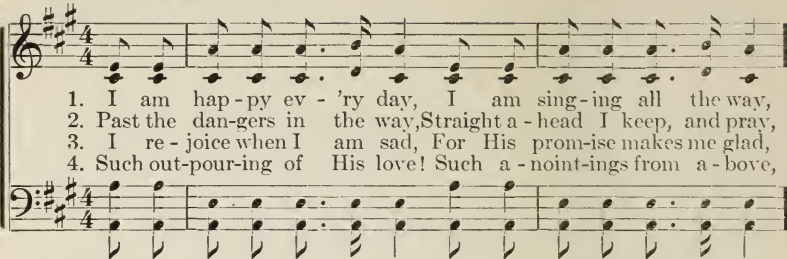


Je - sus, Je - sus, Pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more!

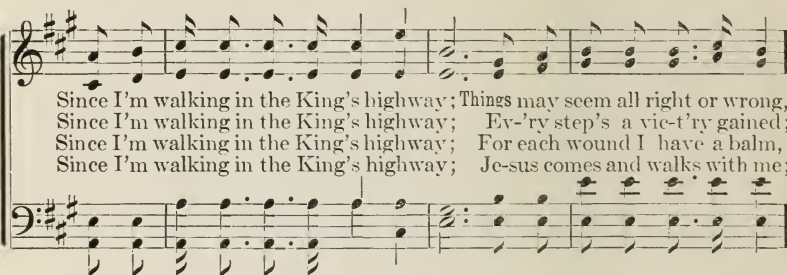
No. 92 Walking in the King's Highway.

Mrs. GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

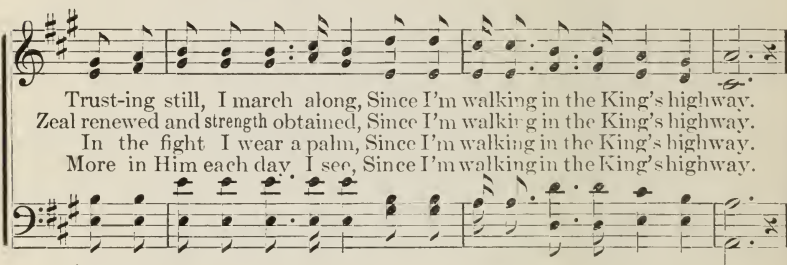
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I am hap-py ev - 'ry day, I am sing-ing all the way,
 2. Past the dan-gers in the way, Straight a - head I keep, and pray,
 3. I re - joice when I am sad, For His prom-ise makes me glad,
 4. Such out-pour-ing of His love! Such a - noint-ings from a - bove,

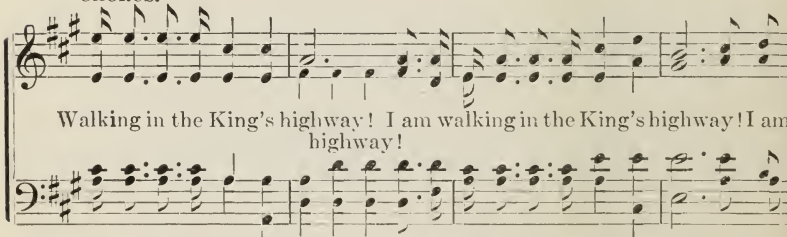


Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Things may seem all right or wrong,
 Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Ev-'ry step's a vic-t'ry gained;
 Since I'm walking in the King's highway; For each wound I have a balm,
 Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Je-sus comes and walks with me;

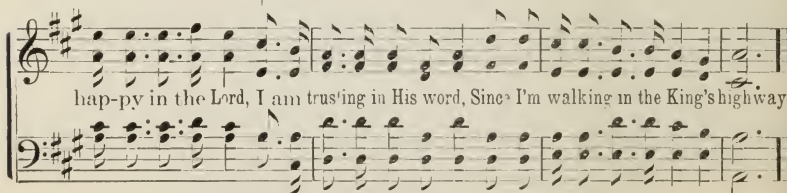


Trust-ing still, I march along, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.
 Zeal renewed and strength obtained, Since I'm walk-ing in the King's highway.
 In the fight I wear a palm, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.
 More in Him each day, I see, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.

CHORUS.



Walking in the King's highway! I am walking in the King's highway! I am
 highway!



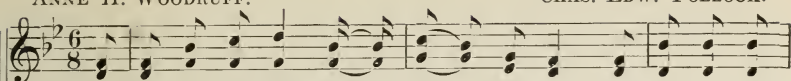
hap-py in the Lord, I am trust-ing in His word, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.

No. 93.

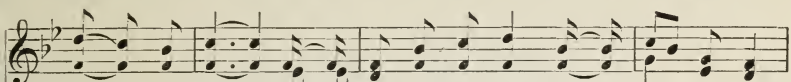
Let Me Not Drift.

ANNE H. WOODRUFF.

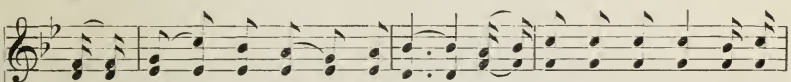
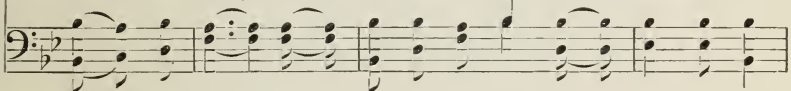
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



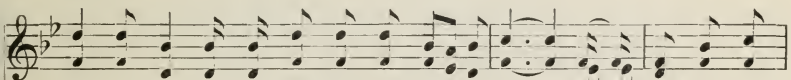
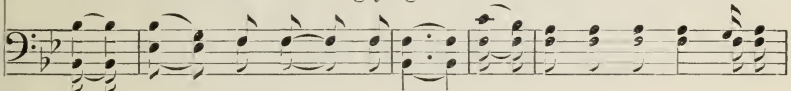
1. O let me not drift from Thy love a-way, Dear Lord, on the
2. O let me not drift from Thy ten - der care, As out in the
3. I know Thou art ev - er faith-ful and true, Thy ten-der-ness



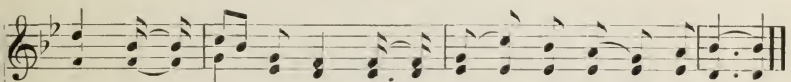
swell - ing tide, I am sin - ful and weak and long to stay,
 world I go; A net has been laid for my feet—a snare—
 can - not fail, That Thou canst the winds and the waves sub-due,



In the shel - ter of Thy side; There are pleasures, pursuits, that al-
 As Sa - tan goes to and fro; I may not es-cape un-less
 And fet-ter the an - gry gale. O let me not drift on a



lure to sin And would fet-ter the mind made free, There are per-ils with-
 Thou my feet Thro' the dif - fi - cult maz-es guide—Be my bul-wark se-
 shore-less sea, My Re-deem-er, when life is o'er; Go o-ver the



out, there are foes with-in, Would sev - er my soul from Thee.
 cure when a - gainst me beat The bil - lows of sin and pride.
 swell - ing wa-ters with me, And ear - ry me safe to shore.



No. 94.

Who'll Take the Life-Boat?

"Master, master, we perish." Luke 8: 24.

Arr. from W. H. MORRIS. by C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With vigor.

1. Ma - ny souls are in the tem-pest, Sink-ing in the wreck of sin;
 2. See! the darkness gathers 'round them, And the waves are roll-ing high;
 3. Who will join the crew of res-cue, Grasp with sturdy hand the oar,

Je - sus is the on - ly Life-Boat—Who will go and help them in?
 Who will take to them the Life-Boat? Who will save them ere they die?
 Take to them the on - ly Life-Boat That will land them safe on shore?

CHORUS.

Who, to-day, will take the Life-Boat, With the Spir - it as the oar,

Will go quick - ly to the res-cue—Bring them safe-ly to the shore?

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No. 95.

Devotion.

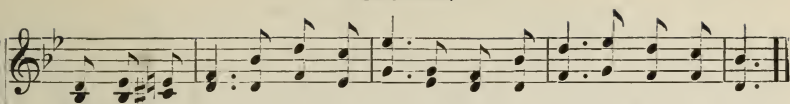
J. W. H.

JNO. W. HOLT.

1. Raised on de - vo-tion's loft - y wing, Do thou, my soul, His glo-ries sing;
 2. In-crease the pow'r of ev - 'ry soul, To sing the hon-ors of Thy name;
 3. And when a - mid an - gel - ic hosts, For a - ges Thy per-fec-tions see;

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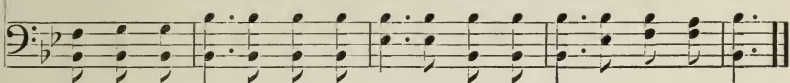
Devotion.



And let His praise employ my tongue, Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

Un - til the world, from pole to pole, Shall give to Thee that sweet re-frain.

Then, Lord, our chief de-light shall be, To sing Thy praise e - ter - nal - ly.

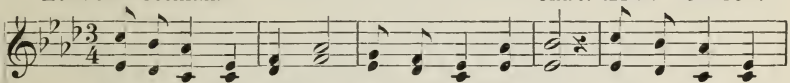


No. 96. Jesus, I Will Trust Thee.

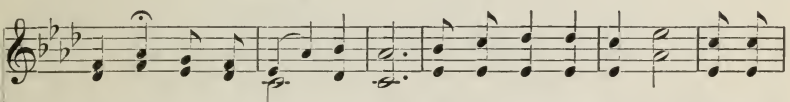
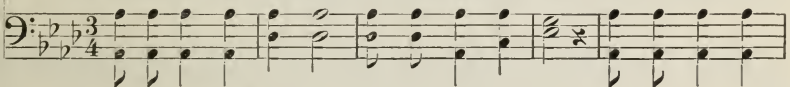
"I will trust Thee." Psa. 55: 23.

"London Freeman."

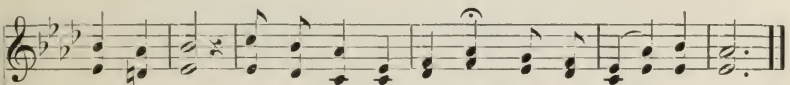
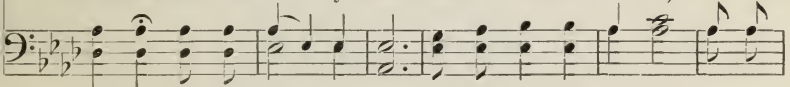
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



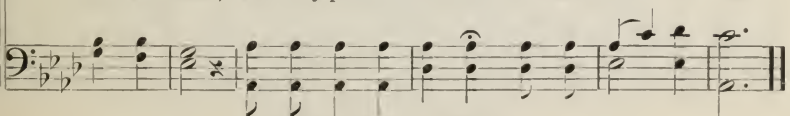
1. Je-sus, I will trust Thee! When a-cross my soul Like a fear-ful
2. Je-sus, I will trust Thee! There is none be-side; In Thine arms of
3. Je-sus, I will trust Thee! Trust Thee e-ven now, Trust Thee when the



tem-pest, Doubts and fears shall roll. When the tempter com-eth, Sure-ly
mer - cy I will ev - er hide. And for my ac-cept-ance, This my
death-dew Gath-ers on my brow. Trust Thee in the sunshine, Trust Thee



he will flee When I tell him: "Je-sus, I am trust-ing Thee!"
on - ly plea—Je - sus died for sin-ners, Je - sus died for me.
in the shade, With Thy pre-cious shel-ter I am not a - fraid!



No. 97.

Baird. C. P. M.

"We shall all stand before the judgment seat." Rom. 14:10.

LADY HUNTINGTON

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. When Thou, my righteous Judge shall come To take Thy ransomed people home,
 2. I love to meet Thy people now, Before Thy feet with them to bow,
 3. O, Lord, pre-vent it by Thy grace; Be Thou my on - ly hid-ing-place,
 4. A-mong the saints let me be found, When-e'er th'archangel's trump shall sound,

Shall I a-mong them stand? Shall such a worth-less worm as I,
 Though vil-est of them all; But, can I bear the pierc-ing tho't:
 In this th'ac-cept-ed day; Thy par-doning voice, oh, let me hear,
 To see Thy smil-ing face. Then, loud-est of the throng, I'll sing,

Who some-times am a - fraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand?
 What if my name should be left out, When Thou for them shalt call!
 To still my un - be - liev-ing fear, Nor let me fall, I pray.
 While heaven's re-sound-ing man-sions ring With shouts of sov-'reign grace.

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No. 98.

The Penitent's Plea.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications." Psa. 143:1.

ALLIE L. SMITH.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Je-sus, as I kneel be-fore Thee, Ask-ing, plead-ing for Thy grace,
 2. When I wandered, Thou didst seek me In the rough and thorn-y way,
 3. Back from sin - ful paths didst lead me, With-er I had gone a-stray,
 4. Sav-ior, help me now to love Thee, And from sin - ful pleas-ures part;

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The Penitent's Plea.

Bless me, com-fort, love, for-give me—Show a lov-ing, smil-ing face.
 As I wan-dered on un-heed-ing, Far-ther from Thy love each day.
 Clear-ing out the thorns and bri-ars That be-set me in the way.
 Let Thy spir-it dwell with-in me, To trans-form my wick-ed heart.

No. 99. 'Tis With the Righteous Well.

"Verily there is a reward for the righteous." Ps. 58: 11.

Anon.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Not too fast.

1. On ev-'ry sun-ny moun-tain, In ev-'ry gloom-y dell,
 2. What words of ho-ly com-fort, Their sweet-ness who can tell,
 3. Tho' dripping clouds may gath-er, And grief the bo-som swell,
 4. And when the strife is o-ver, And hush'd the sol-emn knell,

What-e'er the robe that wraps the heart, 'Tis with the right-eous well.
 With-in the vail and o'er the flood, 'Tis with the right-eous well.
 The trust-ing heart will ev-er sing, 'Tis with the right-eous well.
 With-in the gates a-round the throne, 'Tis with the right-eous well.

CHORUS. *Softly.*

'Tis well, 'tis well, 'Tis with the right-eous well;
 'Tis well, 'tis well, 'tis well,

In pleas-ure's light and sor-row's night, 'Tis with the right-eous well.

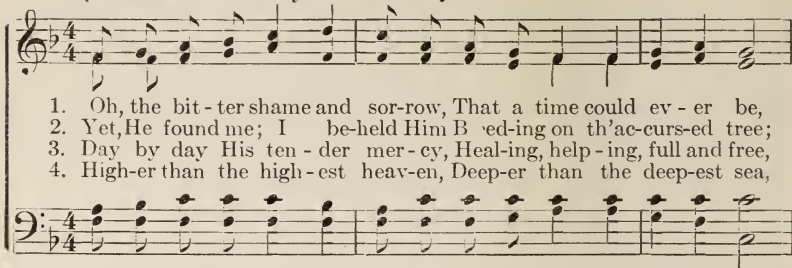
No. 100. None of Self and All of Thee.

"But Christ is all and in all" Col. 3: 11.

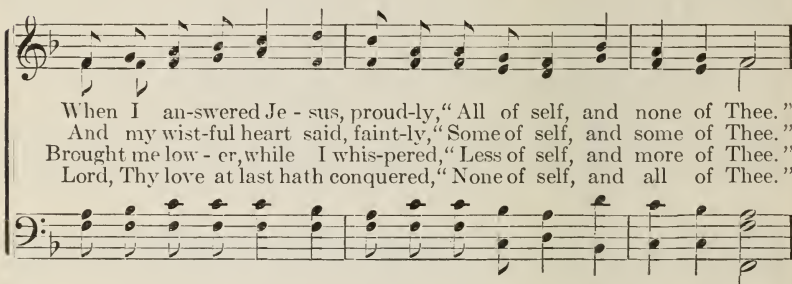
Rev. THEODORE MONOD.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Express music according to sentiment of words.

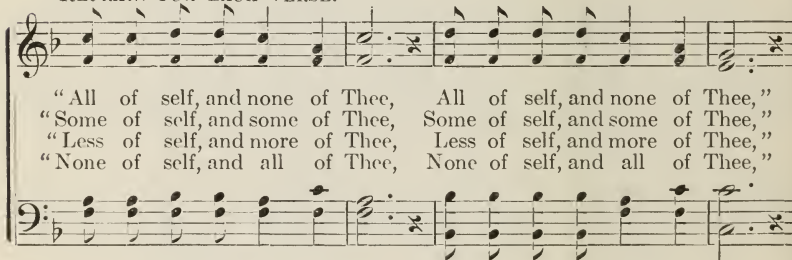


1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could ev - er be,
 2. Yet, He found me; I be-held Him Bred - ing on th'ac - curs - ed tree;
 3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy, Heal - ing, help - ing, full and free,
 4. High - er than the high - est heav - en, Deep - er than the deep - est sea,

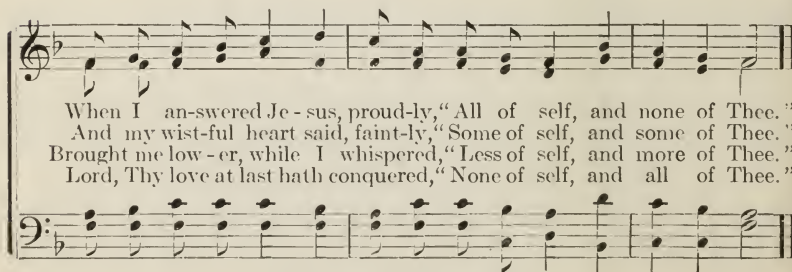


When I an - swered Je - sus, proud - ly, "All of self, and none of Thee."
 And my wist - ful heart said, faint - ly, "Some of self, and some of Thee."
 Brought me low - er, while I whis - pered, "Less of self, and more of Thee."
 Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered, "None of self, and all of Thee."

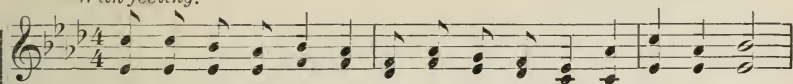
REFRAIN FOR EACH VERSE.



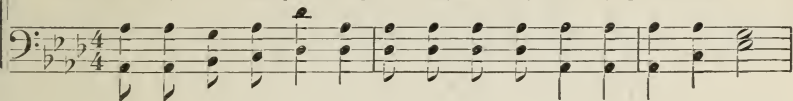
"All of self, and none of Thee, All of self, and none of Thee,"
 "Some of self, and some of Thee, Some of self, and some of Thee,"
 "Less of self, and more of Thee, Less of self, and more of Thee,"
 "None of self, and all of Thee, None of self, and all of Thee,"



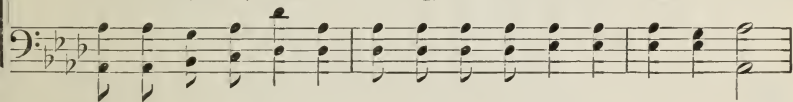
When I an - swered Je - sus, proud - ly, "All of self, and none of Thee."
 And my wist - ful heart said, faint - ly, "Some of self, and some of Thee."
 Brought me low - er, while I whis - pered, "Less of self, and more of Thee."
 Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered, "None of self, and all of Thee."

With feeling.

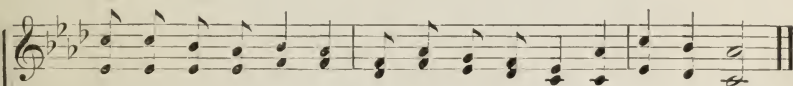
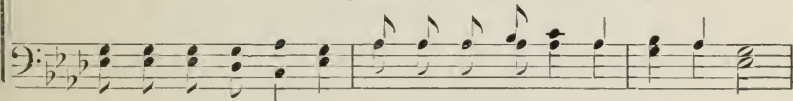
1. Oh, the dow'r of heav'-nly treasure I would wish for thee to - day;
2. There are depths of bliss unfathomed, There are heights of joy un-known,
3. So thy life shall pass in glad-ness, And thy dai - ly path shall be



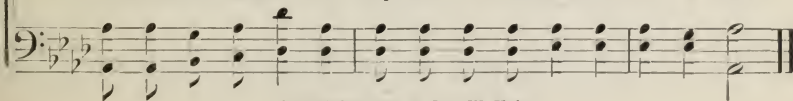
Oh, the end-less, count-less bless-ings I would strew up - on the way —
 There are pleas-ures un - ex - haust-ed, That may yet be all thine own.
 One of bright-er, clear - er shin - ing, As the Lord re - veals to thee.



Not the world with all its glo - ries, Not the wealth that it can bring —
 I will lift my heart with long-ing To the gold - en throne a - bove;
 All the se-crets of His presence, With its wondrous light and love;



But the tru - er, last - ing rich - es From the hand of heav-en's King.
 I will seek for thee from Je - sus All the full-ness of His love.
 Pre-cious fore-taste of the rap-ture In the bless-ed life a - bove.

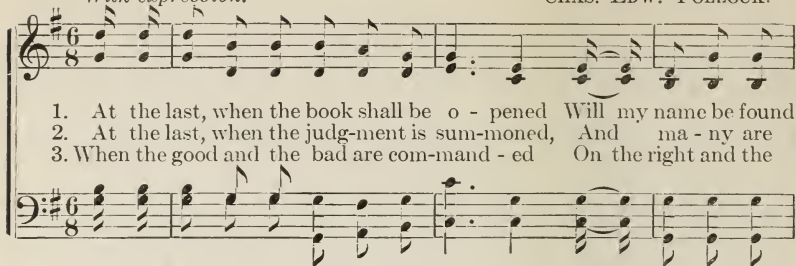


No. 102. Will My Name be Found Written There?

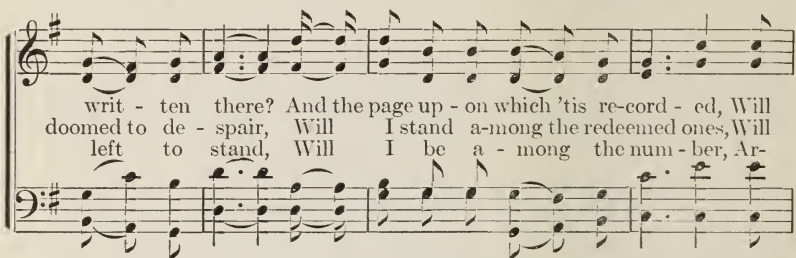
"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven." Luke 10: 20.

Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With expression.

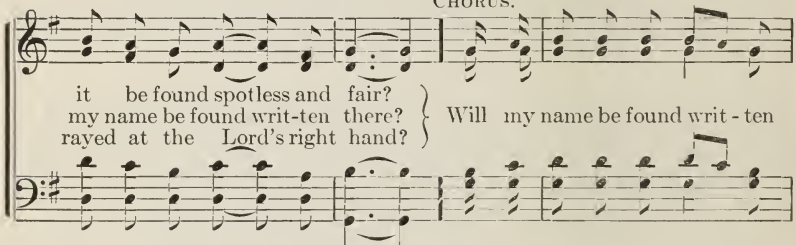


1. At the last, when the book shall be o - pened Will my name be found
2. At the last, when the judg - ment is sum - moned, And ma - ny are
3. When the good and the bad are com - mand - ed On the right and the

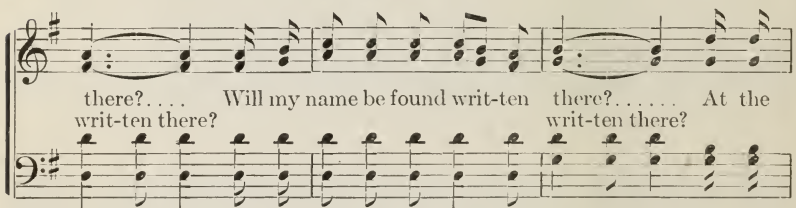


writ - ten there? And the page up - on which 'tis re - cord - ed, Will
doomed to de - spair, Will I stand a - mong the redeemed ones, Will
left to stand, Will I be a - mong the num - ber, Ar -

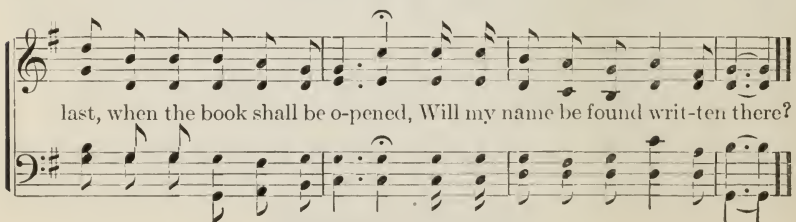
CHORUS.



it be found spotless and fair?
my name be found writ - ten there? } Will my name be found writ - ten
rayed at the Lord's right hand? }



there? . . . Will my name be found writ - ten there? At the
writ - ten there? writ - ten there?



last, when the book shall be o - pened, Will my name be found writ - ten there?

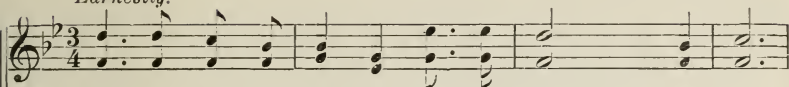
No. 103.

Father, We Should Pray.

"Men ought always to pray." Luke 18: 1.

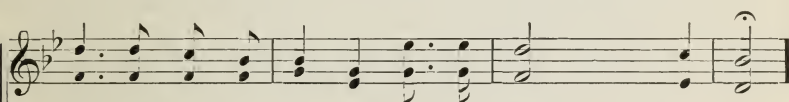
Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK

Earnestly.



1. Fa - ther, Thou hast taught us Un - to Thee to pray;
2. Fa - ther, up in heav - en, Hal - lowed be Thy name;
3. From Thy bounteous store - house, From which all are fed,
4. Par - don our trans - gres - sions, Teach us, Lord, to know
5. From temp - ta - tion keep us, And from ev 'ry sin;

Un - to Thee

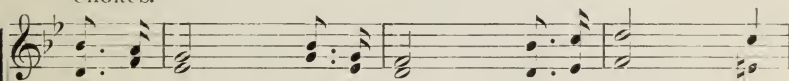


In Thy Word is giv - en E'en the words to say.
Let Thy king - dom ho - ly, Be on earth the same.
Give un - to us, dai - ly, Each our share of bread.
That di - vine com - pas - sion Which for - gives each foe.
Thine will be the glo - ry, Ev - er - more; A - men!

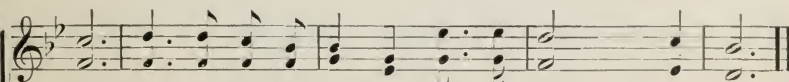
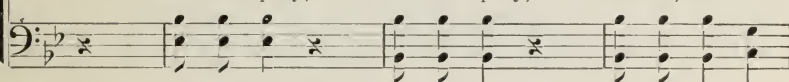
E'en the words



CHORUS.



We should pray, we should pray, Fa - ther, we should
We should pray, we should pray, Fa - ther, we should



pray; Pray, as Thou hast taught us, Un - to Thee each day.
pray; Un - to Thee each day.

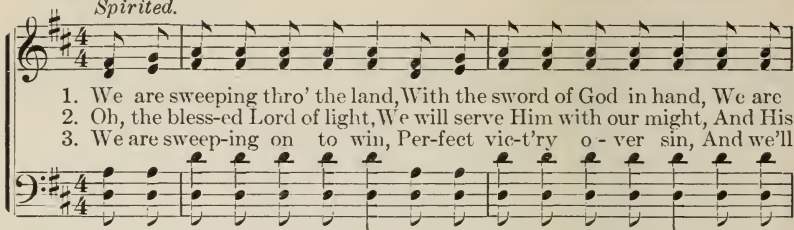


No. 104. I Shall Never Know a Sorrow.*

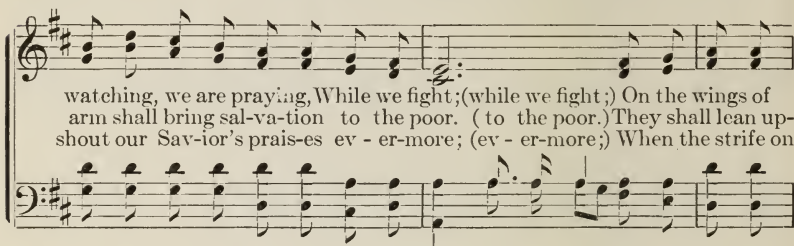
"Sorrow and mourning shall flee away." Isa. 51: 11.

Anonymous.
Spirited.

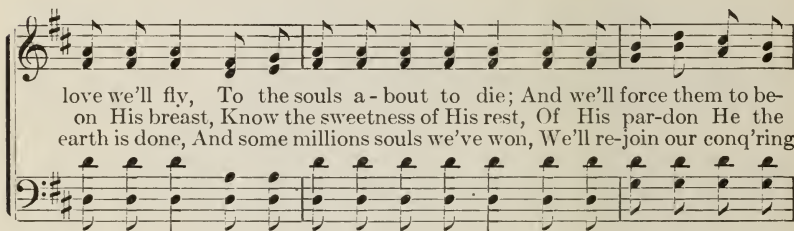
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK



1. We are sweeping thro' the land, With the sword of God in hand, We are
2. Oh, the bless-ed Lord of light, We will serve Him with our might, And His
3. We are sweep-ing on to win, Per-fect vic-t'ry o - ver sin, And we'll

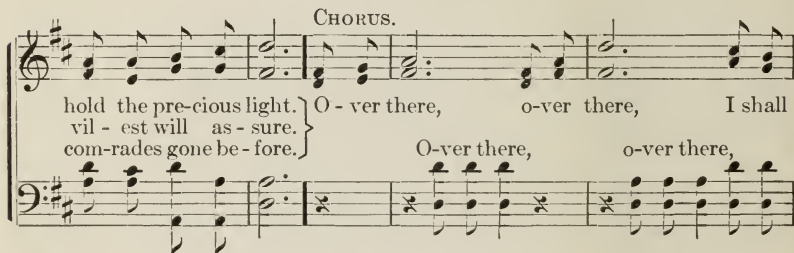


watching, we are praying, While we fight; (while we fight;) On the wings of
arm shall bring sal-va-tion to the poor. (to the poor.) They shall lean up-
shout our Sav-ior's prais-es ev - er-more; (ev - er-more;) When the strife on

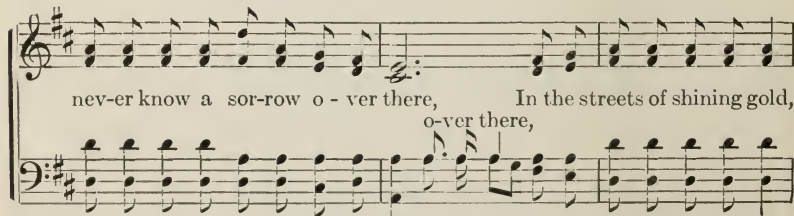


love we'll fly, To the souls a - bout to die; And we'll force them to be-
on His breast, Know the sweetness of His rest, Of His par-don He the
earth is done, And some millions souls we've won, We'll re-join our conq'ring

CHORUS.



hold the pre-cious light. } O - ver there, o-ver there, I shall
vil - est will as - sure. }
com-rades gone be - fore. } O-ver there, o-ver there,



nev-er know a sor-row o - ver there, In the streets of shining gold,
o-ver there,

Copyright, 1901, by Jno. W. Holt.

*Written for "Waves of Melody."

I Shall Never Know a Sorrow.

With the glo-ry in my soul, I shall never know a sorrow over there. (over there.)

No. 105.

Let Him In.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; . . . and the King of glory shall come in." Psa. 24: 9.
Selected. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Wide, ye heav'n-ly gates, un - fold, Closed no more by death and sin;
2. He who God's pure law ful - filled, Je - sus, the in - car-nate Word—
3. "Who shall up to that a - bode Fol - low in the Sav-ior's train?"
4. They whose dai - ly ac - tions prove Steadfast faith and ho - ly fear,

Lo! the conquering Lord be - hold; Let the King of glo - ry in.
He whose truth with blood was sealed, He is heav'n's all-glo-rious Lord.
They who in His cleans-ing blood Wash a - way each guilt-y stain.
Fer - vent zeal and grate - ful love; They shall dwell for-ev-er here.

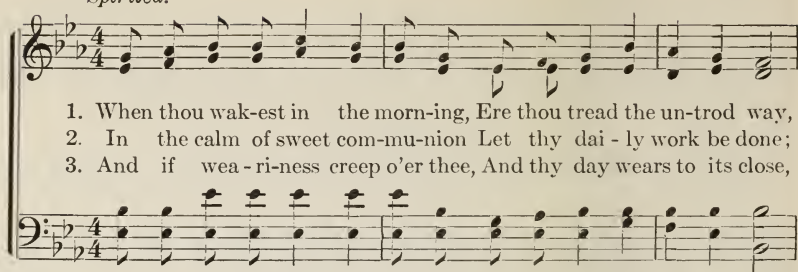
CHORUS.

Let Him in, let Him in, Let the King of glory in;
Let Him in, let Him in, let Him in, let Him in;

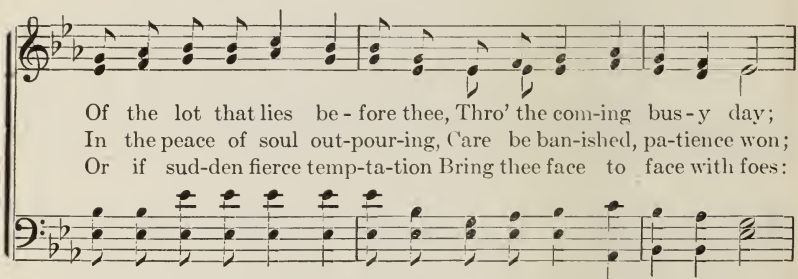
Let Him in, let Him in, Let the King of glory in.
Let Him in, let Him in, (let Him in.)

"Went and told Jesus." Matt. 14: 12.

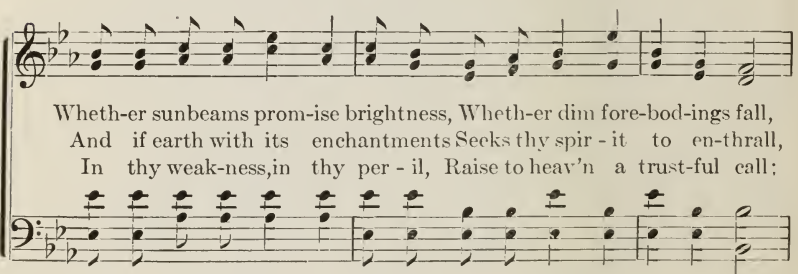
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Spirited.


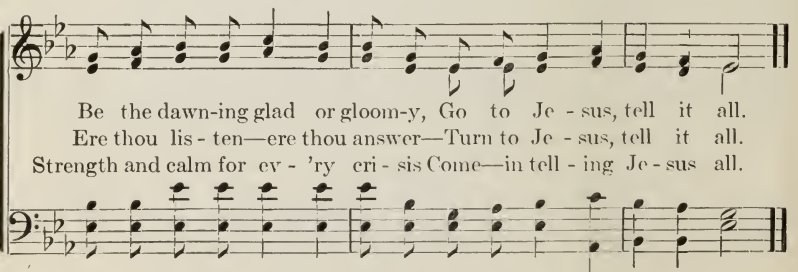
1. When thou wak-est in the morn-ing, Ere thou tread the un-trod way,
 2. In the calm of sweet com-mu-nion Let thy dai-ly work be done;
 3. And if wea-ri-ness creep o'er thee, And thy day wears to its close,



Of the lot that lies be-fore thee, Thro' the com-ing bus-y day;
 In the peace of soul out-pour-ing, Care be ban-ished, pa-tience won;
 Or if sud-den fierce temp-ta-tion Bring thee face to face with foes:



Wheth-er sunbeams prom-ise bright-ness, Wheth-er dim fore-bod-ings fall,
 And if earth with its enchant-ments Seeks thy spir-it to en-thrall,
 In thy weak-ness, in thy per-il, Raise to heav'n a trust-ful call;



Be the dawn-ing glad or gloom-y, Go to Je-sus, tell it all.
 Ere thou lis-ten—ere thou answer—Turn to Je-sus, tell it all.
 Strength and calm for ev-'ry cri-sis Come—in tell-ing Je-sus all.

No. 107.

The Door was Shut.

"And the door was shut." Matt. 25:10.

Rev. W. T. DALE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With expression.

1. A door was once o-pened to sin - ners lost, 'Twas o-pened to
 2. The peo - ple who lived be - fore the flood, Were warned and en-
 3. The peo - ple who lived in the days of Lot, The an - gels did
 4. And thus it shall be when the Lord shall come To gath - er His
 5. This gate has stood o - pen for a - ges long, And sin - ners were

all at a fear - ful cost; But mer - cy, long slighted Now turns a-
 treat - ed to turn to God, But still they re - fused, and died in
 warn, but they heed - ed not, Till God from heav - en did rain the
 peo - ple and take them home; Then sin - ners will stand in ut - ter dis-
 wel - comed with feast and song; But now it is closed for ev - er-

CHORUS.

way, And the door is shut for aye.
 sin, While the Lord shut No - ah in.
 fire, And they died in His aw - ful ire. } With sadness poor sinners will
 may, Turned a-way from the gates of day.
 more, For the Lord has shut the door.

turn a - way, And leave the bright saints in e - ter - nal day, Far

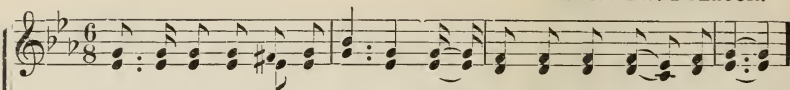
Rit. e dim.

off they will go un-to darkness drear, Turn'd away from heaven so dear.

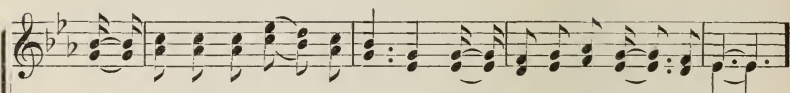
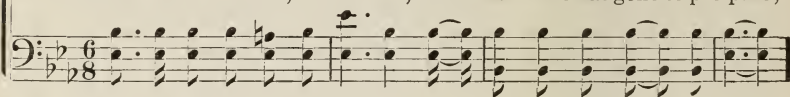
No. 108. Tell Me of Jesus the Savior.

"That I may know him." Phil. 3: 10.

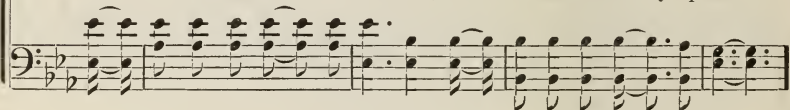
Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Tell me of Je - sus, the Sav - ior, Who left His bright home on high,
2. Tell me of Je - sus, the Sav - ior, Of His death up - on Cal - va - ry;
3. Tell me of Je - sus, the Sav - ior, Of how He a - rose from the dead;
4. Tell me of Je - sus, the Sav - ior, Of the home He has gone to pre - pare;



Came down to this dark world of sorrow, For sin - ners to suf - fer and die.
How they cruelly mocked and scourged Him, Then hanged Him upon the tree.
As - cend - ed up in - to the heavens, That sinners might thither be led.
Of the robe and the crown and the mansion, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y up there.



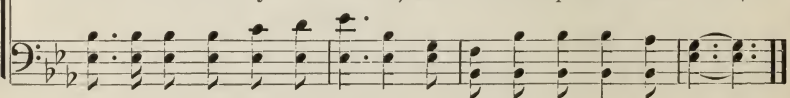
CHORUS.



Tell me of Je - sus, the Sav - ior, Tell me, for I would know The



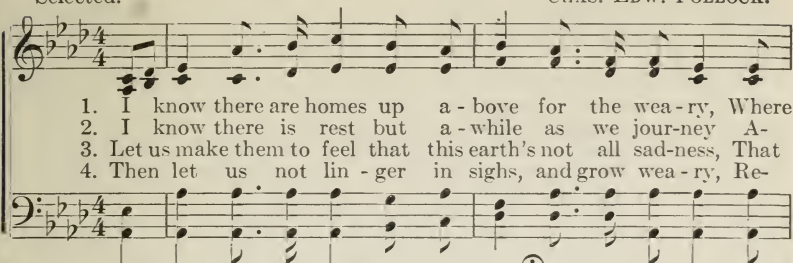
beau - ti - ful sto - ry of Je - sus, Who loved the poor sin - ner so.



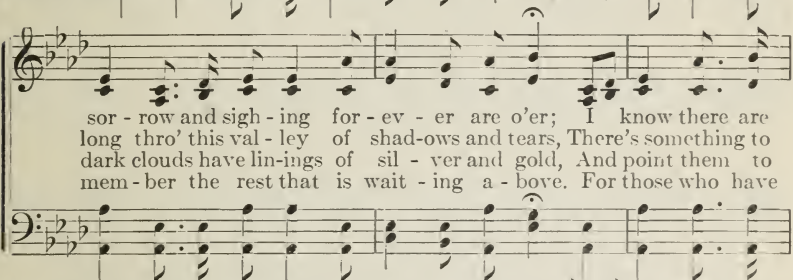
"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." Heb. 4: 9.

Selected.

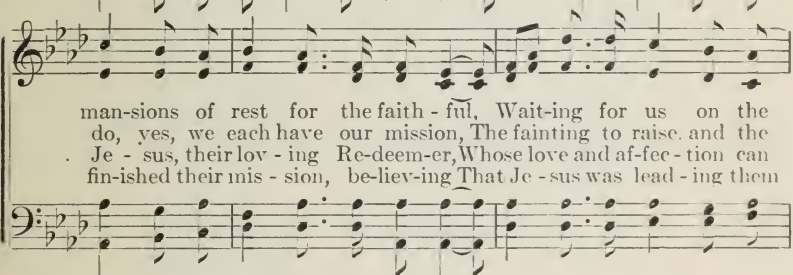
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. I know there are homes up a - bove for the wea - ry, Where
 2. I know there is rest but a - while as we jour - ney A -
 3. Let us make them to feel that this earth's not all sad - ness, That
 4. Then let us not lin - ger in sighs, and grow wea - ry, Re -

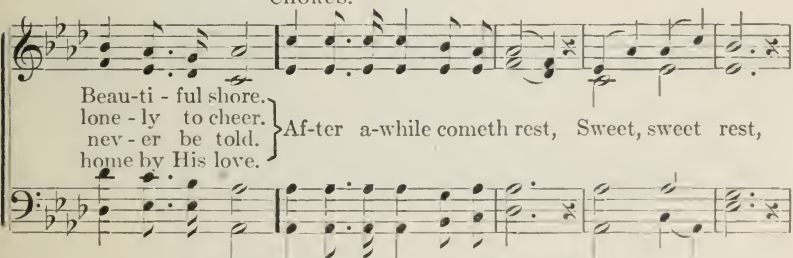


sor - row and sigh - ing for - ev - er are o'er; I know there are
 long thro' this val - ley of shad - ows and tears, There's something to
 dark clouds have lin - ings of sil - ver and gold, And point them to
 mem - ber the rest that is wait - ing a - bove. For those who have



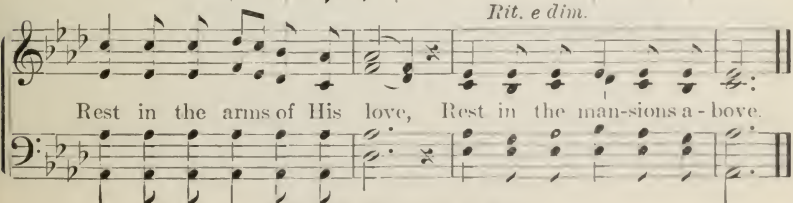
man - sions of rest for the faith - ful, Wait - ing for us on the
 do, yes, we each have our mission, The fainting to raise, and the
 Je - sus, their lov - ing Re - deem - er, Whose love and af - fec - tion can
 fin - ished their mis - sion, be - liev - ing That Je - sus was lead - ing them

CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful shore,
 lone - ly to cheer,
 nev - er be told, } Af - ter a - while cometh rest, Sweet, sweet rest,
 home by His love.

Rit. e dim.



Rest in the arms of His love, Rest in the man - sions a - bove.

No. 110.

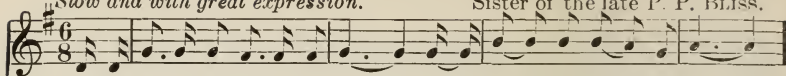
My Mother's Hands.

Mrs. M. E. W.

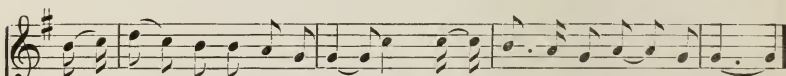
Slow and with great expression.

Mrs. M. E. WILLSON. by per.

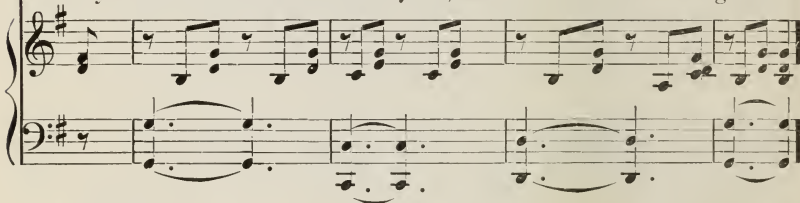
Sister of the late P. P. BLISS.



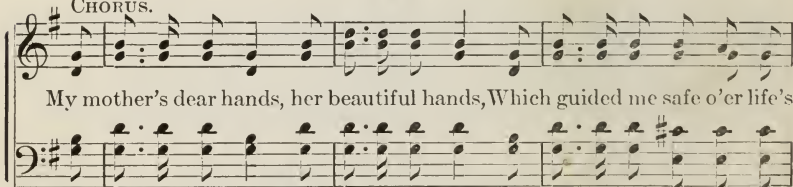
1. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Tho' they neither were white nor small,
2. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! How they cared for my infant days!
3. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! As they pressed my ach-ing brow,
4. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Thin and wrinkled with age they grew;
5. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I stood by her cof-fin one day,
6. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I shall clasp them again once more,



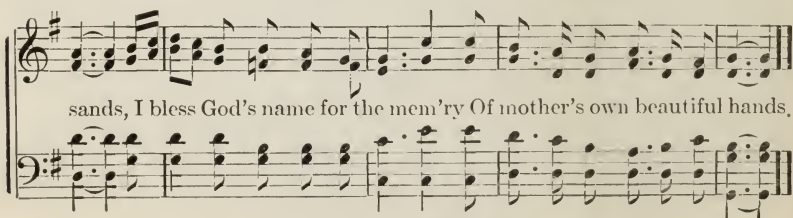
Yet my mother's hands were the fairest And love-li-est hands of all.
 They guided my feet into pleasant paths, And smooth'd all the rugged ways.
 They cool'd the fever and eased the pain; Me-thinks I can feel them now.
 But still they toiled on for the child so dear, And her love seem'd more tender and true.
 And I kissed those hands so cold and white, As qui-et and peaceful she lay.
 As my feet touch the bank of the heav'nly land; We shall meet on that shining shore.



CHORUS.



My mother's dear hands, her beautiful hands, Which guided me safe o'er life's



sands, I bless God's name for the mem'ry Of mother's own beautiful hands,

"Mighty to save." Isa. 63:1.

*With expression.*Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. The Sav - ior died for sin - ners lost, Je - sus is might-y to save;
 2. By faith He saves poor, sin - ful man, Je - sus is might-y to save;
 3. Sal - va - tion free He gives to all, Je - sus is might-y to save;
 4. Then, sin - ner, come with out de - lay, Je - sus is might-y to save;
 5. ♪ Ma - ny knock at mer - cy's gate, Je - sus is might-y to save;
 6. ♪ Oh, how sad to hear the cry, Je - sus is might-y to save;
 7. Then do not cross the "unseen path," Je - sus is might-y to save;

Their ran - som paid at won - drous cost, Je - sus is might-y to save.
 Than this there is no oth - er plan, Je - sus is might-y to save.
 That loud for mer - cy on Him call, Je - sus is might-y to save.
 Be - fore He turn from you a - way, Je - sus is might-y to save.
 ♪ But to find that 'tis too late, Je - sus is might-y to save.
 ♪ In my sins I'm left to die, Je - sus is might-y to save.
 Be - tween God's mer - cy and His wrath, Je - sus is might-y to save.

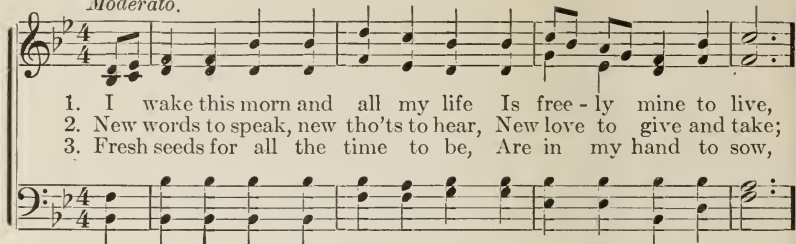
CHORUS.

Je - sus is mighty, is mighty to save, Je - sus is mighty, is mighty to save;

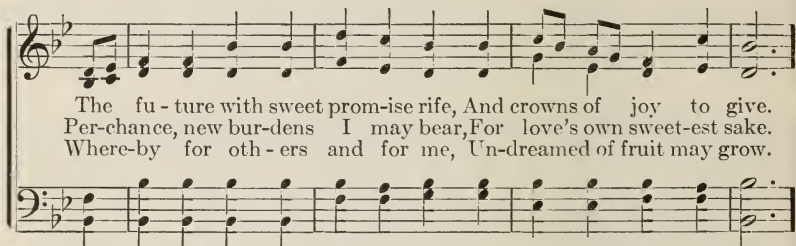
His own pre - cious life as a ran - som He gave, Je - sus is might-y to save.

"My voice shalt thou hear in the morning." Psa. 5: 3.

Words selected.

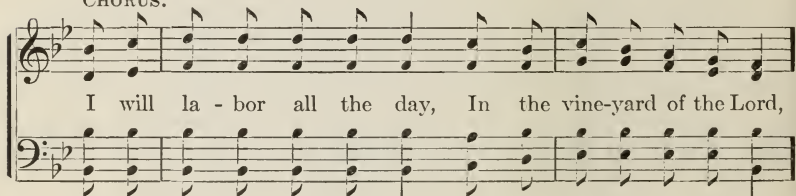
Music and Chorus by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.*Moderato.*


1. I wake this morn and all my life Is free - ly mine to live,
2. New words to speak, new tho'ts to hear, New love to give and take;
3. Fresh seeds for all the time to be, Are in my hand to sow,

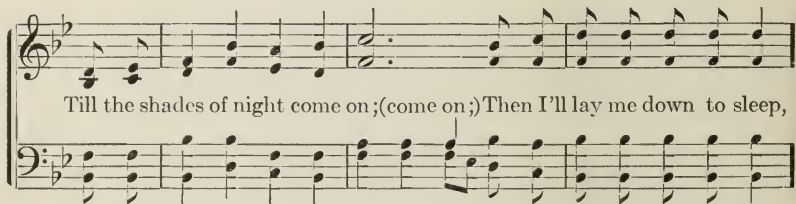


The fu - ture with sweet prom - ise rife, And crowns of joy to give.
Per - chance, new bur - dens I may bear, For love's own sweet - est sake.
Where - by for oth - ers and for me, Un - dreamed of fruit may grow.

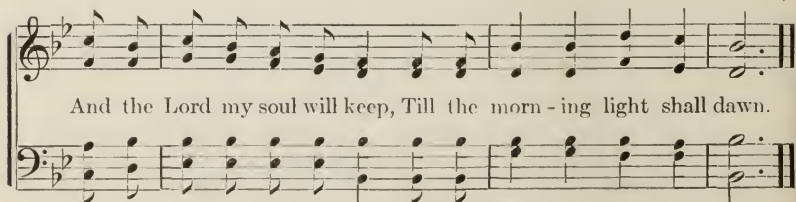
CHORUS.



I will la - bor all the day, In the vine - yard of the Lord,



Till the shades of night come on; (come on;) Then I'll lay me down to sleep,



And the Lord my soul will keep, Till the morn - ing light shall dawn.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11: 28.

Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With expression, effective as a Solo.

1. I'm wear - y of my bur - den, 'Tis more than I can bear;
2. My heart is ver - y sin - ful, As vile as it can be;
3. I'll go to Him in meek - ness, My wants to Him make known;
4. For me He shed His life - blood On Cal - v'ry's rug - ged hill;

I'll ear - ry it to Je - sus, And hum - bly leave it there.
To Christ, the Liv - ing Foun - tain, For cleansing I will flee.
I know that He will hear me, And as His child will own.
He's prom - ised to re - deem me: That prom - ise He'll ful - fill.

CHORUS.

Hear the Sav - ior call - ing, Say - ing, come to me; From the chains that

bind thee, I will set thee free; Cleanse your heart from sin - stains, Make it

white as snow; So that from it, on - ly Pur - est tho'ts will flow.

No. 114.

Come to Jesus.

Selected.

JNO. W. HOLT.

1. Are you wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Do you long for peace and rest?
 2. Are you wea - ry with the pleasures That can nev - er sat - is - fy?
 3. Are you wea - ry with the friendship That vain world has to be - stow?
 4. Come to Je - sus, wea - ry, lost one, Come, for He is pass - ing by;

FINE.

Je - sus waits with full for-give-ness, For the soul with sin oppressed.
 You may have joys pure and last-ing, That earth's gold can nev - er buy.
 Come to Christ, the friend of sinners, Then true friendship you shall know.
 Ven - ture all, and ful - ly trust Him, He will save and sat - is - fy.

He is call - ing, He is call ing, Trust Him now and you shall live.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, He will all your sins for-give.

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No. 115.

Nearer to Port.

"Sunday School Times."

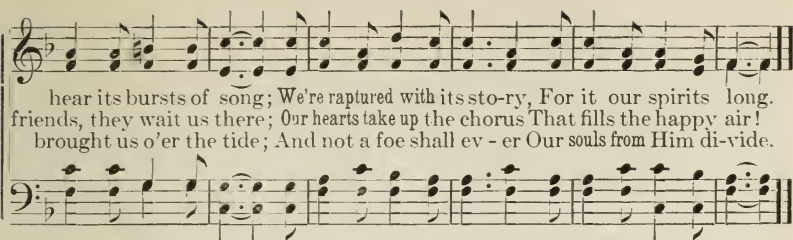
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. by per.

Not too fast.

1. It's com-ing, com-ing near-er, The love - ly land, un - seen; Its shores are
 2. O dear and bless-ed heav-en! What country is like thee? The ties of
 3. It's com-ing, com-ing near-er! We're homeward bound at last! Its shores are

growing clearer, Tho' mists lie dark between. We catch its gleams of glo - ry, We
 earth, tho' riv-en, All re - u-nite in thee. Our children gone be-fore us, Our
 growing clearer, We soon shall anchor fast! We'll dwell with Him for-ev-er, Who

Nearer to Port.



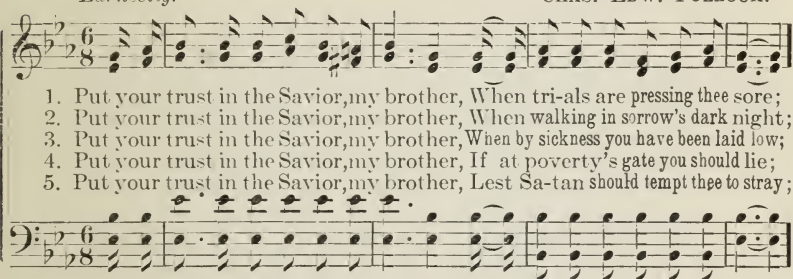
hear its bursts of song; We're raptured with its sto-ry, For it our spirits long.
friends, they wait us there; Our hearts take up the chorus That fills the happy air!
brought us o'er the tide; And not a foe shall ev - er Our souls from Him di-vide.

No. 116. Put Your Trust in the Savior.

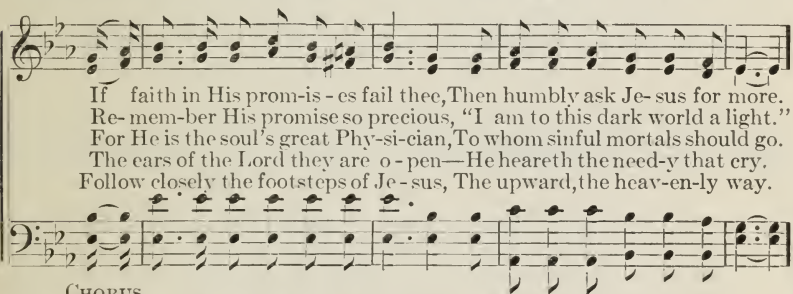
"Let him trust in the name of the Lord." Isa. 50: 10.

Earnestly.

Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

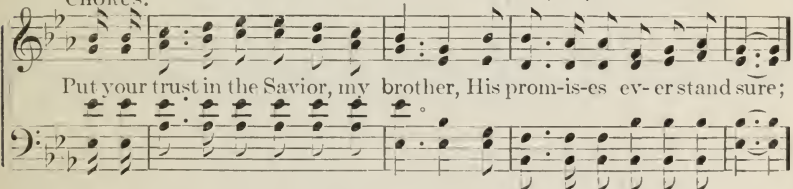


1. Put your trust in the Savior, my brother, When tri-als are pressing thee sore;
2. Put your trust in the Savior, my brother, When walking in sorrow's dark night;
3. Put your trust in the Savior, my brother, When by sickness you have been laid low;
4. Put your trust in the Savior, my brother, If at poverty's gate you should lie;
5. Put your trust in the Savior, my brother, Lest Sa-tan should tempt thee to stray;

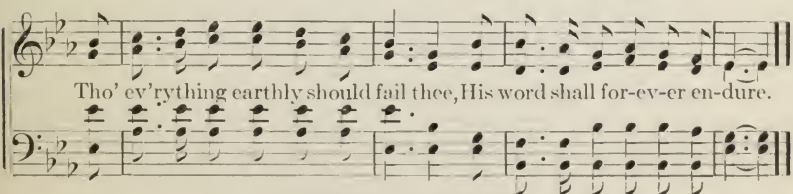


If faith in His prom-is-es fail thee, Then humbly ask Je-sus for more.
Re-mem-ber His promise so precious, "I am to this dark world a light."
For He is the soul's great Phy-si-cian, To whom sinful mortals should go.
The ears of the Lord they are o-pen—He heareth the need-y that cry.
Follow closely the footsteps of Je-sus, The upward, the heav-en-ly way.

CHORUS.

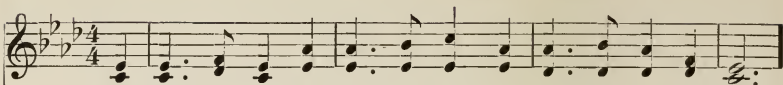


Put your trust in the Savior, my brother, His prom-is-es ev-er stand sure;

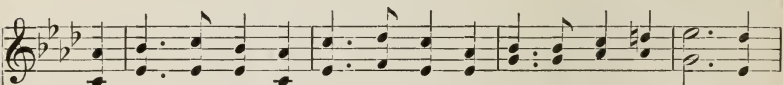


Tho' ev'rything earthly should fail thee, His word shall for-ev-er en-dure.

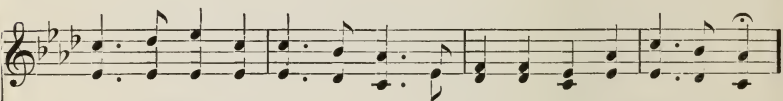
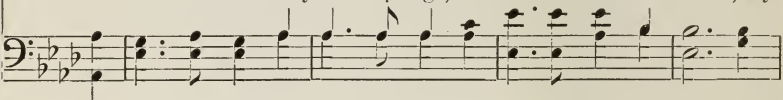
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



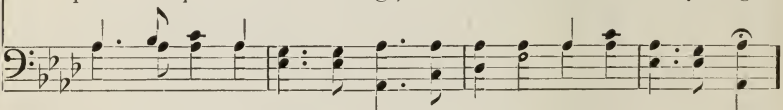
1. Oh, bless-ed fel-low-ship di-vine! Oh, joy su-preme-ly sweet!
2. I'm walk-ing close to Je - sus' side; So close that I can hear
3. I'm lean-ing on His lov - ing breast, A-long life's wea - ry way;
4. I know His shelt'ring wings of love Are al - ways o'er me spread;



Com-pan-ion-ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss replete; In
The soft - est whis-pers of His love In fel-low-ship so dear, And
My path, il - lum-ined by His smiles, Grows brighter day by day; No
And tho' the storms may fierce-ly rage, All calm and free from dread, My



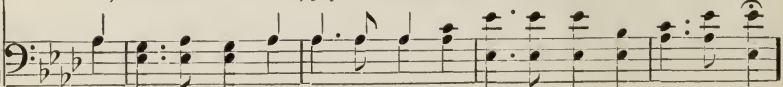
un - ion with the pur - est one, I find my heav'n on earth be-gun
feel His great Al-might - y hand Pro-TECTS me in this hos-tile land.
foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Al-might-y Friend so near.
peace-ful spir - it ev - er sings, "I'll trust the cov-ert of Thy wings."



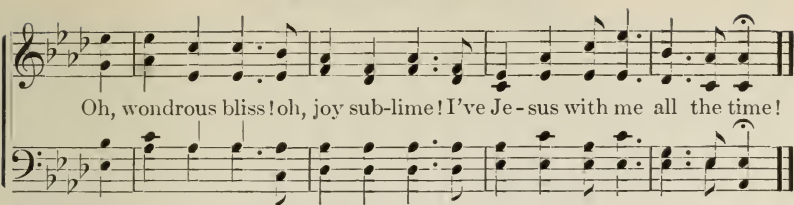
REFRAIN.



Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je-sus with me all the time!



Companionship With Jesus.



Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sub-lime! I've Je-sus with me all the time!

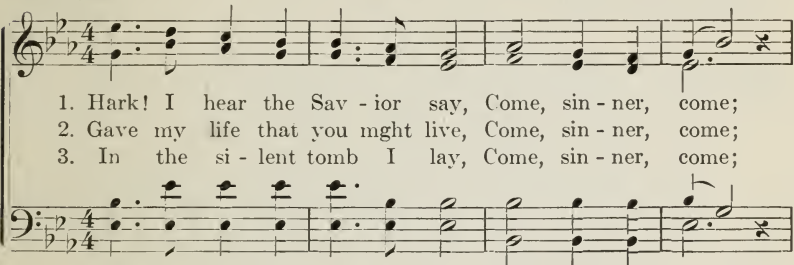
No. 118.

Come, Sinner, Come.

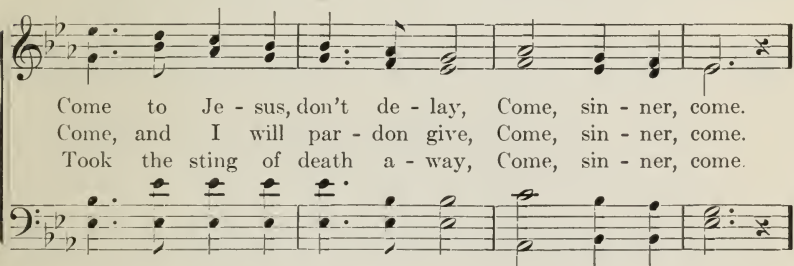
"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." Isa. 45: 22.

Selected.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

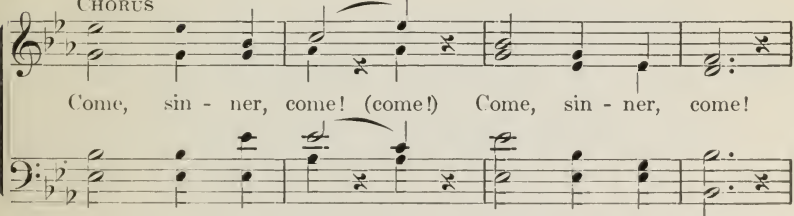


1. Hark! I hear the Sav-ior say, Come, sin-ner, come;
2. Gave my life that you might live, Come, sin-ner, come;
3. In the si-lent tomb I lay, Come, sin-ner, come;



Come to Je-sus, don't de-lay, Come, sin-ner, come.
Come, and I will par-don give, Come, sin-ner, come.
Took the sting of death a-way, Come, sin-ner, come.

CHORUS



Come, sin-ner, come! (come!) Come, sin-ner, come!



Come and find in me a home, Come, sin-ner, come!

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap." Gal. 6: 7.

Chorus and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. For pain or for pleas-ure, for weal or for woe, The law of our
2. Tho' life may ap-pear as a des-o-late track, Yet bread that we
3. We make ourselves he-roes and mar-tyrs for gold, Till health becomes
4. We'll reap what we're sowing-O, won-der-ful truth! A truth hard to

be-ing is, "reap as we sow;" We'll try to e-vade it, but
cast on the wa-ters comes back; The law was en-act-ed by
bro-ken and youth be-comes old; But did we the same for a
learn in the days of our youth; But shines out at last as the

do what we will, Our acts, like our shad-ows, will fol-low us still.
heav-en a-bove, That like attracts like, and that love be-gets love.
beau-ti-ful love, Our lives might be mu-sic for an-gels a-bove.
"hand on the wall"-The Lord will in mer-cy give jus-tice to all.

CHORUS.

Sow - - ing the seeds..... by our words..... and our
Sowing the seeds by our words and our deeds, Sowing the seeds by our

deeds,..... In the dark - - - ness of night,.... or in
words and our deeds, In the darkness of night, or in broad daylight, In the

The Harvest is Sure.

broad day - light, Wheth - - er of wheat,
 darkness of night, or in broad daylight, Whether of wheat or of tares we have

or of tares, we have sown, Will,
 sown, Whether of wheat or of tares we have sown, Will at the reap -

at the reap - - ing time Sure - - ly be known,
 ing time surely be known, Will at the reaping time surely be known.

Will sure-ly be known,

No. 120.

Showalter. L. M.

C. ELVEN.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. by per.

1. With bro-ken heart and contrite sigh, A trembling sin-ner, Lord, I cry:
 2. I smite up-on my troubled breast, With deep and conscious guilt oppressed,
 3. Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done, Can for a sin-gle sin a-tone;
 4. And when, redeemed from sin and hell, With all the ransom'd throng I dwell;

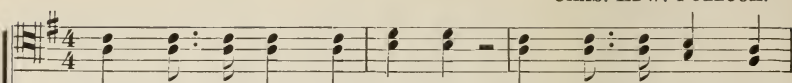
Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free; O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!
 Christ and His cross my on-ly plea; O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!
 To Cal-va-ry a-lone I flee; O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!
 My rap-tured song shall ev-er be, God hath been mer-ci-ful to me!

No. 121.

Remember Me.

FOR MALE VOICES.

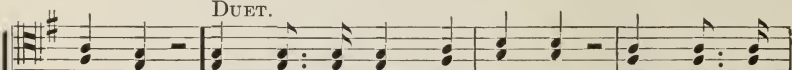
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



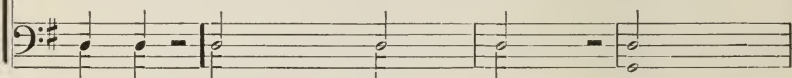
1. When storms a-round are sweep-ing, When lone my watch I'm
2. When walk-ing on life's o - cean, Con - trol its rag - ing
3. When weight of sin op - press - es, When dark de - spair dis-



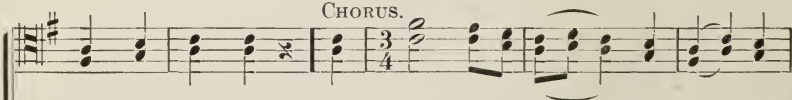
DUET.



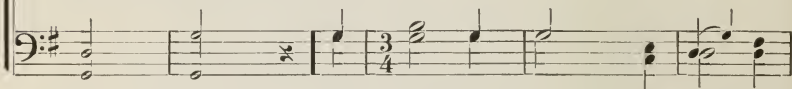
keep - ing, 'Mid fires of e - vil fall - ing, 'Mid tempter's
mo - tion; When from its dan - gers shrink-ing, When in its
tress - es, All thro' the life that's mor - tal, And when I



CHORUS.



voic - es call - ing.
dread deeps sink-ing. } Re - mem - ber me, O Might - y
pass death's por - tal.



One! Re - mem - ber me, O Might - y One!

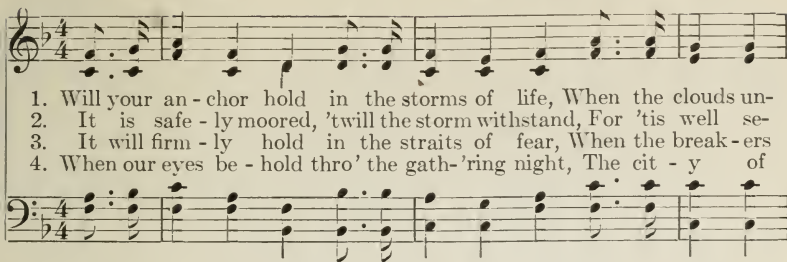


No. 122.

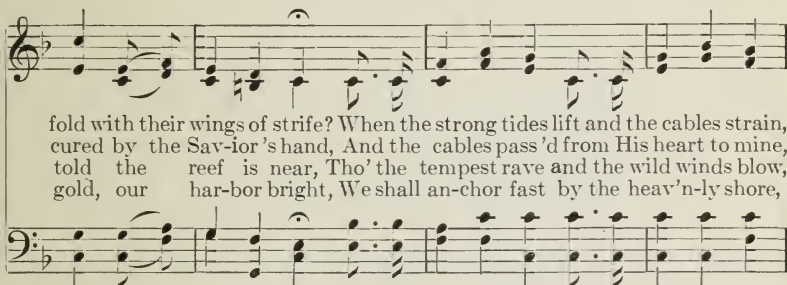
We Have an Anchor.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

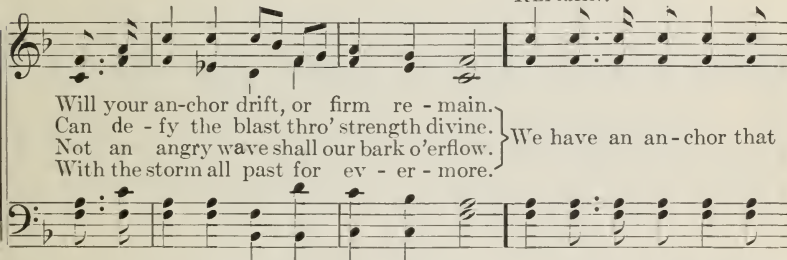


1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un -
2. It is safe - ly moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se -
3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the break - ers
4. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath - ring night, The cit - y of

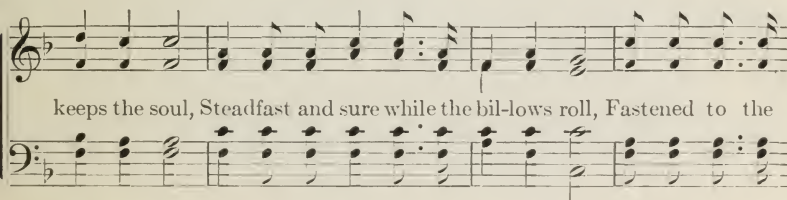


fold with their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift and the cables strain,
cured by the Sav-ior's hand, And the cables pass'd from His heart to mine,
told the reef is near, Tho' the tempest rave and the wild winds blow,
gold, our har-bor bright, We shall an-chor fast by the heav'n-ly shore,

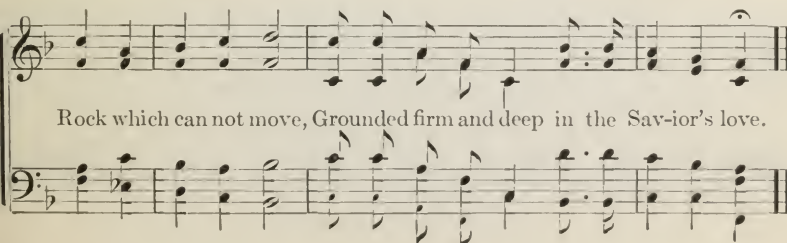
REFRAIN.



Will your an-chor drift, or firm re-main.
Can de-fy the blast thro' strength divine.
Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.
With the storm all past for ev-er-more. } We have an an-chor that



keeps the soul, Steadfast and sure while the bil-lows roll, Fastened to the



Rock which can not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav-ior's love.

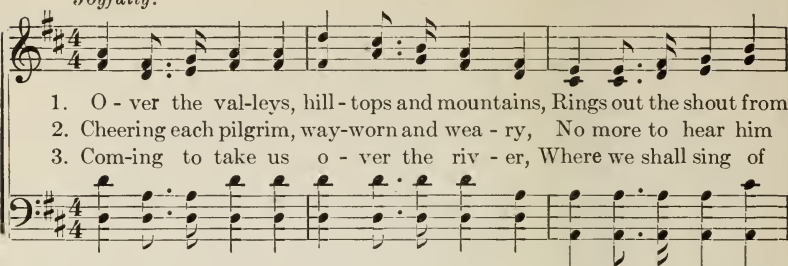
No. 123.

Jesus is Coming Again.

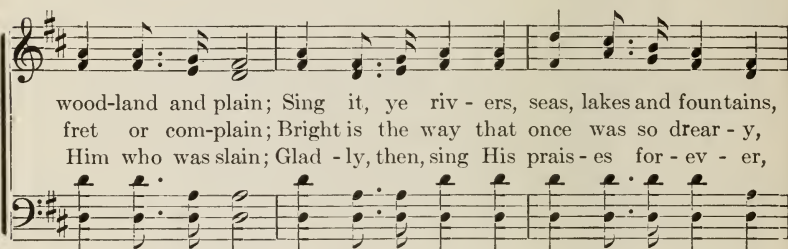
"This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Acts 1: 11.

Anon.

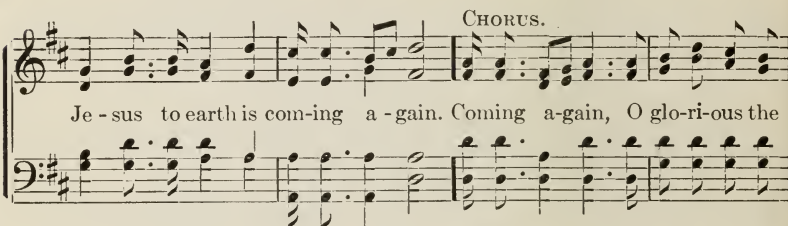
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Joyfully.


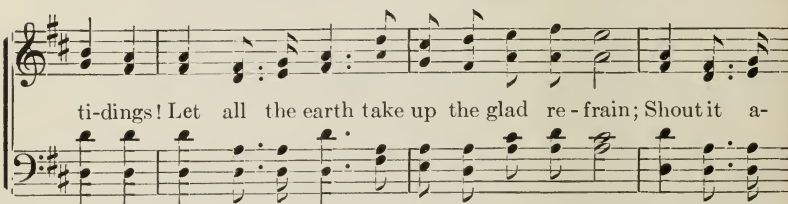
1. O - ver the val-leys, hill - tops and mountains, Rings out the shout from
 2. Cheering each pilgrim, way-worn and wea - ry, No more to hear him
 3. Com-ing to take us o - ver the riv - er, Where we shall sing of



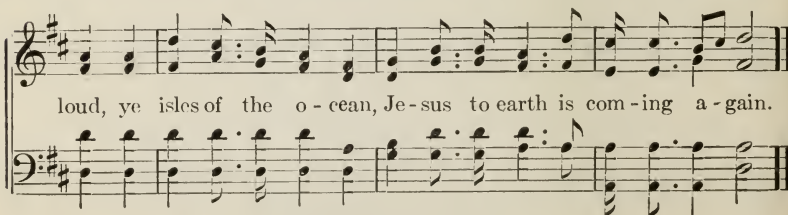
wood-land and plain; Sing it, ye riv - ers, seas, lakes and fountains,
 fret or com-plain; Bright is the way that once was so drear - y,
 Him who was slain; Glad - ly, then, sing His prais - es for - ev - er,



CHORUS.
 Je - sus to earth is com-ing a - gain. Coming a - gain, O glo - ri - ous the



ti-dings! Let all the earth take up the glad re - frain; Shout it a -



loud, ye isles of the o - cean, Je - sus to earth is com-ing a - gain.

No. 124.

Homeward Bound.

W. F. WARREN.

C. S. HARRINGTON.

1. Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound,
 2. Wild-ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound,
 3. In - to the har - bor of heav'n now we glide, We're home at last,

home-ward bound; Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest - less tide,
 home-ward bound; Look! yon - der lie the bright, heav - en - ly shores,
 home at last; Soft - ly we drift on its bright sil - ver tide,

We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Far from the safe, qui-et, har - bor we
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Steady, O pi - lot! stand firm at the
 We're home at last, home at last. Glo - ry to God! all our dan-gers are

rode, Seek - ing our Fa - ther's ce - les - tial a - bode, Prom - ise of
 wheel, Stead - y! we soon shall out - weath - er the gale; Oh, how we
 o'er, We stand se - cure on the glo - ri - fied shore; Glo - ry to

which on us each He bestowed; We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 fly 'neath the loud - creak - ing sail; We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 God! we will shout ev - er - more, We're home at last, home at last.

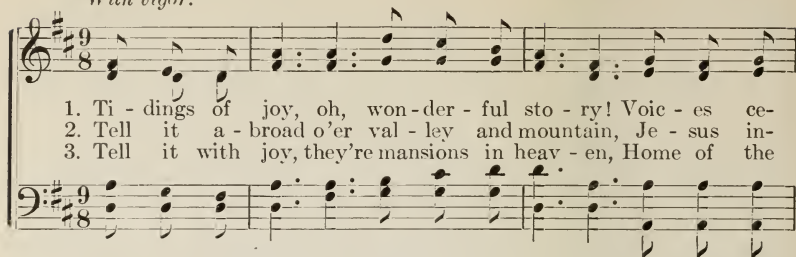
No. 125.

Tidings of Joy.

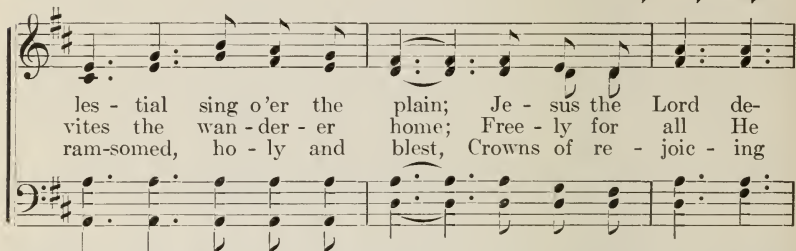
"Behold I bring you tidings of great joy." Luke 2: 10.

Rev. E. T. BOWERS. By per.

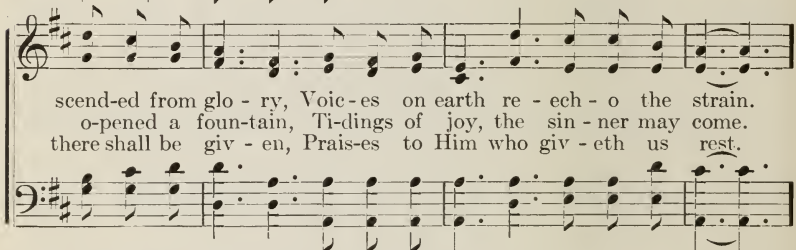
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With vigor.


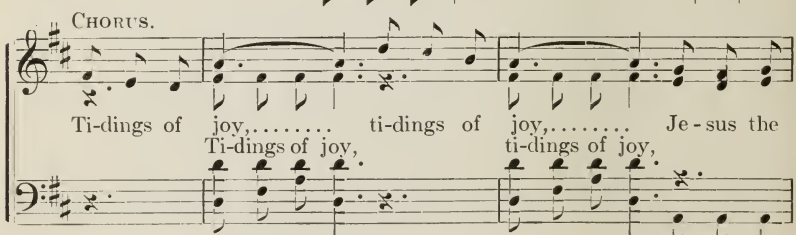
1. Ti - dings of joy, oh, won - der - ful sto - ry! Voic - es ce -
 2. Tell it a - broad o'er val - ley and mountain, Je - sus in -
 3. Tell it with joy, they're mansions in heav - en, Home of the



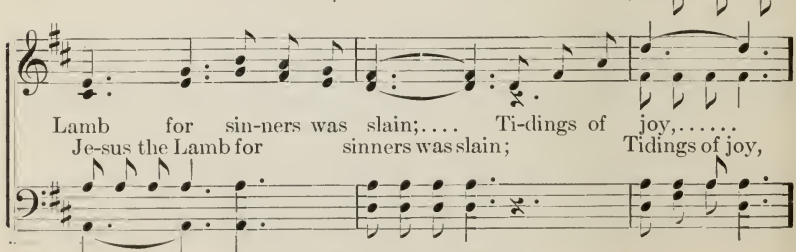
les - tial sing o'er the plain; Je - sus the Lord de -
 vites the wan - der - er home; Free - ly for all He
 ram-somed, ho - ly and blest, Crowns of re - joic - ing



scend-ed from glo - ry, Voic-es on earth re - ech - o the strain.
 o - pened a foun-tain, Ti-dings of joy, the sin - ner may come.
 there shall be giv - en, Prais-es to Him who giv - eth us rest.



CHORUS.
 Ti-dings of joy,..... ti-dings of joy,..... Je - sus the
 Ti-dings of joy, ti-dings of joy,



Lamb for sin - ners was slain;.... Ti-dings of joy,.....
 Je - sus the Lamb for sinners was slain; Tidings of joy,

Tidings of Joy.

ti-dings of joy,..... Ti-dings of joy, He liv - eth a - gain.
tidings of joy,

No. 126. Whiter Than Snow.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Psa. 51: 7.

Anonymous.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. White as snow; oh, what a prom-ise For the heav-y - la - den breast;
2. White as snow; can my transgressions Thus be whol-ly washed a - way,
3. Yes, at once, and that completely, Thro' the blood of Christ, I know,

When by faith the soul re-ceive it, Wea - ri-ness is changed to rest.
Leav-ing not a trace be-hind them, Like a cloud-less sum-mer day?
All my sins, tho' red, like crim-son, May be-come as white as snow.

CHORUS

Whit - - er than snow,.... Washed in the blood of the Lamb;....
Whiter than snow, whit-er than snow, in the blood of the Lamb;

Whit - - er than snow,.... Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Whiter than snow, whit-er than snow,

No. 127.

I Am Coming.

"I will arise, and go to my father." Luke 15: 18.

Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Joyfully.

1. I am coming, Lord, I have heard Thy voice As it called in love to me;
2. I am coming, Lord, with a contrite heart, And deep sorrow for my sin;
3. I have sought in vain in the world to find, 'Midst its glitt'ring pomp and show;
4. I am coming, Lord, with a firm re-solve, As I kneel at Thy dear feet,

And the ten-der tones of that voice so sweet, Hath won my heart to Thee.
I now re - al - ize by the Spirit's pow'r, How sin - ful I have been.
Perfect hap-pi-ness and the peace of mind, That a longing soul would know.
To renounce the world and its pleasures vain, And accept Thy service sweet.

CHORUS.

I am com - - - ing, com-ing, dear-est Lord,
I am com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, I am com-ing, dear-est Lord,

I am com-ing at Thy call; I am com - - - at Thy call, I am com-ing, com-ing,

- - ing, com-ing, dear-est Lord, At Thy precious feet to fall.
com-ing, I am

No. 128. Shine Forth, Eternal Light!

"In thy light shall we see light." Psa. 36: 9.

Selected.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Shine forth, shine forth, E - ter-nal Light, And pen - e - trate the heav-y
2. Shine forth, shine forth, E - ter-nal Truth! On hoar-y age, on blooming
3. Light of the world, O hear the pray'r, Of millions sink-ing in de-

night, That presses down the soul; The mys-t'ries of Thy grace un-seal,
youth, Thy heav'nly unc-tion send; On us, on all, a - rise and bring
spair, A-round each i - dol shrine; Send down Thy Spir-it from a - bove,

Thine own all - glo - rious self re - veal, And Sa-tan's pow'r con-trol.
Sal - va - tion on Thy heal - ing wing, And bid our sor - rows end.
As - sist Thy peo-ple's toil of love, And prove the cause is Thine

CHORUS.

Shine forth, shine forth, Shine forth E - ter-nal Light,
Shine forth, shine forth, shine forth,

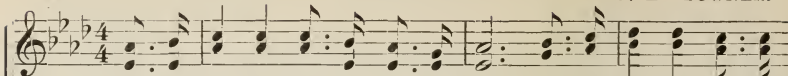
Shine forth, shine forth, Shine forth, E - ter - nal Light.
shine forth, shine forth,

No. 129. I Will Boldly Tell to All Around.

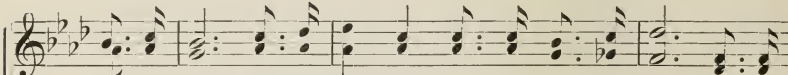
Mrs. ELLA LAUDER.

Mark 5 : 19.

D. B. TOWNER.

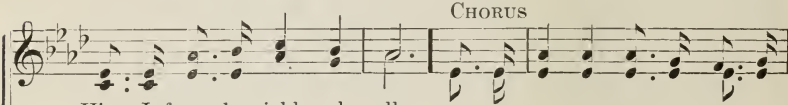


1. Once my eyes were blinded by the world, And my ears were deaf to
 2. Ev-'ry day His mer-cy more ap-pears, Ev-'ry day I love and
 3. All my life is brightened by His love, All my sins for-giv-en
 4. I would speak the joys which He has bro't, I would sing the blessings



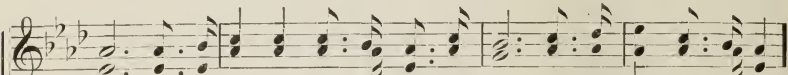
Je-sus' call; But at last His ten-der voice I heard, And to
 trust Him more; Tell Him all my earth-ly hopes and fears, Ask His
 by His grace; Since His Spir-it, like a heav'n-ly dove, Found with-
 He has giv'n; I would pray that all who Christ have sought, May re-

CHORUS

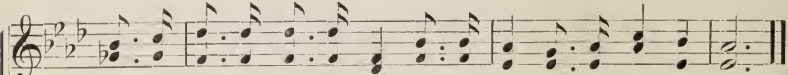


Him I free-ly yield-ed all,
 help and guidance o'er and o'er.
 in my heart a dwell-ing place.
 ceive a crown of life in heav'n.

I will bold-ly tell to all a-



round, What a precious Sav-ior I have found, When I came un-to Him,



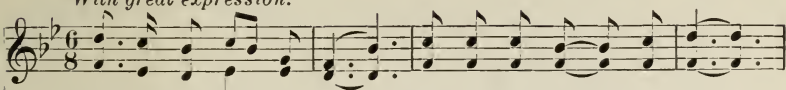
He my heart did en-ter in, And for-gave me of all my sin.

No. 130. Flee from the Wrath to Come!

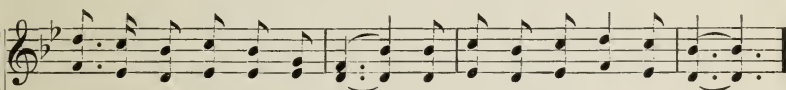
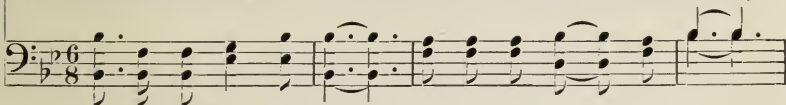
Luke 3: 7.

Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With great expression.



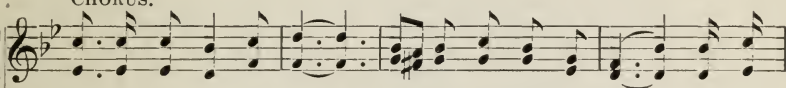
1. "Flee from the wrath to come!" Flee, sin-ner, while you may!
2. "Flee from the wrath to come!" Show you are sor-ry for sin;
3. "Flee from the wrath to come!" Trust in the Sav-ior a-lone;
4. "Flee from the wrath to come!" Flee to the arms of Christ's love;



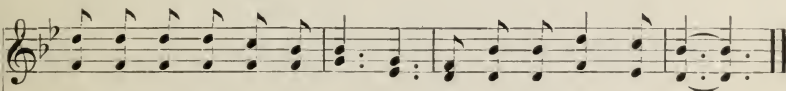
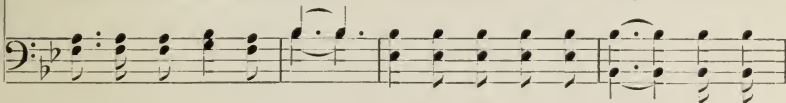
Je-sus will welcome you home, ♪ If you will come "to-day."
And by your ev'-ry-day walk, ♪ Prove the new life with-in.
Good works a-lone can-not save, ♪ God in His Word hath shown.
He will most glad-ly re-ceive, And take you to heav'n a-bove.



CHORUS.



"Flee from the wrath to come!" Flee from sod-om to-day! "Look not



back" lest God's wrath o-ver-take you, And you are lost for aye.

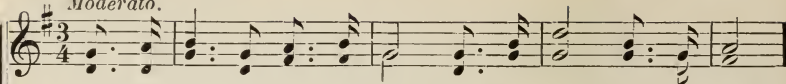


No. 131.

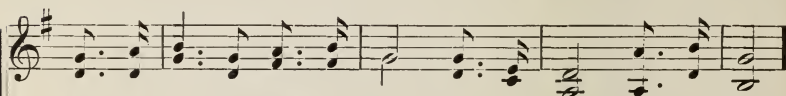
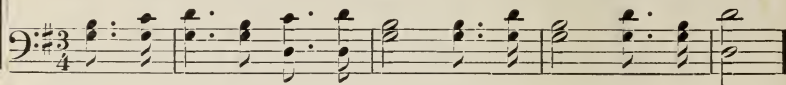
Some Sweet Day.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

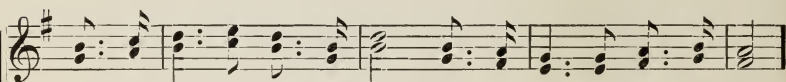
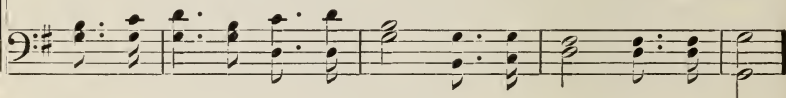
D. B. TOWNER.

Moderato.

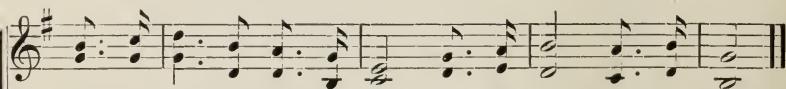
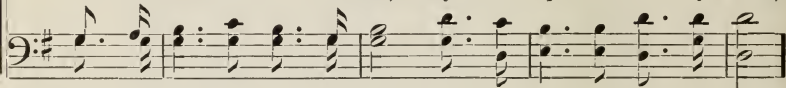
1. We shall reach the riv - er side, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
2. We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
3. We shall meet our lov'd and own, Some sweet day, some sweet day;



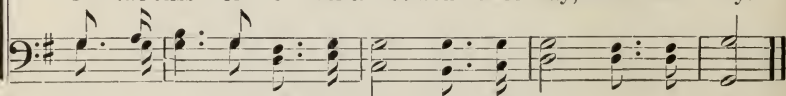
We shall cross the storm - y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 Gath'ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet day;



We shall press the sands of gold, While be - fore our eyes un - fold.
 We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry to the lamb that's slain,
 Be the tree of life so fair, Joy and rap - ture ev - 'ry - where,



Heav - en's spen - dors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Christ was dead but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 O the bliss of o - ver there! Some sweet day, some sweet day.



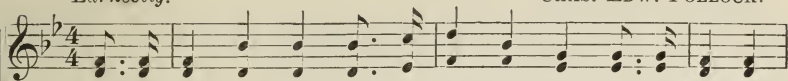
No. 132.

Will I Be There?

"And behold! a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne." Rev. 4: 2.

Earnestly.

Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



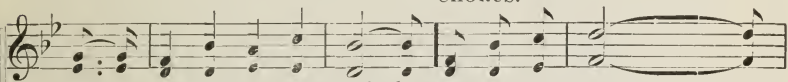
1. When the saints shall stand 'round the great white throne, Gathered in from
2. There's a hope springs up in my troub-led breast, As I go to
3. Bless-ed Sav-ior, keep our poor, wand'ring feet In the straight and



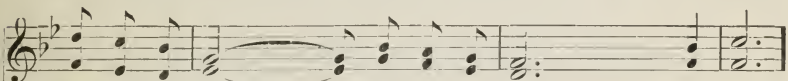
ev - 'ry clime, Sing - ing al - le - lu - jahs un - to the Lamb,
God in pray'r; That by grace I'll walk in the nar - row way,
nar - row way; For we long to meet on the gold - en street,



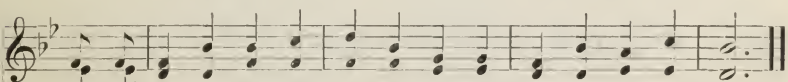
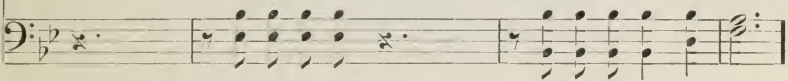
CHORUS.



Will I be there, and mine? Will I be there?.....
Till I reach my home up there. }
In that land of per - fect day. } Will I be there?



Will I be there?..... Will I be there, and mine?
Will I be there? Will I be there, and mine?



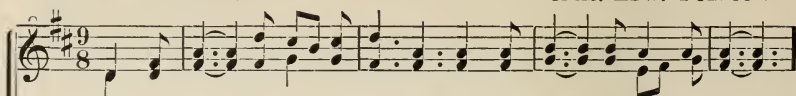
Sing-ing praises 'round the great white throne, Will I be there, and mine?



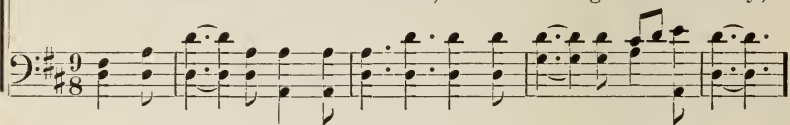
"Go work to day in my vineyard." Matt. 21: 28.

LILLIE M. HADDEN.

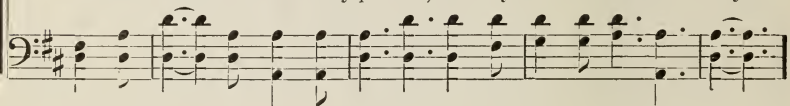
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



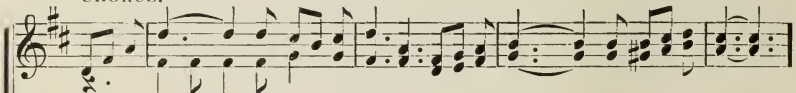
1. Rouse you, Christian peo-ple, list-en! Do you val - ue as you ought
2. To re - deem the world from bondage, Jesus Christ, the Sav-ior, died;
3. There are count-less souls a-round you, Groping on in dark-est night;
4. Go ye out in - to the highways, Bring the wea-ry wan-d'rers in;
5. Are you not your brother's keeper? Will you not your Lord o - bey?
6. Do not wait un - til to-mor-row, There is dan-ger in de - lay;



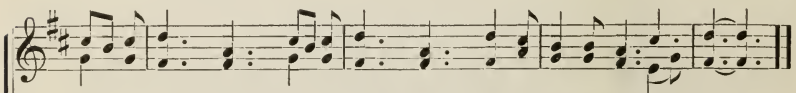
Pre-cious souls for whom Christ suffered? This is wor-thy earnest tho't.
Will-ing - ly en-dured af - flic-tion, On the cross was cru - ci - fied.
Wait-ing for some hand to lead them In - to God's e - ter - nal light.
Tell them or the love of Je - sus, How He died to save from sin.
Ah, He calls you to His serv-ice, "In my vineyard work to - day."
Without Christ some soul may per-ish, While you i - dle time a - way.



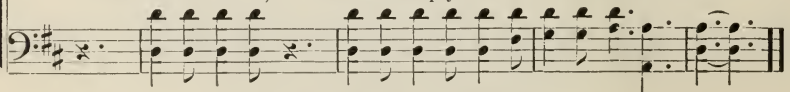
CHORUS.



Lift your eyes... and look about you, On the fields al-read-y white;
Lift your eyes and look about you, On the fields already white;



“Thrust the sickle,” God will help you Bring the lost ones to the light.
“Thrust the sickle,” God will help you

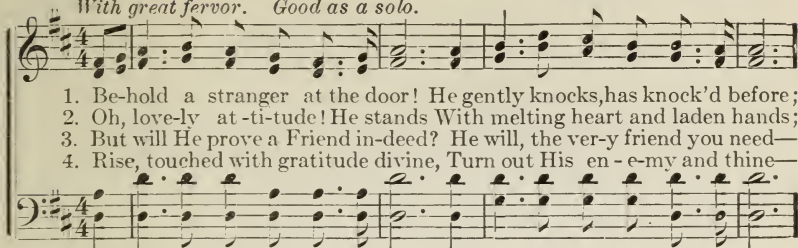


No. 134.

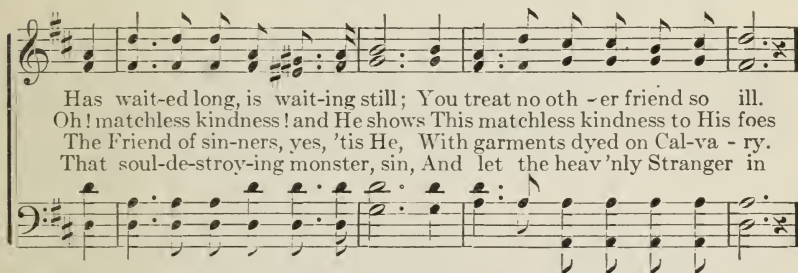
Let the Savior In.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Rev. 3:20.

J. GRIGG.

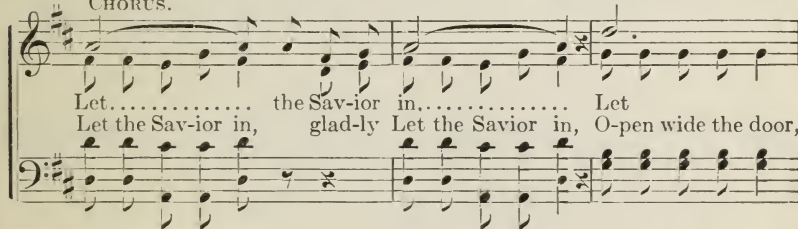
Chorus and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.*With great fervor. Good as a solo.*


1. Be-hold a stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
 2. Oh, love-ly at-ti-tude! He stands With melting heart and laden hands;
 3. But will He prove a Friend in-deed? He will, the ver-y friend you need—
 4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine, Turn out His en-e-my and thine—

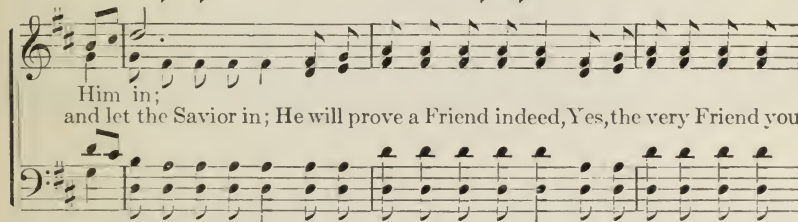


Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
 Oh! matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes
 The Friend of sin-ners, yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
 That soul-de-stroy-ing monster, sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in

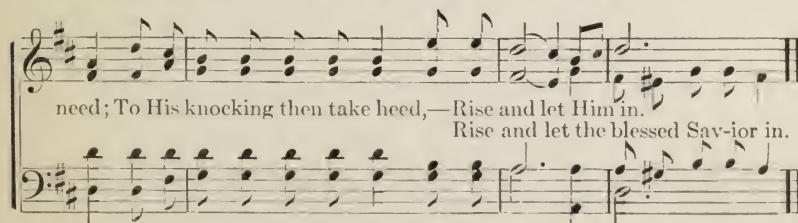
CHORUS.



Let..... the Sav-ior in..... Let
 Let the Sav-ior in, glad-ly Let the Savior in, O-pen wide the door,



Him in;
 and let the Savior in; He will prove a Friend indeed, Yes, the very Friend you



need; To His knocking then take heed,—Rise and let Him in.
 Rise and let the blessed Sav-ior in.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Luke 19: 11.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that the Lord is King! Tell it
 2. Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that the Sav - ior reigns! }
 3. Tell it out a-mong the na-tions Je - sus reigns a - bove!

out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the Tell it out a-mong the Tell it out a-mong the

hea-then, bid them shout and sing! Tell it out! Tell it
 hea-then, bid them break their chains! }
 hea-then, that His reign is love! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it

out! Tell it out with ad - o - ra - tion that He shall increase! Tell it
 Tell it out a - mong the weep-ing ones that Je - sus lives! }
 out! Tell it out a - mong the highways and the lawns at home!

Tell It Out.

out! Tell it out! That the might - y King of
 Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out a-mong the
 Let it ring a-cross the

glo - ry is the King of peace; Tell it out! Tell it
 wea - ry ones what rest He gives;
 moun-tains and the o - cean's foam; Tell it out!

out! Tell it out with ju - bi - la - tion, let the
 Tell it out a-mong the sin - ners that He
 Tell it out! Like the voice of ma - ny wa - ters let our

songs ne'er cease; Tell it out! Tell it out!
 came to save;
 glad shout be; Tell it out!

No. 136.

Jesus is Calling.

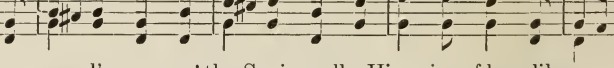
"I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Luke 5: 32.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

With expression.

Chorus and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With expression.



1. Come, wand'rer, come! thy Savior calls, His voice of love like mu-sic falls,
2. Come, wea-ry one, thy bur-den rest Up-on the heart that loves thee best;
3. Come to the foun-tain of His love, Drink free-ly, 'twill thy guilt re-move;
4. Oh, love di-vine! from heavn's high throne The uncreated, might-y One,
5. And now be-fore the throne He pleads, For thee, for thee He in-ter-cedes;
6. Come, bathed in pen-i - ten-tial tears, Confess to Him your guilt and fears;

In er-ror's path no long-er stray; Seek, ere too late, the nar-row way.
 He feels the pangs that rend thy soul, The bro-ken heart He maketh whole.
 Oh, did He die for thee in vain? Wilt cru-ci-fy the Lord a-gain?
 To earth de-scend-ed, died that we Might live to all e-ter-ni-ty.
 To Him, thy Ref-uge, sin-ner, flee! Je-sus, thy Sav-ior, died for thee.
 Oh, bow be-fore the mer-cy-seat! Kneel, wand'rer, kneel at Je-sus' feet.

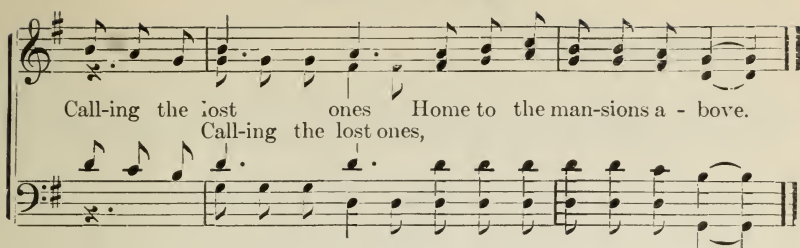
CHORUS.

Je - sus is call - - ing, ten - der - ly call - - ing,
Je - sus is call - ing, ten - der - ly call - ing,

The musical score for the Chorus is written for a two-part setting (Soprano and Bass). It begins with a treble clef and a bass clef, both with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 9/8. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics 'Je - sus is call - - ing, ten - der - ly call - - ing,' and 'Je - sus is call - ing, ten - der - ly call - ing,' written below the notes. The score is divided into two systems, each containing a treble and a bass staff. The first system ends with a double bar line, and the second system continues the melody. The lyrics are written in a stylized font, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

Soft-ly in tones of com-pas-sion and love; Calling His loved ones,
Calling His loved ones,

Jesus is Calling.



Call-ing the lost ones Home to the man-sions a - bove.
Call-ing the lost ones,

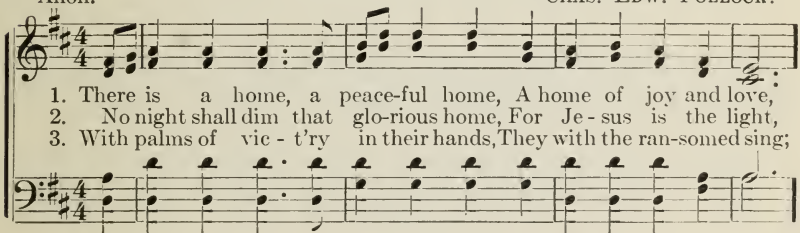
No. 137.

Beautiful Home Above.

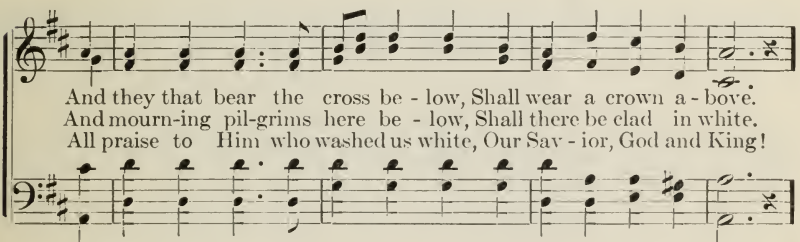
"I go to prepare a place for you." Jno. 14: 2.

Anon.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

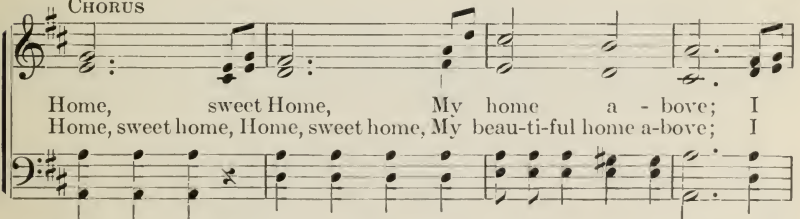


1. There is a home, a peace-ful home, A home of joy and love,
2. No night shall dim that glo-rious home, For Je-sus is the light,
3. With palms of vic - t'ry in their hands, They with the ran-somed sing;

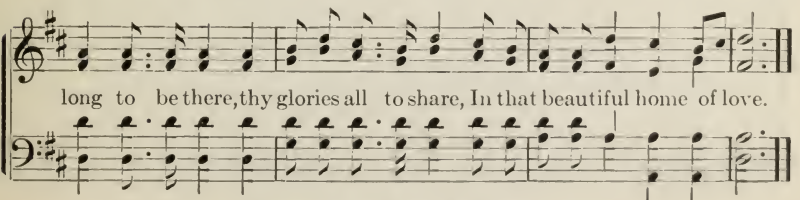


And they that bear the cross be - low, Shall wear a crown a - bove.
And mourn-ing pil-grims here be - low, Shall there be clad in white.
All praise to Him who washed us white, Our Sav - ior, God and King!

CHORUS



Home, sweet Home, My home a - bove; I
Home, sweet home, Home, sweet home, My beau-ti-ful home a-bove; I



long to be there, thy glories all to share, In that beautiful home of love.

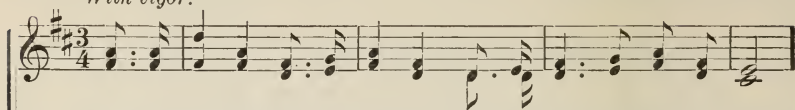
No. 138.

Work for Jesus.

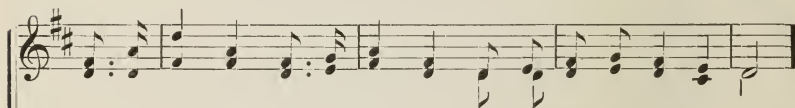
"Go work to-day in my vineyard." Matt. 51:28.

J. W. SOUTHWOOD.
With vigor.

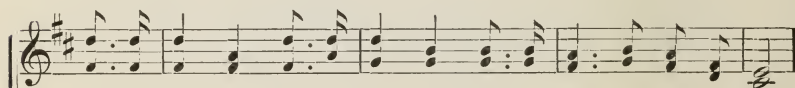
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



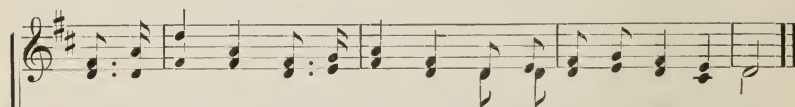
1. Work for Je-sus, and be worth-y Of your call-ing here be-low;
2. Work for Je-sus, help your brother To press on-ward to that rest
3. Work for Je-sus, think of or-phans, As they fa-ther-less must roam;



Work in ear-nest, do your du-ty, Then you shall your Sav-ior know.
That the Sav-ior has made read-y For the saints and all the blest.
Can you not do something for them That will cheer their hearts and home?



Work for Je-sus, love your Mas-ter, All His pre-cepts now o-bey;
Work for Je-sus, aid your sis-ter On her jour-ney home a-bove;
Work for Je-sus, for the sin-ners, On the downward road to woe;



Then you shall be hap-py ev-er, So the Scriptures teach and say.
Then you shall in one known du-ty, Feel you have a Chris-tian love.
Can you not in some way save them? As from earth they soon must go.



No. 139.

That Precious Blood.

"Let us make much of the blood that hath redeemed us." P. P. Bliss.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. That won-der-ful foun-tain was o-pened for me, A free flow-ing,
 2. This blood will re-deem thee from woe and from sin, Then drnk of this
 3. Oh, why will you long-er this par-don re-fuse, Why long-er in

soul-cleans-ing flood; On Cal-va-ry's moun-tain Christ died on the tree, And
 foun-tain and live; There's no oth-er por-tal to en-ter with-in, And
 doubt thus re-main? Why will you, then, longer His pa-tience a-buse, The

CHORUS.

shed there His pre-cious blood. }
 par-don and peace re-ceive. } Let us make much of the blood, (the blood,)
 Sav-ior is calling a-gain. }

The Sav-ior has shed for thee; (for thee); 'Twill wash you and

cleanse you if on-ly you will Just now to this foun-tain flee.

No. 140.

Amazing Grace.

"The grace of God that bringeth salvation" Titus 2: 11.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
 3. Thro' ma - ny dan-gers, toils and snares I have al-read - y come;
 4. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail, And mor-tal life shall cease,

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre-cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved.
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 I shall pos - sess with-in the vail, A life of joy and peace.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas grace, 'twas wond'rous grace, That saved a
 Oh, 'twas grace, 'twas wond'rous grace,

wretch like me! I once was lost,
 That saved a wretch like me, a wretch like me! I once was lost

Was blind, but now I see.
 but now am found, Was blind, but now I see, but now I see.
 but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.

No. 141.

The Banquet of Love.

"Come; for all things are now ready." Luke 14: 17.

Words Selected.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With vigor.

1. Go forth in the high-way, and bid to my banquet; Be-hold! it stands
 2. Then quickly the servants went out from their Master, His message with
 3. Oh, way-worn and wea-ry, de-spise not the message, That sounds in life's

read-y to - day! The chos-en have tar-ried, bring hither the need-y That
 gladness they told; And in from the high-way the need-y came flocking, His
 bus - y high-way. Re-ject not His mercy, the Savior stands waiting—The

CHORUS.

throng in life's bus - y high - way.
 mer-cy and love to be - hold.
 banquet is read - y to - day.

"Come," The whole world is bidden, and yet there is room, The whole world is


bid-den, The whole world is bid-den, The whole world, and yet there is room.

No. 142. Neglect Not Thy Salvation.

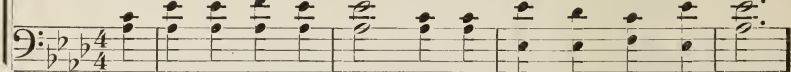
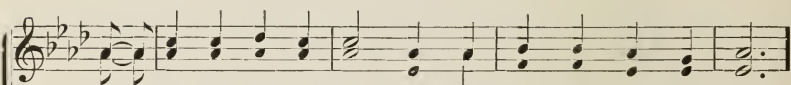
"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." Heb. 3: 15.

Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

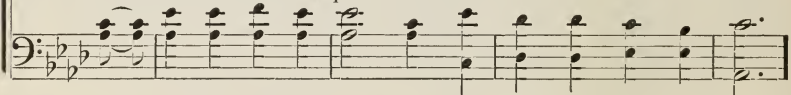
Moderato.



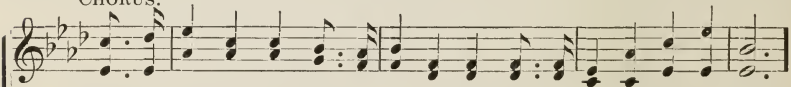
1. Neg - lect not thy sal - va - tion, Oh, hear the warn - ing cry;
2. Neg - lect not thy sal - va - tion; There's pardon full and free
3. Neg - lect not thy sal - va - tion, The time is now, "to - day;"
4. Neg - lect not thy sal - va - tion, 'Tis dan - g'rous to de - lay;
5. Neg - lect not thy sal - va - tion, This call may be your last;

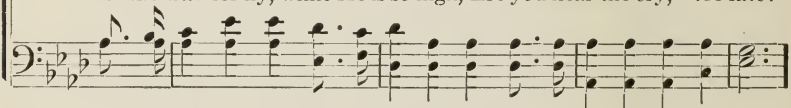

'Tis God's own, aw - ful mes - sage: "The soul that sins shall die."
In the pre - cious blood of Je - sus, So free - ly spilt for thee.
Do not risk thy soul's dam - na - tion, By tri - fling time a - way.
The Spir - it, oft re - ject - ed, May turn from thee a - way.
Haste! lest from His dear pres - ence You are for - ev - er cast.



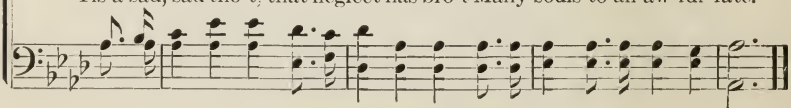
CHORUS.



To the Sav - ior fly, while He is so high, Ere you hear the cry, "too late!"

'Tis a sad, sad tho't, that neglect has bro't Many souls to an aw - ful fate.



No. 143.

Little We Know.

"For we know in part." I Cor. 13: 9.

FANNIE EVANS.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Lit-tle we know, when the morning dawns, What our fate that day will be,
 2. Lit-tle we know, when the night drops down, And day-light comes to a close,
 3. Lit-tle we know, when the end shall come Of this jour-ney all must take;
 4. But this we know—when our work is done, And time shall be no more,

Wheth-er 'twill bring us grief and woe, Or tremb'ling ec - sta - cy;
 When wear-ied out with toil and heat, We seek for sweet re - pose,
 When, la - bor fin-ished and cares put by, The thread of life shall break, Our
 When all the boats up-on life's stream Have touched the "far-ther shore," We

Wheth-er our voices will ring with mirth, Or chant in a low re - frain,
 Wheth-er our eyes will o - pen to light, Or close to light for aye:
 lips be si - lent, our tongue be dumb, Our heart re - fuse to beat,
 all may hear that blest "Well done; En - ter e - ter - nal bliss."

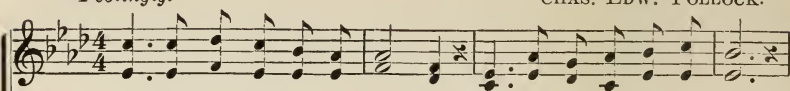
A song of sad and broken hearts, And wea-ry, wea - ry pain.
 When once a - gain the ris - ing sun Pro - claims the new-born day.
 And we shall lay our bur - dens down, All down at Je - sus' feet.
 Oh! what is all this world can give, Com - pared to hope like this?

No. 144. Go and Bring the Lost Ones In.

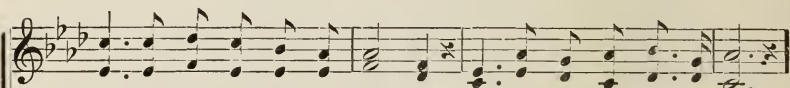
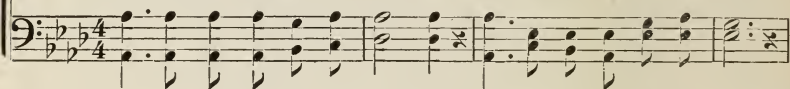
"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." Luke 14: 23.

Feelingly.

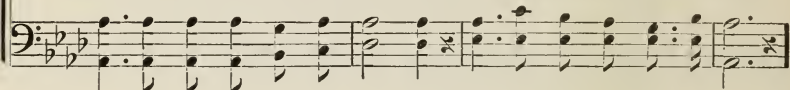
Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



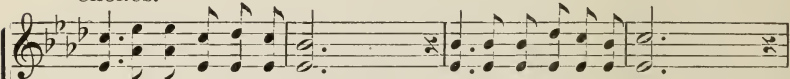
1. In the vine-yard of the Mas - ter, There is work for all to do;
2. Souls in sin are sad - ly stray - ing, That to Je - sus should be led;
3. Souls are laying by the wayside, Stripped by thieves and wounded sore;
4. Many poor, weak souls are needing, Words of comfort, words of cheer;
5. Go, then, Christian brother, sis - ter, To the haunts of vice and sin;



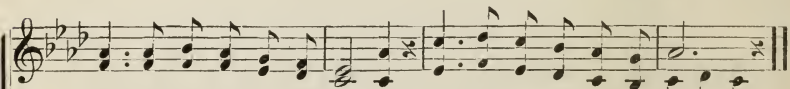
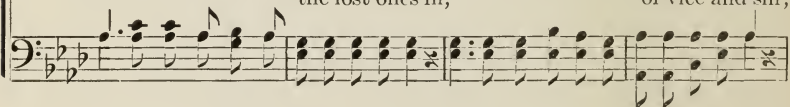
Why should Christians faint or fal - ter, When the la - bor - ers are few?
And their hun - gry, famished spir - its On the Bread of Life be fed.
Ma - ny to their res - cue hast - en, Still there's need of ma - ny more.
As they stag - ger 'neath life's bur - dens, With no earth - ly help - er near.
Min - is - ter to poor weak mortals, And to Christ their lost souls win.



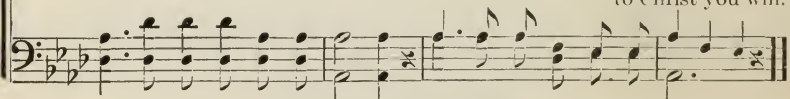
CHORUS.



Go and bring the lost ones in, From the haunts of vice and sin;
the lost ones in, of vice and sin;



Great will be your joy in heav - en, If lost souls to Christ you win.
to Christ you win.



No. 145. The Sunday School Army.

"Take unto you the whole armor of God." Eph. 6: 13.

Arranged by C. E. P.
Animated.

Chorus and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. The Sun-day School ar-my has gath-ered once more; Its num-bers are
2. We fight a-against e - vil, and bat - tle with wrong; Our sword is the
3. To Je - sus, our Cap-tain, our voice - es we raise, And join with our

great-er than ev - er before; Its banners are spread and shall never be furled,
Bi-ble, both trusty and strong; With pray'r as our watchword, and faith as our shield,
teachers in singing His praise; His soldiers we are, yea, and always shall be,

CHORUS.

Till the Prince of Sal-va-tion has conquered the world.
To the ar-my of Sa-tan we nev - er will yield. } Marching a-long,
Till we lay down our ar-mor and death sets us free.

March-ing a-long, The Sunday School army is marching a-long; With fac-es

all bright, and footsteps so light, The Sunday School army is marching a-long.

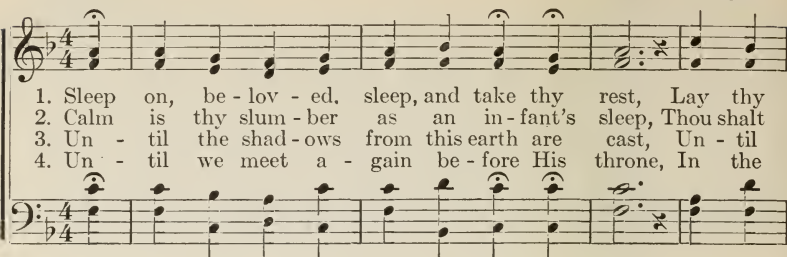
No. 146.

The Christian's Rest.

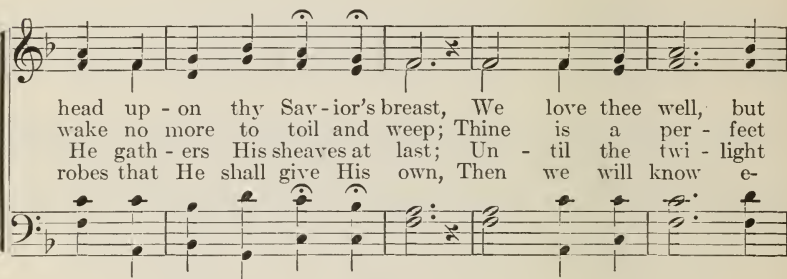
It was an ancient custom among early christians to bid their dying friends
 "Good night," so sure were they of the coming "Resurrection morning."

Unknown.

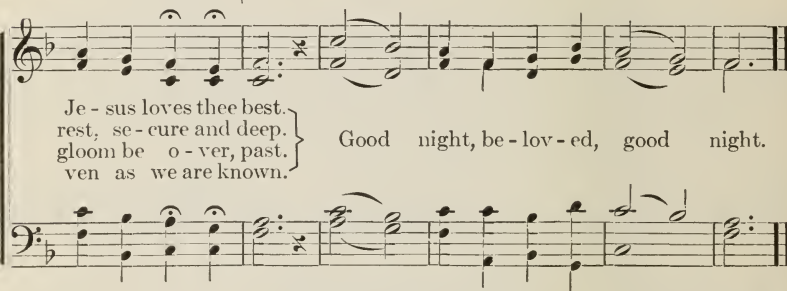
JNO. W. HOLT.



1. Sleep on, be - lov - ed, sleep, and take thy rest, Lay thy
 2. Calm is thy slum - ber as an in - fant's sleep, Thou shalt
 3. Un - til the shad - ows from this earth are cast, Un - til
 4. Un - til we meet a - gain be - fore His throne, In the



head up - on thy Sav - ior's breast, We love thee well, but
 wake no more to toil and weep; Thine is a per - feet
 He gath - ers His sheaves at last; Un - til the twi - light
 robes that He shall give His own, Then we will know e -



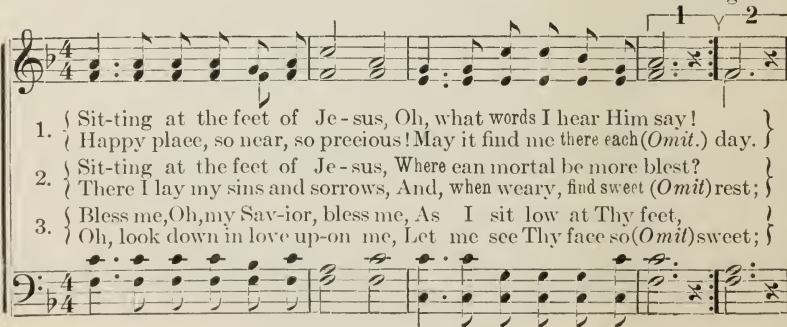
Je - sus loves thee best.
 rest, se - cure and deep. } Good night, be - lov - ed, good night.
 glow be o - ver, past. } }
 ven as we are known. }

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. W. Holt.

No. 147.

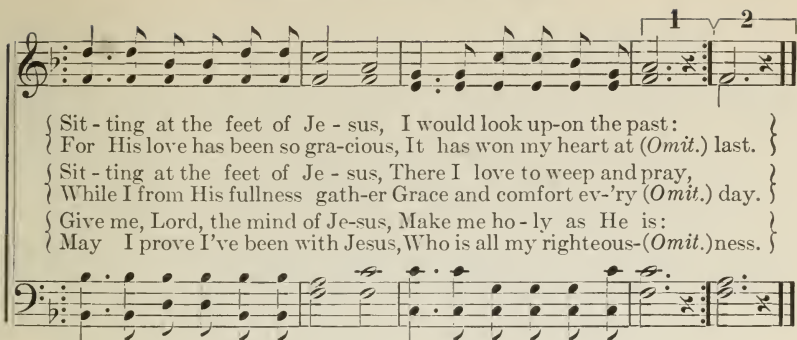
Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

Arranged.



1. { Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Oh, what words I hear Him say! }
 { Happy place, so near, so precious! May it find me there each (Omit.) day. }
 2. { Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mortal be more blest? }
 { There I lay my sins and sorrows, And, when weary, find sweet (Omit.) rest; }
 3. { Bless me, Oh, my Sav - ior, bless me, As I sit low at Thy feet, }
 { Oh, look down in love up - on me, Let me see Thy face so (Omit.) sweet; }

Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.



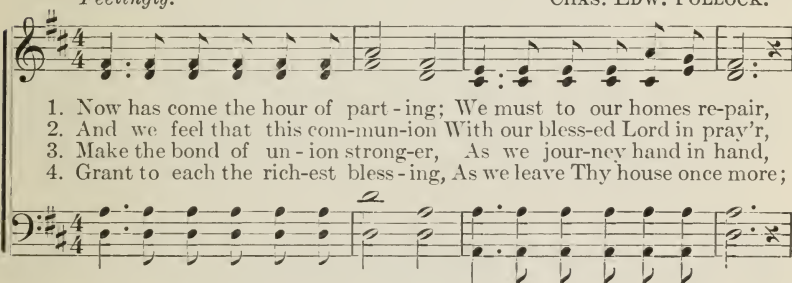
{ Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look up-on the past: }
 { For His love has been so gra-cious, It has won my heart at (*Omit.*) last. }
 { Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I love to weep and pray, }
 { While I from His fullness gath-er Grace and comfort ev-'ry (*Omit.*) day. }
 { Give me, Lord, the mind of Je-sus, Make me ho - ly as He is: }
 { May I prove I've been with Jesus, Who is all my righteous-(*Omit.*)ness. }

No. 148. God be With Us.

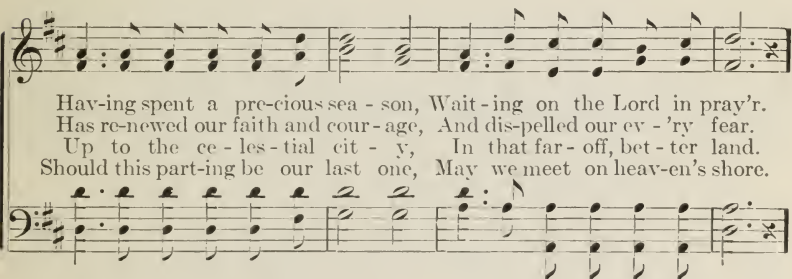
"God shall be with you." Gen. 48: 21.

Feelingly.

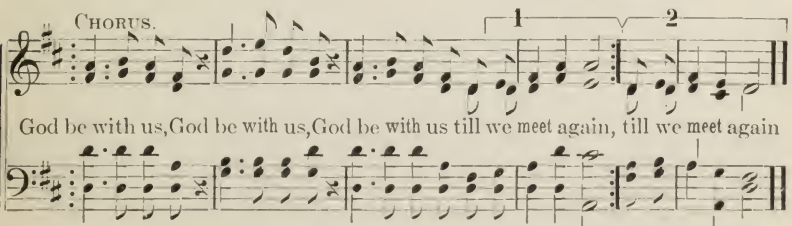
Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Now has come the hour of part - ing; We must to our homes re-pair,
 2. And we feel that this com-mun-ion With our bless-ed Lord in pray'r,
 3. Make the bond of un - ion strong-er, As we jour-ney hand in hand,
 4. Grant to each the rich-est bless - ing, As we leave Thy house once more;



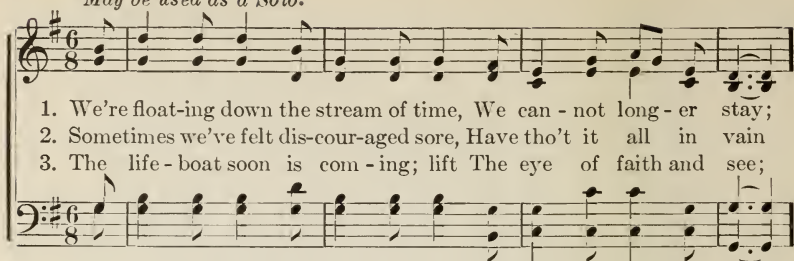
Hav-ingspent a pre-cious sea - son, Wait-ing on the Lord in pray'r.
 Has re-newed our faith and cour-age, And dis-pelled our ev - 'ry fear.
 Up to the ce - les - tial cit - y, In that far - off, bet - ter land.
 Should this part-ing be our last one, May we meet on heav-en's shore.



CHORUS.
 God be with us, God be with us, God be with us till we meet again, till we meet again

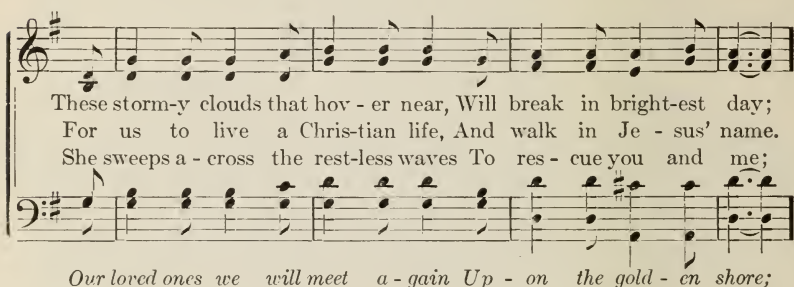
Arr. by J. R. B.

Arr. by J. R. BRYANT.

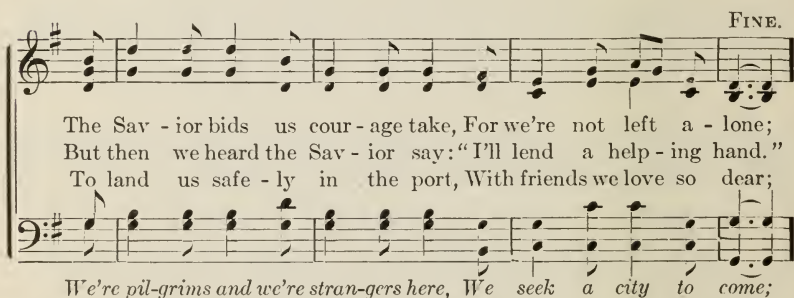
May be used as a Solo.


1. We're float-ing down the stream of time, We can - not long - er stay;
 2. Sometimes we've felt dis-cour-aged sore, Have tho't it all in vain
 3. The life - boat soon is com - ing; lift The eye of faith and see;

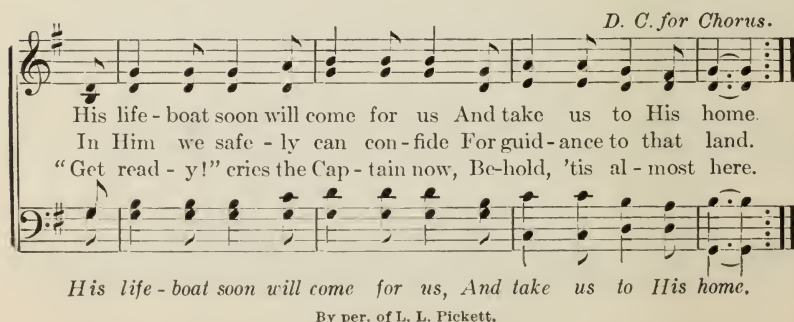
CHO.—Then cheer, my Chris-tian broth - er, cheer, Our trials will soon be o'er;



These storm-y clouds that hov - er near, Will break in bright-est day;
 For us to live a Chris-tian life, And walk in Je - sus' name.
 She sweeps a - cross the rest-less waves To res - cue you and me;
 Our loved ones we will meet a - gain Up - on the gold - en shore;



FINE.
 The Sav - ior bids us cour-age take, For we're not left a - lone;
 But then we heard the Sav - ior say: "I'll lend a help - ing hand."
 To land us safe - ly in the port, With friends we love so dear;
 We're pil-grims and we're stran-gers here, We seek a city to come;



D. C. for Chorus.
 His life - boat soon will come for us And take us to His home.
 In Him we safe - ly can con-fide For guid-ance to that land.
 "Get read - y!" cries the Cap - tain now, Be-hold, 'tis al - most here.
 His life - boat soon will come for us, And take us to His home.

By per. of L. L. Pickett.

OUR LITTLE PEOPLE.

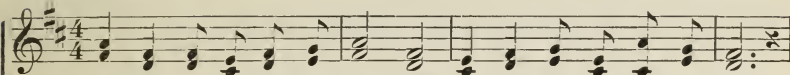
No. 150.

Little Gleaners.

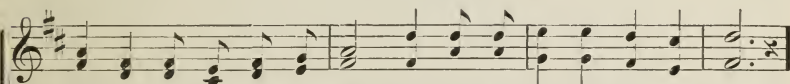
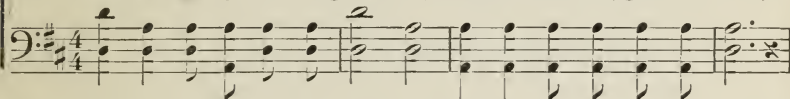
"Even a child is known by his doings." Prov. 20: 11.

Words selected

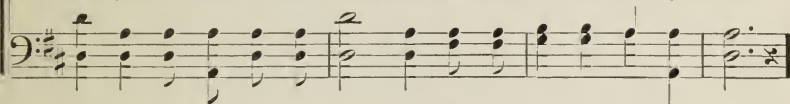
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



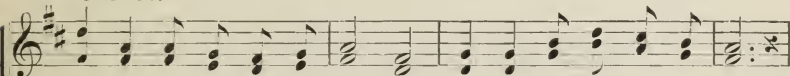
1. We are on - ly lit - tle glean - ers, As our lit - tle sheaf will tell;
2. We are on - ly lit - tle glean - ers; Strong - er arms had gone be - fore,
3. We are on - ly lit - tle glean - ers, But our Sav - ior, good and kind,



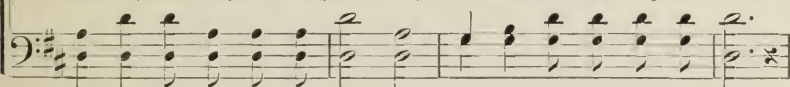
But we fol - lowed near the reap - ers, And we gath - ered all that fell.
Carrying in the gold - en har - vest To en - rich the Mas - ter's store.
Al - ways smiles when children serve Him With the best that they can find.



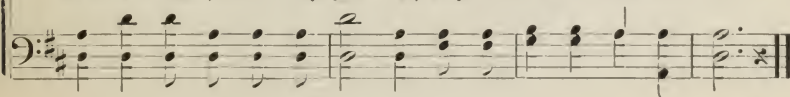
CHORUS.



Sav - ior, bless Thy lit - tle glean - ers, And when an - gel reap - ers come,



With the wheat, within Thy gar - ner, May we find a "welcome home."



No. 151.

Little Reapers.

"That from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures." II Tim. 3: 15.

Words Selected.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Lively.

1. We are lit - tle reap-ers, Toil-ing thro' the day, La-b'ring in the
 2. We are lit - tle reap-ers In the fields of sin, Striv-ing for the
 3. We are lit - tle reap-ers In the har-vest field; Truth and right the

har-vest, O'er the sto - ny way; Glean-ing 'mong the this-tles, Searching
 Mas - ter, Pre-cious souls to win; Point-ing them to Je - sus, To the
 sick - les That we there do wield. And we la - bor ev - er, 'Neath our

thro' the rain, Fit-ting for the gar - ner Bright and gold-en grain.
 Lamb of God, Fol-low-ing His foot-steps In the paths He trod
 Fa - ther's eye, Gath - er - ing the bright sheaves For the home on high.

CHORUS.

Toil-ing, toil-ing, toil-ing all the day, Toil-ing, toil-ing in this

hap - py way. { Glean-ing 'mong the this - tles, Searching thro' the rain,
 Point-ing them to Je - sus, To the Lamb of God;
 And we la - bor ev - er, 'Neath our Fath-er's eye,

Little Reapers.

Fit - ting for the gar - ner Bright and gold - en grain.
 Fol - low - ing His foot - steps, In the paths He trod.
 Gath - er - ing the bright sheaves For the home on high.

No. 152.

Come.

"I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me," Prov. 8: 17.

Words and music by
 CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Sprightly.

1. Chil-dren, seek the bless-ed Sav-ior, In the sweet spring-time of youth;
2. He has left this pre-cious prom-ise, "They that ear-ly seek shall find;"
3. Not one prom-ise ev - er fails Him,—He ful-fills them ev - 'ry one;
4. In His arms He'll gent-ly take you, And His bless-ing free - ly give,
5. When the an - gel Reap-er gath-ers All the sheaves that are His own,

While the heart is young and ten-der, Learn to love the way of truth.
 In the Bi - ble 'tis re - cord-ed, By the Sav-ior good and kind.
 Then ac - cept the in - vi - ta-tion, "Let the lit - tle chil-dren come."
 If your heart you will but give Him, Serve Him while on earth you live.
 You will be a - mong the num-ber Gar-nered in the heav'n-ly home.

CHORUS.

Come, . . . come, . . . Chil-dren, will you come to Je - sus?
 Come, come, come, come,

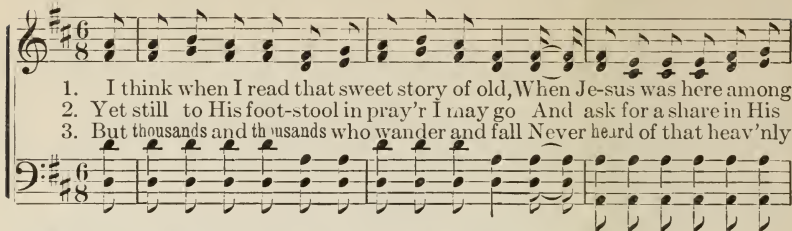
Come, . . . come, . . . Children, come, O, come to Je - sus.
 Come, come, come, come,

No. 153. Let the Little Ones Come Unto Me.

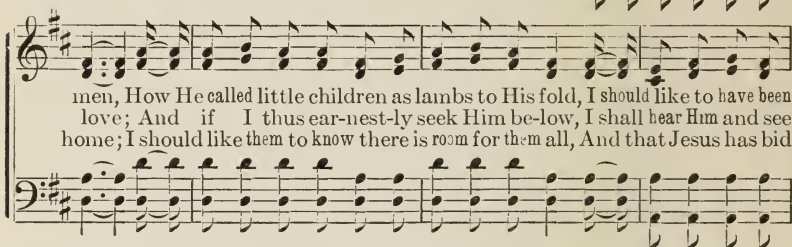
Anon.

"Suffer little children to come unto me." Matt. 19: 14.

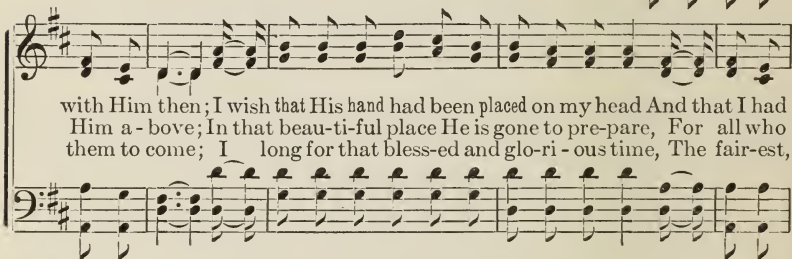
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



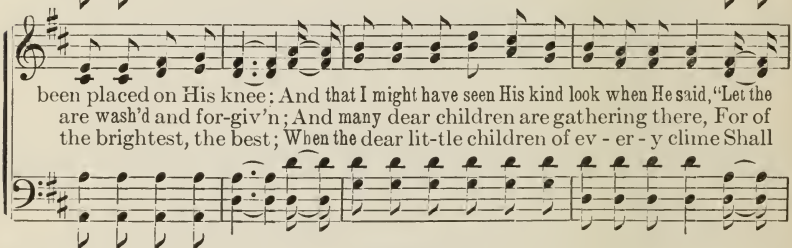
1. I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Je-sus was here among
2. Yet still to His foot-stool in pray'r I may go And ask for a share in His
3. But thousands and thousands who wander and fall Never heard of that heav'nly



men, How He called little children as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been
love; And if I thus ear-nest-ly seek Him be-low, I shall hear Him and see
home; I should like them to know there is room for them all, And that Jesus has bid

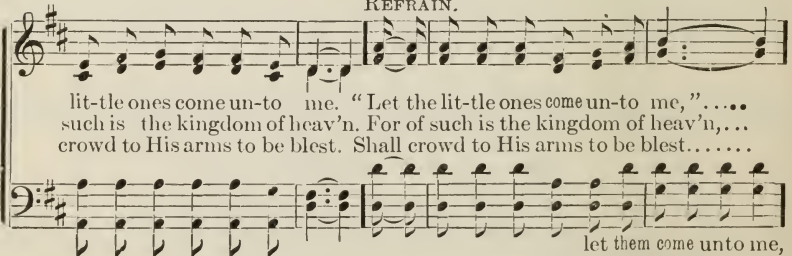


with Him then; I wish that His hand had been placed on my head And that I had
Him a - bove; In that beau-ti-ful place He is gone to pre-pare, For all who
them to come; I long for that bless-ed and glo-ri - ous time, The fair-est,



been placed on His knee; And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the
are wash'd and for-giv'n; And many dear children are gathering there, For of
the brightest, the best; When the dear lit-tle children of ev - er - y cline Shall

REFRAIN.



lit-tle ones come un-to me. "Let the lit-tle ones come un-to me,"....
such is the kingdom of heav'n. For of such is the kingdom of heav'n,...
crowd to His arms to be blest. Shall crowd to His arms to be blest.....

let them come unto me,
the kingdom of heaven,
in His arms to be blest,

Let the Little Ones Come Unto Me.

“Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me,” . . . And that I might have
 For of such is the king-dom of heav’n, . . . And ma - ny dear
 Shall crowd to His arms to be blest, . . . When the dear lit - tle

let them come unto me,
 the kingdom of heaven,
 to His arms to be blest,

seen His kind look when He said: “Let the little ones come un - to me.”
 chil-dren are gath - er - ing there, For of such is the king-dom of heav’n.
 chil-dren of ev - er - y clime, Shall crowd to His arms to be blest.

No. 154.

Come and Seek.

“They that seek me early, shall find me.” Prov. 8: 17.

R. A. GLENN.
Sprightly.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Come and seek thy blessed Savior, Come and seek, come and seek; Mercy still is
 2. Come and own your blessed Master, Do not wait; do not wait; Many dangers
 3. Ev - 'ry bur-den lay before Him, He'll forgive, He'll forgive; All the faithful

offered freely, Come and seek for heav'nly peace. } Come, come, Come and
 now surround you; Come before it is too late. }
 ones that love Him Shall with Him in heaven live. } Come and seek, come and seek,

seek the Savior today; He is read-y to receive you, Come without delay.

No. 155. I Love the Sunday School.

"Remember the sabbath day to keep in holy." Exod. 20: 8.

Words and music by
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With vigor.

1. How I love to go to the Sun-day School, On the bless-ed Sabbath
2. How I love to meet my dear teachers there, Who have taught me God's child to
3. I'll be there on time when the clock strikes nine, And the op'ning pray'r is
4. I had rath-er be in the Sun-day School, Than to spend my time in

day; It is there I learn of a Savior's love, And am taught to sing and pray.
be; And who tell those stories so sweet and old, That seem always new to me.
said; For I love to join in the songs of praise, And to hear the Bible read.
play; Roaming thro' the fields, or up-on the streets, Breaking God's most holy day.

CHORUS.

The Sunday School, the Sunday School, How I love, how I love the Sunday School;

It is there I learn how to sing and pray, In the bless-ed Sun-day School.

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No. 156. God's Care.

"The very hairs of your head are all numbered." Matt. 10: 30.

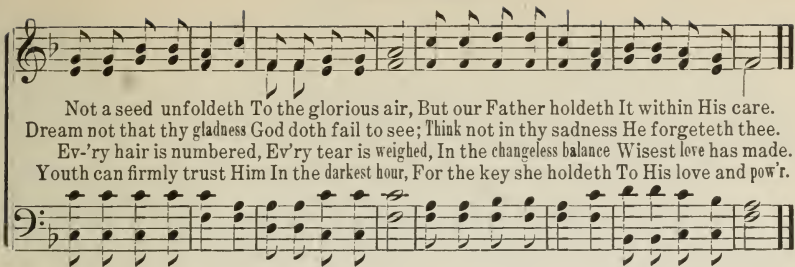
Selected.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Not a brooklet floweth, Onward to the sea, Not a sunbeam gloweth On its bosom free,
2. Not a flowret fadeth, Not a star grows dim, Not a cloud o'er-shad'weth. But 'tis marked by Him;
3. Not a tie is broken, Not a hope laid low, Not a farewell spoken, But our God doth know;
4. Pow'r eternal resteth In His changeless hand; Love immortal hasteth Swift at His com-mand;

Copyright, 1901, by Jno. W. Holt.

God's Care.



Not a seed unfoldeth To the glorious air, But our Father holdeth It within His care.
 Dream not that thy gladness God doth fail to see; Think not in thy sadness He forgetteth thee.
 Ev'-ry hair is numbered, Ev'ry tear is weighed, In the changeless balance Wisest love has made.
 Youth can firmly trust Him In the darkest hour, For the key she holdeth To His love and pow'r.

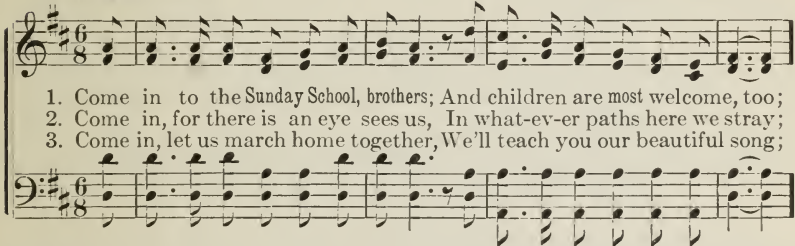
No. 157.

Come In. -

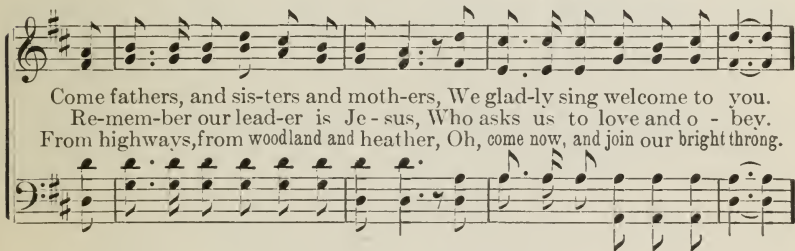
"Learn to fear the Lord." Deut. 31: 13.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

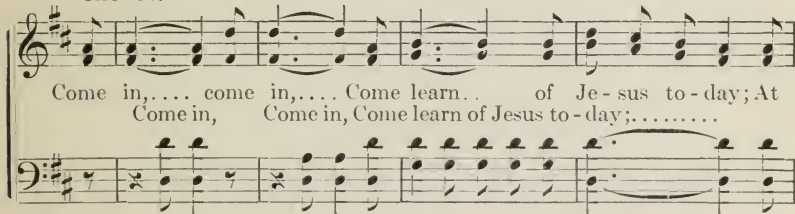


1. Come in to the Sunday School, brothers; And children are most welcome, too;
2. Come in, for there is an eye sees us, In what-ev-er paths here we stray;
3. Come in, let us march home together, We'll teach you our beautiful song;

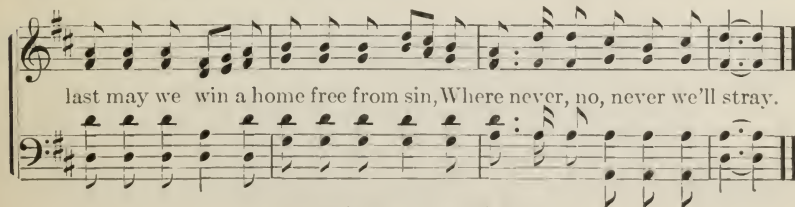


Come fathers, and sis-ters and moth-ers, We glad-ly sing welcome to you.
 Re-mem-ber our lead-er is Je-sus, Who asks us to love and o - bey.
 From high-ways, from wood-land and heath-er, Oh, come now, and join our bright throng.

CHORUS.



Come in,.... come in,.... Come learn... of Je-sus to-day; At
 Come in, Come in, Come learn of Jesus to-day;.....



last may we win a home free from sin, Where never, no, never we'll stray.

No. 158.

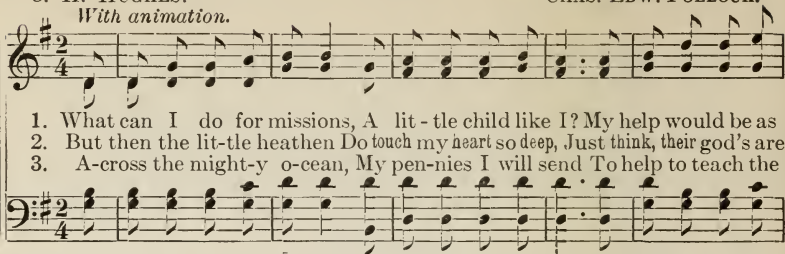
Mission Song.

"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Jesus.

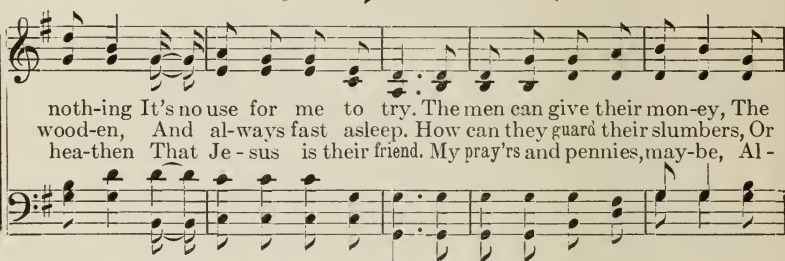
C. H. HUGHES.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

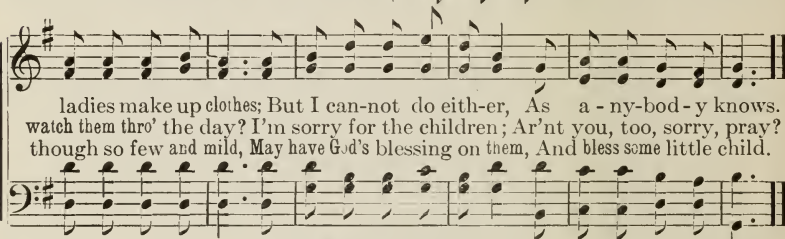
With animation.



1. What can I do for missions, A lit - tle child like I? My help would be as
 2. But then the lit - tle heathen Do touch my heart so deep, Just think, their god's are
 3. A - cross the might - y o - cean, My pen - nies I will send To help to teach the



noth - ing It's no use for me to try. The men can give their mon - ey, The
 wood - en, And al - ways fast asleep. How can they guard their slumbers, Or
 hea - then That Je - sus is their friend. My pray'rs and pennies, may - be, Al -

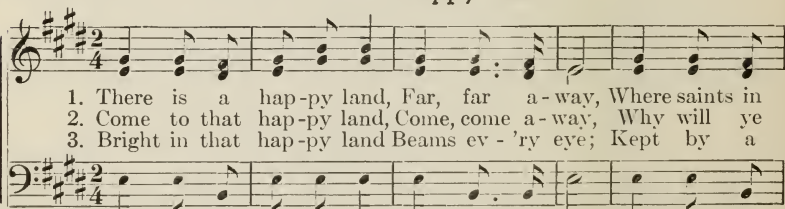


ladies make up clothes; But I can - not do eith - er, As a - ny - bod - y knows.
 watch them thro' the day? I'm sorry for the children; Ar - nt you, too, sorry, pray?
 though so few and mild, May have God's blessing on them, And bless some little child.

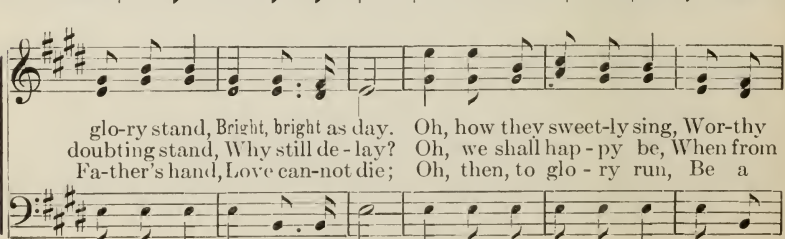
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No. 159.

There is a Happy Land.

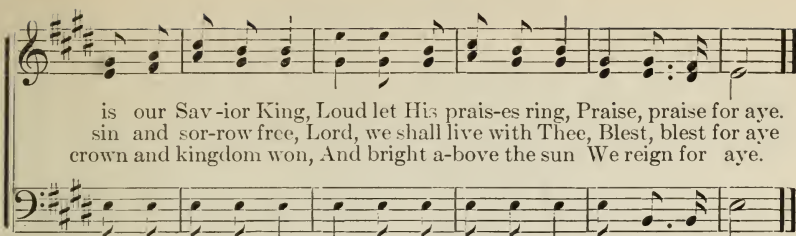


1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in
 2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way, Why will ye
 3. Bright in that hap - py land Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a



glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy
 doubting stand, Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from
 Fa - ther's hand, Love can - not die; Oh, then, to glo - ry run, Be a

There is a Happy Land.



No. 160.

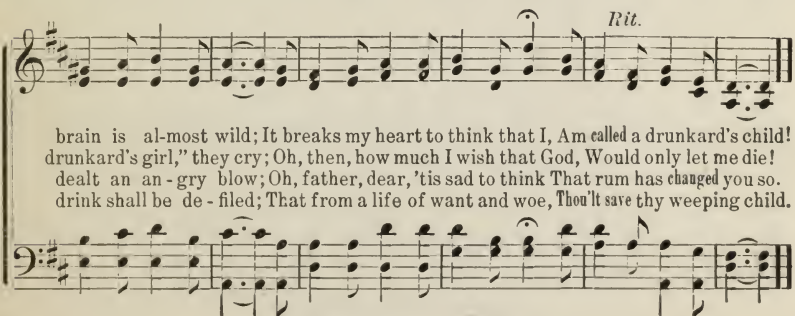
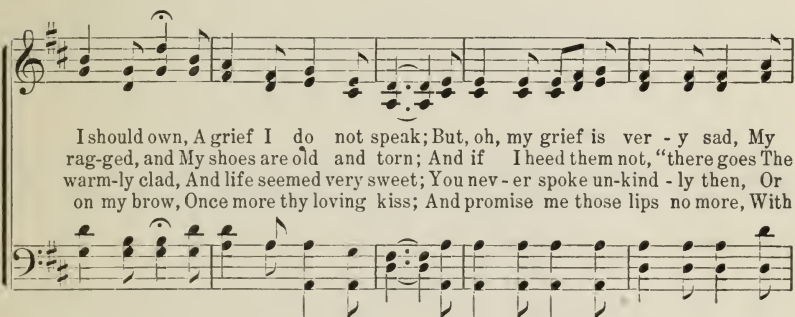
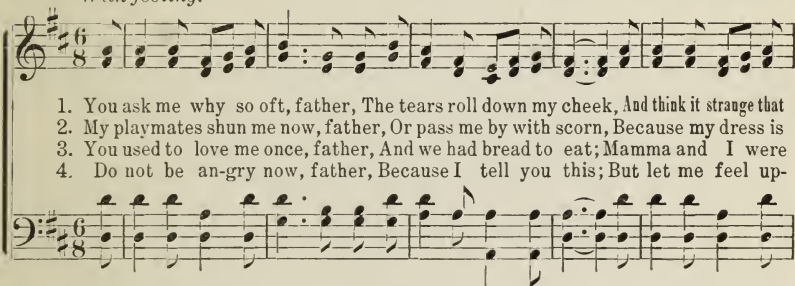
The Drunkard's Child.

A song for temperance workers.

"Lutherian Observer."

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With feeling.



For the funeral of a child, use she or he as the occasion may require.

MILDRED MERLE.

Tenderly.

Chorus, first verse, and music by

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. She's gone, our pre-cious dar - ling, Gone to our oth - er home,
 2. Our pre-cious lit - tle jew - el, The loved of all our band,
 3. Sweet child! ex-changed so ear - ly, Her crown of pain and death
 4. One of those harps so gold - en, Her dim - pled fin - gers play;
 5 Those foot-steps, oft I fan - cy, Lead to the pearl - y gates,
 6. Our Fa - ther, keep us trust - ful, Washed white from ev-'ry sin;

Be - yond the chill - y riv - er, Where death can nev - er come.
 Has gained that home be - fore us, That glo - rious Sum - mer Land.
 For one of joy im - mor - tal "Where life is not a breath."
 Be - side that peace - ful riv - er Her gen - tle foot - steps stray.
 Where, sweet - ly for our com - ing, Our lit - tle dar - ling waits.
 Un - til the an - gel reap - ers The sheaves shall gath - er in.

CHORUS.

Gone, gone, gone, Gone to our oth - er home;
 she is gone,

Gone be - yond the riv - er, No more to roam.

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“Be filled with the spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts.”

EPH. 5: 19.

“Let me write the songs of a people ” said one, “and I care not who may write their laws: I will govern them.” “Let me write the hymns of a church,” said another, “and I care not who may write her creeds and her ponderous volumes of theology: I will determine the faith of the people.” There is a great truth in these statements, even though it be a truth exaggerated. A distinguished Unitarian has said that the wide spread faith of the Christian world in the doctrine of the trinity is due more to the universal popularity and use in worship of Bishop Ken’s long metre doxology than to the learned discussions of the theologians. Martin Luther could never have accomplished the mighty results of the Reformation if he had not embodied the great doctrines which he preached in simple Christian songs which all could understand, and which all the people loved to sing.—

DR. W. F. TILLET.

Atheism has no songs; agnosticism is not tuneful. We have never heard of a Brahmanic hymnal, or a Confucian psalmody. The Moslem, indeed, has his metrical exercises, rather than his music, but the airs that he chants are of the weird, labored, mournful kind. In the case of the savage of African forests or the South Seas, or the Indian of American plains, the explosive and unmelodious cries or grunts that he may periodically emit can hardly be regarded as indicative of any great degree of religious feeling, even though a vague aspiration after the things that are higher than he may occasionally breathe in his wild vocalization.

We are, therefore, quite justified in claiming that Christianity is not only a religion that sings, but also that it is the religion that sings. If it has not an absolute monopoly of all the meters it is in so much greater degree than all other religions the generator of a moral melody as to render it distinctively the source and soul of song. No other faith is so the cult of carols and the school of praise.

And the explanation is not far to seek. The Christian sings because he has something to sing about—that is, a Christ, a redemptive grace, and a hope of glory. Since life for the believer is lit up with a pre-paradisiacal glory, therefore the believer’s face is aglow with joy, and his speech inevitably quickens into song.—Selected.

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